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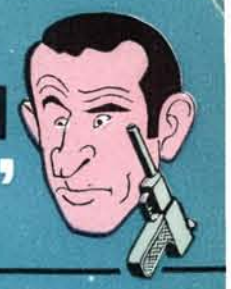

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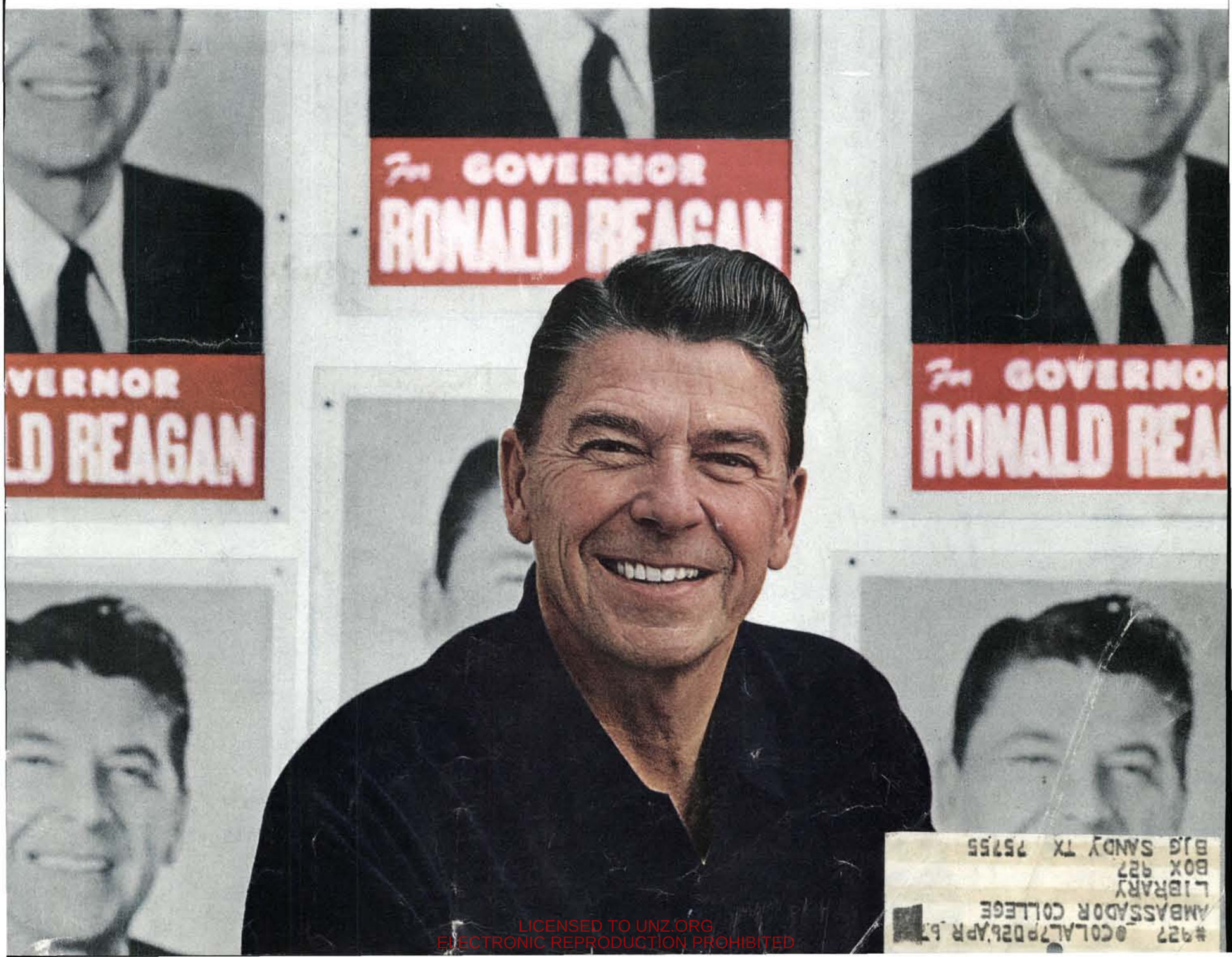
HEROIC RESCUE IN VIETNAM

FICTION BY O'HARA and DURRELL

RONALD REAGAN: Can he win California?



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The Saturday Evening
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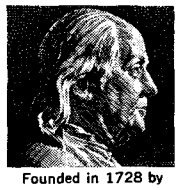

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About this issue

Lawrence Durrell

John O'Hara

RICHARD ARMSTRONG, who describes the dramatic rescue of a downed flier in Vietnam, flew on an air strike in the same plane with the hero of the story. "I had somehow associated G's with jets," says Armstrong, "and was taken completely by surprise when we pulled six of them coming out of a dive-bomb run.". . . An assemblage of stories by LAWRENCE DURRELL, to be called *Sauve Qui Peut*, will be published by E. P. Dutton in January. . . . JOHN O'HARA'S story will appear in a collection entitled *Waiting for Winter*, due on Thanksgiving. Random House has recently brought out another book by O'Hara called *My Turn*, a compilation of 53 weekly columns written for *Newsday* from October, 1964, to October, 1965. . . . JAMES PHELAN will be on the sidelines in the hot California primary. He was so involved in researching the Ronald Reagan story that he neglected to register./Cover photo by JACK FIELDS.

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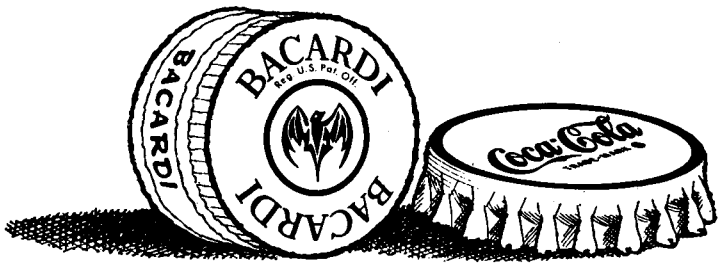

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Letters

What's happening

Sirs:

You may have sold many magazines with the beautiful picture of those two wonderful people you had on the cover, but I am certain, after reading the article [SONNY AND CHÉR: THEY'RE WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY by Peter Bogdanovich, April 23], that you have lost many readers. What are you trying to feed us, anyway?

JIM CANCHOLA JR. (*Age 17*)
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I feel Peter Bogdanovich gave Sonny and Chér a just plain "smashing" write-up. They really mean something to us teens. I can see you understand.

SHARON NYSSE (*Age 17*)
Plymouth, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

How awful! Maybe it's silly for a 16-year-old to have some godlike adoration for a singing couple, but, although it wasn't that bad, I did think Sonny and Chér were *sweet!* That's the word! They seemed so in love, and it's kind of a blow to read that someone with a face as angelic as Chér's could swear. Oh, well.

KATE PEYSER
Rochester, N.H.

Gentlemen:

Bogdanovich brought out that Sonny & Chér are as human as the teens who adore them.

KEVIN R. LARKIN
Adams, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

In this campy closeup you pretend you have written about what's happening, baby, but you really have written about what's happening, *maybe.* You maintain that Sonny & Chér are the "in" duo of the dungareed set, while at the same time you insinuate that perhaps the whole teen bit is a vapid tilting-at-windmills; that although these fadmost funsters are currently "it," they are also candidates for the persona non grata strata.

If you don't dig 'em, then leave them undug; don't waste print on something that sincerely bugs you.

E. JONATHAN HARVEY JR.
U.S.S. Chicago (CG-11)
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I am 18 years old. I do not thrive on rejection. I get along with adults; I respect them and like to feel that they respect me. Being a teen-ager is often quite hard because of people like Peter Bogdanovich. People who have time only to criticize us.

Sonny & Chér do represent us because they like us, and, gentlemen, we like them.

P. J. EASTWOOD
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sir:

I'm 24, fairly adult, and I like them. It's not because I think they have a fabulous talent or because I approve of their clothes. I have one simple reason: They care for each other. In a country where too often husbands and wives go their separate ways, it's refreshing to see two young married people who like to be together. Who could possibly say that is a bad influence on our teen-agers?

MRS. T. E. COFFEY
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

I am a fat 40-year-old housewife with four kids and a gray-flannel, cropped-hair professional husband, and I am 100 percent behind these crazy kids Sonny & Chér.

MRS. JOHN GROPPI
Elk Grove Village, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I am impatient for the years to pass so I may view the beautiful world of ideal perfection these sheep-dog Neanderthals are creating. What will be the rebuttal to their children's indictment, "It's a world we never made," in the olla podrida 20 years hence?

MRS. HARRISON GROVES
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Playboy

Sir:

I've always felt that Hugh M. Hefner is the most contemporary American of our times. In the context of *Playboy* he has impelled us to see ourselves. The *Post* is to be congratulated on the fairness of its report about this man [MR. PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD by Calvin Tomkins, April 23].

LEE JARVIS
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The Playboy Philosophy asks, "Why should a small group of individuals have the right to establish a moral code binding upon others?" This is the real value of the magazine. Although you didn't expound upon the Philosophy, the general tone of your article did not belittle it. Thank you for a well-handled portrait of a controversial magazine.

JOHN GRUHL
STEVE BIASINI
DePauw University
Greencastle, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Hugh Hefner's so-called sexual freedom from the Christian ethic is truly paradoxical—for what he is really advocating is a conformity to the *Playboy* pattern that is more restrictive and repressive than any puritanical viewpoint. To treat a woman as an object robs the man of his own self-respect. Oh, for the liberty which comes when we love our neighbors as ourselves!

(THE REV.) JOHN E. ELIASON
Siler City, N. C.

Dying waters

Editors:

OUR DYING WATERS [by John Bird, April 23] is not pleasant reading, but it should be *must* reading for those who are at all concerned with the survival of man on this planet. Conservation is a subject worthy of a great magazine.

HAROLD C. ANDERSON
Cofounder of The Wilderness Society
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations to you and to John Bird for the excellent presentation of our national pollution problems.

RUSSELL G. LYNCH
Wauwatosa, Wis.

Continued on page 6

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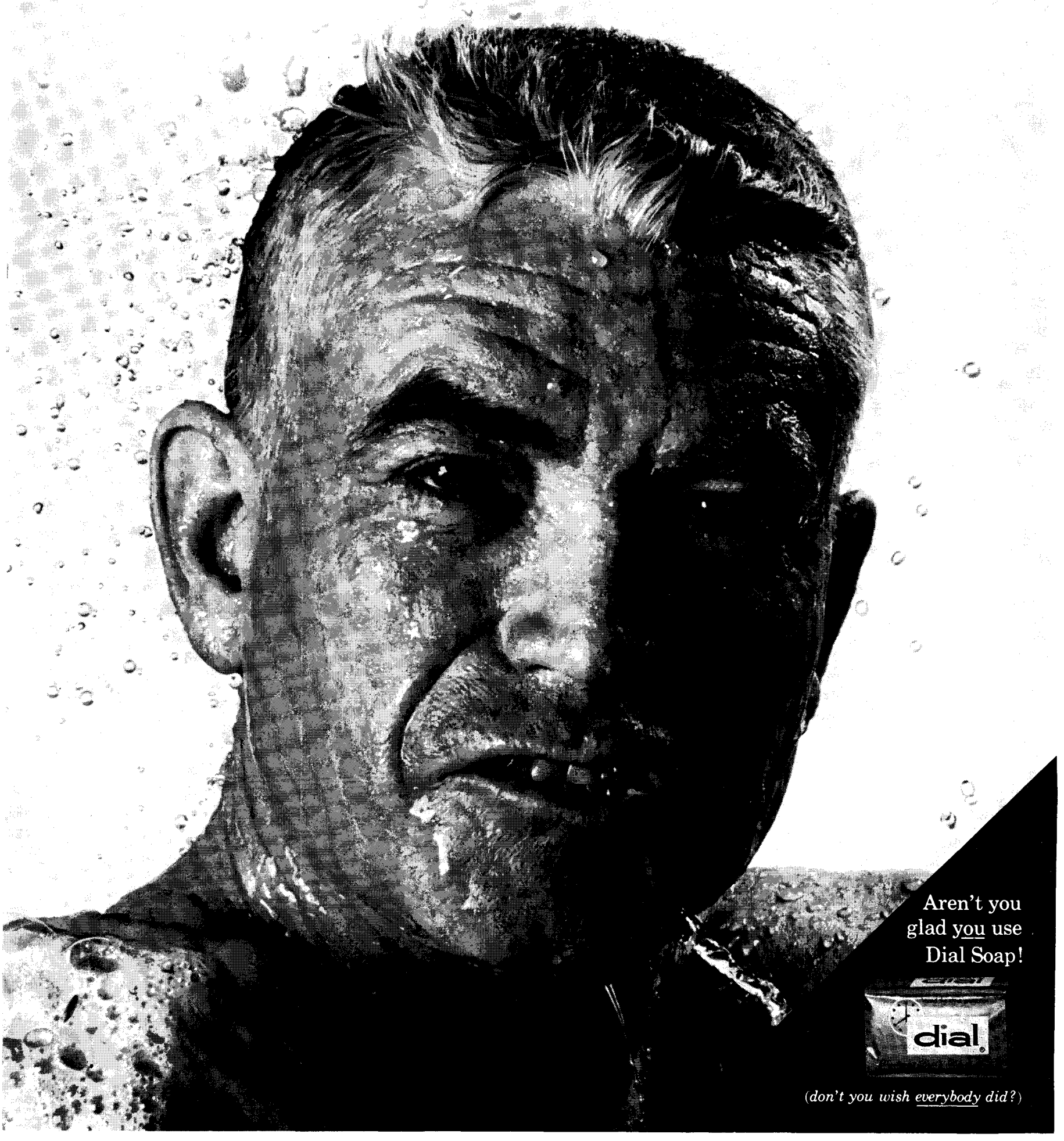

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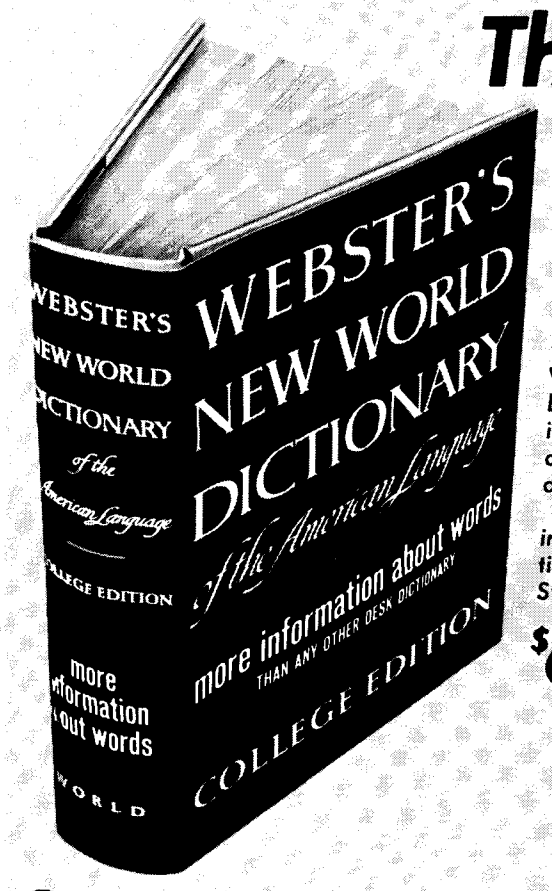

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The first thought of hemorrhoid sufferers is to relieve their pain and discomfort. However, of the products most often used for hemorrhoids, some contain no pain-killing agent at all... others have one too weak to provide necessary relief... and still others provide only lubrication.

Now at last there is a formulation which *concentrates on pain*. It actually has over 8 times more pain-killing power than the topical anesthetic most commonly used in hemorrhoid remedies. 8 times the power to ease the itching, pain, and burning of hemorrhoids.

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When you suspect you have hemorrhoids, check with your doctor. If hemorrhoids are the cause of your discomfort, chances are he'll recommend Nupercainal. Almost two-thirds of the people who now use Nupercainal first heard about it from physicians.

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Letters

Gentlemen:

The artistic photographs accompanying the article disguise the shameful decay and putrefaction of our waters and the wanton slaughter of our wildlife. Had your readers been revolted by the ugliness of pollution, shocked by pictures of bloated, rotting bodies of fish and aquatic birds, the author's purpose would have been better served.

MORTON J. SIEGEL
West Hempstead, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

The only thing wrong with the article is that you weren't able to put the stench on paper!

MRS. ROBERT J. DODDS
Thermopolis, Wyo.

Dear Sir:

After reading your article I am appalled. What can we as citizens do?

CECILIE P. WAGNER
Omaha, Nebr.

Gentlemen:

Your article was of great interest to me. I had just mailed a letter to Hollis S. Ingraham, M.D., Commissioner, Department of Health, Albany, N.Y., regarding conditions in the Moodna Creek.

When I came here, this creek was one of the finest trout streams in Orange County. We used its water for our household needs. Since 1956 it has become one of the worst open sewers in the county. I and several others have taken this up with every official in Albany and Washington, D.C. To date there has been nothing done. Today the creek is a milky white and the odor from it would make you sick.

WILLIAM H. LEWIS SR.
Newburgh, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

John Bird's OUR DYING WATERS is the best coverage of the national water pollution problem I have seen.

The article might have encouraged more people to take action if it had cited the exception to the general depressing picture, and made the point that an aroused citizenry can make a big change in a hurry.

Probably the best example among metropolitan areas is Seattle. Working through a metropolitan-area federation (called Metro) limited to water-pollution control, Seattle is rehabilitating its salt and fresh waters, and solving its most pressing pollution problems in a five-year period ending in 1966.

Commenting on this, New York Mayor John Lindsay wrote in *The Saturday Evening Post* (October 9, 1965), "While water pollution has made New York City an island in a mammoth interstate cesspool, Seattle has shown the way to conquer this menace to natural beauty and public health on an area-wide basis."

It isn't cheap and it isn't easy but it *is* being done.

ROBERT HILLIS
Municipality of Metropolitan Seattle
Seattle, Wash.

Gentlemen:

The community of Webster, N.Y., and Xerox Corporation, which has extensive manufacturing facilities in this once-small town on the shores of Lake Ontario, have joined forces in a project that is one answer to the problem presented in OUR DYING WATERS. Up to now, Webster's present sewage system has been able to handle industrial wastes, but anticipated industrial expansion—including additional employees who would become residents—would overburden the present system.

The project, basically a modern sewer and water-conservation system that will eventually cost $15 million, will eliminate the possibility of stream and lake pollution in the town of Webster.

ALFRED R. ZIPSER
Xerox Corporation
New York, N.Y.

Kennedy running

Dear Editor:

Even if there may have been more than one reason for Robert Kennedy's 1965 South American tour [THE COMPULSIVE CANDIDATE by Andrew J. Glass, April 23], no one can dispute that it was one of the most daring goodwill missions ever made by an American citizen and company!

MRS. L. MARSH
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Editor:

Please, please. Can't you spare us the Kennedy parvenu? We just aren't impressed.

WALTER M. BROWN
Middlesboro, Ky.

Public schooling

To the Editor:

I, as one educator, want the child " . . . to learn and become," but I am as limited as Christopher Jencks pictures me to be in his article [THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE FAILING, April 23]. Caught in this system of going along with what those higher up desire, the teacher merely punches in and out without being the least bit intrusive

MELVERN R. MOLYNEUX
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I'm getting awfully tired of reading about the Jencks-type characterization of the public-school system: the suppressed teacher, the authoritarian administration, the ignorant board and legislature. The facts: The imaginative teacher is encouraged to try innovations; administrators have far too much to do to spend time "snooping" or creating odd chores for teachers; legislation concerning certification is largely based on recommendations from joint study by educators. By "educators" I mean teachers, principals, supervisors, superintendents, college personnel. We are a trained professional *team*—not a boss-peon society.

LOIS J. LAMBIE
Fayetteville, N.C.

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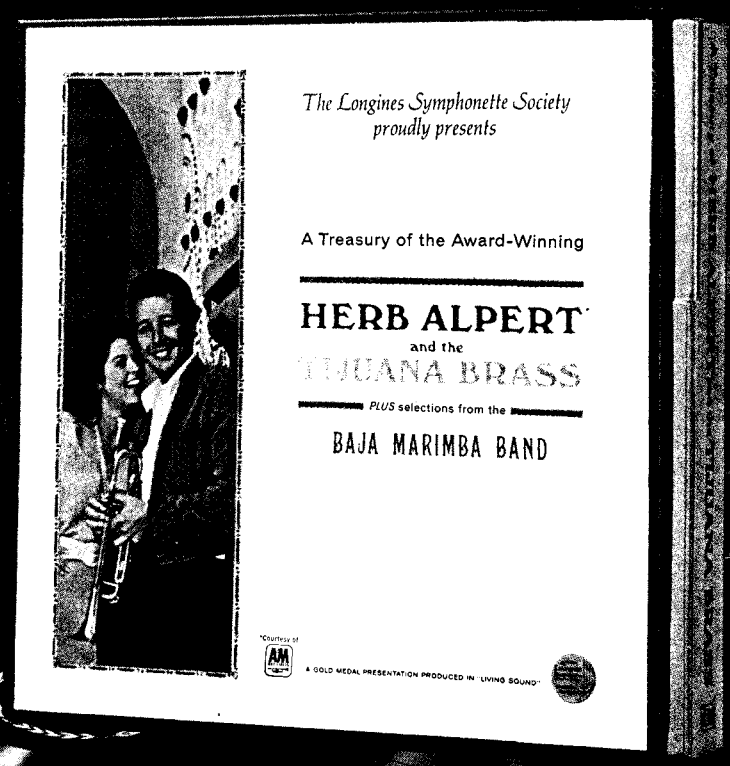

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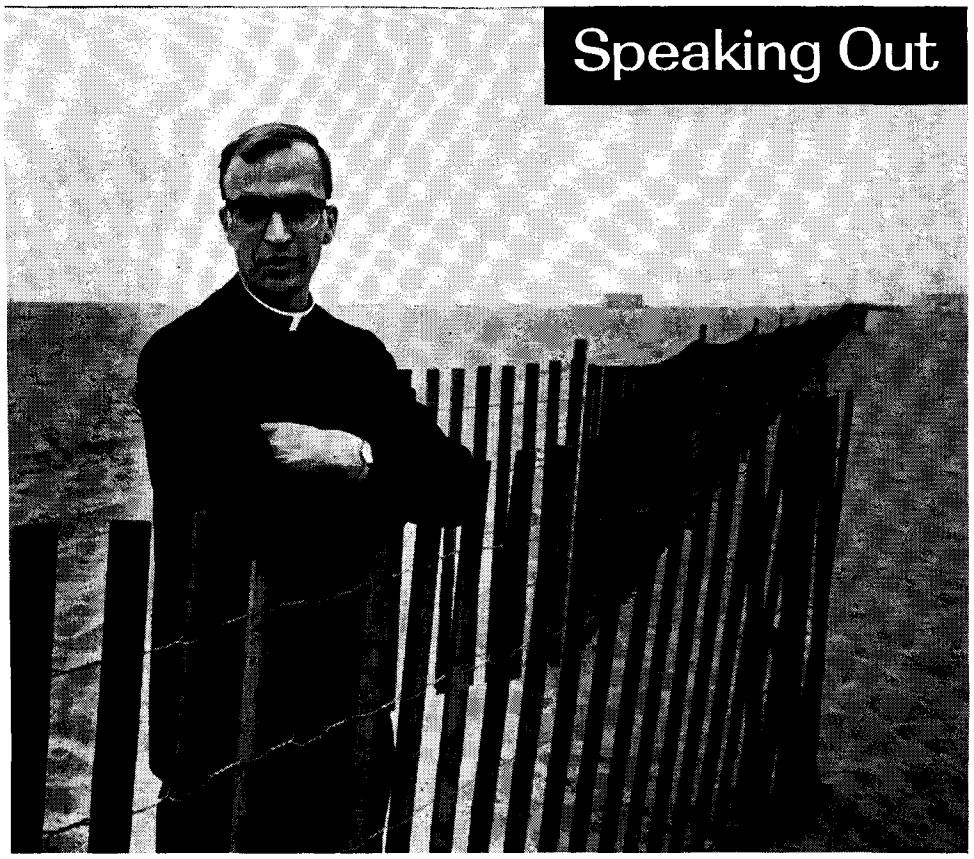
Speaking Out



Father DuBay, has been a Roman Catholic priest in Los Angeles since 1960 and in March published an iconoclastic book, THE HUMAN CHURCH. Often at odds with church authorities, he was recently suspended from priestly functions by James Francis Cardinal McIntyre and has been working with the Synanon Foundation for narcotics addicts in Santa Monica, Calif.

WE MUST REFORM THE CHURCH

A controversial priest argues that in today's world religion neither needs nor deserves special favors, not even tax exemption.

By Rev. William H. DuBay

The world has grown up, and the church finds it very difficult to accept the fact. Having long played the roles of midwife and mistress to European culture, the church still thinks of itself as the mother of Western civilization. But recently its maternal posture has been shaken, not by any attacks from the state, but by the arrival of a new situation in which both church and state find themselves minors in a world that theologians call the secular city. This is the world which is rejecting the standards of our rural background in favor of the freedom and progress offered by technology and science.

For a long time the church's task was to hand down the values of antiquity to each succeeding generation. But in the secular city, people no longer reach into the past for values, nor do they allow themselves to be dominated like children by their institutions. Instead, men are striving to create their own destinies by engaging in free discussion and making their own decisions. Self-determination is, in fact, regarded by the secular city as an ultimate value according to which all other values are to be judged. The individual is now to sit in judgment on all his institutions, including both church and state. The classical battle between church and state is a mere skirmish in comparison with the massive encounter that awaits the church in the secular city—and though I mean the Roman Catholic Church specifically, I also refer to organized religion in the United States generally.

The first thing that the secular city requires is that whatever the church chooses to speak about, it must speak intelligibly, using 20th-century words. Some theologians today are attracting a lot of attention by saying that God is dead. What most of them are trying to say is that our old *ideas* of God are dead or dying. This is not to deny the facts of revelation, but rather to say that our *interpretations* of those facts are always undergoing change. God is not a man-made concept, but our concepts of God are man-made. We can never attain to the reality called God; all we can do is fumble around for some words to express our relationship to Him. Our own concepts of God still relate Him and us to the world of Greek and Roman antiquity. As a result, the church fails to relate to us the demands of God today. We are so messed up in our idea of what God is, that Bishop John Robinson of England would have us drop the name of "God" altogether until we come up with something more accurate. Our old concept of God is like a broken drum; the more we beat it, the less noise it makes.

Secondly, the secular city demands that the church grow up in its relationships with other institutions and stop acting like a spoiled child. There was a time when, in order to protect itself, the church demanded tribute from the rest of society. But now its freedoms are guaranteed by constitutional government and it can quite afford to take its place beside the thousands of other associations and businesses in our free society, which seem to survive quite handily without the special privileges so tearfully clung to by the church. Whether or not the church can learn to survive without privilege and actually compete for the support it needs will tell whether or not the church does take freedom seriously. Whether we will have a world of ideas freely discussed or a world of ideologies forcibly imposed on others could well depend on whether the church has enough faith in the truth of its own doctrine.

Among its most cherished privileges is the exemption of the church from property taxes. Few people realize the great income the churches are receiving from properties that are serving no religious purpose and are, nevertheless, tax exempt. Church bodies invest in real estate, industry, hotels and housing developments. As soon as these properties come under the ownership of a church, a source of revenue is cut off from the people. In some states a large part of all taxable property is tax-exempt. This is in contradiction to the church's own teaching on love, social justice and the responsible use of property. The church can hardly teach responsibility and choose to exist as a parasite feeding on the privileges of power. The church was given the command to teach men to share one another's burdens. Today it is increasingly adding to those burdens as it teaches men to obey the law and pay their taxes, but without lifting a finger to help them. I think that if the church ventured to become a paying member of our free society, it would not find its position too uncomfortable. In fact, it would be a rather kingly one. Perhaps the people would then see fit to offer the church some tax deductions for nonreligious services which the church provides the community—for instance, education in church-owned schools. This would be a stimulant for the church to become more involved in the great tasks that face the secular city.

Connected to the problem of tax exemption is the church's juvenile political posture. On the one hand it claims to be politically neutral. On the other hand it spends money in the lobbies of the capitals of the land, protecting its interests and privileges. Let us all openly recognize the fact that the church is a political entity, like any other public institution. As such, it should take up its responsibilities and exercise some leadership in carrying them out. Not even the most militant defender of the separation of church and state would object to the church's involvement in politics, *as long as it plays by the same rules as other institutions.* Somehow, church leaders still feel that the church is their piece of private property and that they are able to employ its power without accounting to the public for their actions. Was it largely through the influence of the church that farm laborers and hospital workers were exempted from practically all our labor legislation and thus deprived of basic civil rights? Is it true that churches invest in segregated real estate and are even slum lords? Do churches always accept bids for contracts or do they patronize favored contractors? What legislation is the church supporting or opposing today behind the screens of privilege?

The power is always exercised in favor of some elements of society, to the harm of others. This is why it is so important that the participation and the concern of as many people as possible be involved in church decisions. In this way the church will be promoting responsibility among its membership rather than opposing it. As a human institution, the church has the task of moving others to achieve greater humanity through political action.

Public accountability leads us, finally, to the crying need for the church's internal reform. According to the standards of any parliamentarian, jurist or political scientist, the structures of American churches generally are not only out of date and medieval; they are totally inadequate for any task the church might assign itself today. Accountability of leaders and participation of the membership are lacking. The rights of free speech and free assembly are denied. The church stands exposed as a closed society within a free society, a situation which is always a threat to freedom.

Today people are not offended by the use of authority, especially when it is clearly directed toward a practical goal. And so when the structures of the

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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church are attacked, it is not to overturn the authority of the church, but only to open up communication between leaders and the membership by making the leaders accountable to the membership through law and due process. In a reformed church, obedience becomes much more ethical and valid because of the understanding and assent that accompanies it.

We never know who will come up with a new insight into a problem, and this is why the church must protect the right to dissent. The minority opinion can be the correct one, and therefore it must be protected so that it has the chance to grow and perhaps become a majority opinion. In the church we must stop the practice of bishops who secretly silence controversial figures before they have the opportunity to present their case to the church. Judged by the standards of almost any country, the laws of the church inhibiting freedom of speech and assembly are despotic. The laws regarding the Index, the *imprimatur* and ecclesiastical prior censorship offend not only the human rights of Catholics, but also the rights of others who want to know what the people of the church are thinking.

Besides guaranteeing, by due process, the freedoms of speech and assembly within the church, the church must enfranchise its membership—that is, allow all parties in the church to participate in the decisions by which they are governed. This does not mean that all should be called upon to vote upon all decisions, even through representatives. But members should at least be able to be accurately informed about decisions and be given opportunity to respond to them critically. The best way of doing this is through the election of leaders whose life in office would depend on carrying out the policies for which they were elected. It would also help if a party system were organized that could develop and polarize issues, give the voter a choice of programs, provide a platform for interest groups in the church, and aid churchmen in educating the membership in the issues. One party, for example, might promote spending on political action, another on religious education.

The church must be reorganized so that there are not only vertical lines of communications, but also horizontal lines to establish solidarity among those of like interests. Alone, we are dominated by other individuals or groups; united, we can be free. Today in the church we have the Management Church and those it dominates—the Sycophant Church. Only by the formation of power blocs and the legal structures necessary to enable them to deal with one another will the hierarchy be able to meet other church members as persons rather than as vassals. Besides the hierarchy, there are many other possible power blocs which can aid people in defining and promoting their own responsibilities within the church: There are the parish priests, religious communities (divided into teachers, nurses, etc.), paid lay workers (clerks, teachers, etc.), students, volunteer church members, and the churchless (those believers who do not regularly take part in church-related activities). Each of these groups could be organized and represented before legislative bodies of the church, either directly or through the parties.

The first group that should organize is the priests, since they are the ones most directly involved with the tasks of the church. If priests are to be more than functionaries carrying out orders and if they are to give the religious leadership for which they were ordained, they need a certain independence. They cannot depend upon either the hierarchy or the laity to straighten out the woeful situation they are now in. Only by responsibly exercising their tremendous power through collective bargaining to arrive at a written contract determining their terms of employment will priests have anything to say about the nature and conditions of their work. The priest has the right and also the responsibility to join a professional union that can aid his struggle for professional integrity.

With the structures of the church opened up, we can expect new and exciting forms of church life to develop. As a leader of social reform, the institutional church will take part in difficult and controversial enterprises without fear of repercussions.

The church will involve itself directly with the need for integrated and low-rent housing, training and rehabilitation centers, volunteer and leisure-time work projects, aid programs for developing countries, prison reform and other revolutionary problems.

The church may well become, will have to become, as ecumenical and catholic as the secular city which tolerates and welcomes not only a variety of cultures and programs, but also a variety of beliefs and religious customs. Maybe one day people will become as tolerant of one another in church as they are outside. Certainly it will be no loss to the church or to the secular city if all religions could bring themselves to live under one roof. Perhaps our ecumenical movement is going off in the wrong direction by trying to build up a unity based on the lowest common denominator of theological consensus. It should rather build up a unity based on the right to dissent. Build up a democratic church where free expression is protected, and you will have outlived the need for the fragmentization of the church and the resulting waste and duplication. If we could first amalgamate our institutional facilities and agencies such as our schools and welfare programs, we could then do the work of the church in the secular city. We would then find out what the church is there for.

The secular city is telling the church to stop treating people like children. People have a fraternal relationship with God; they are to cooperate with Him in building up the secular city, which is His enterprise. God is one with mankind and prefers that we look upon Him as a brother and a partner in this enterprise. There is no need for subservience, even before God. We are no longer children, Saint Paul wrote to the Galatians, but grown heirs.

William H. DuBay

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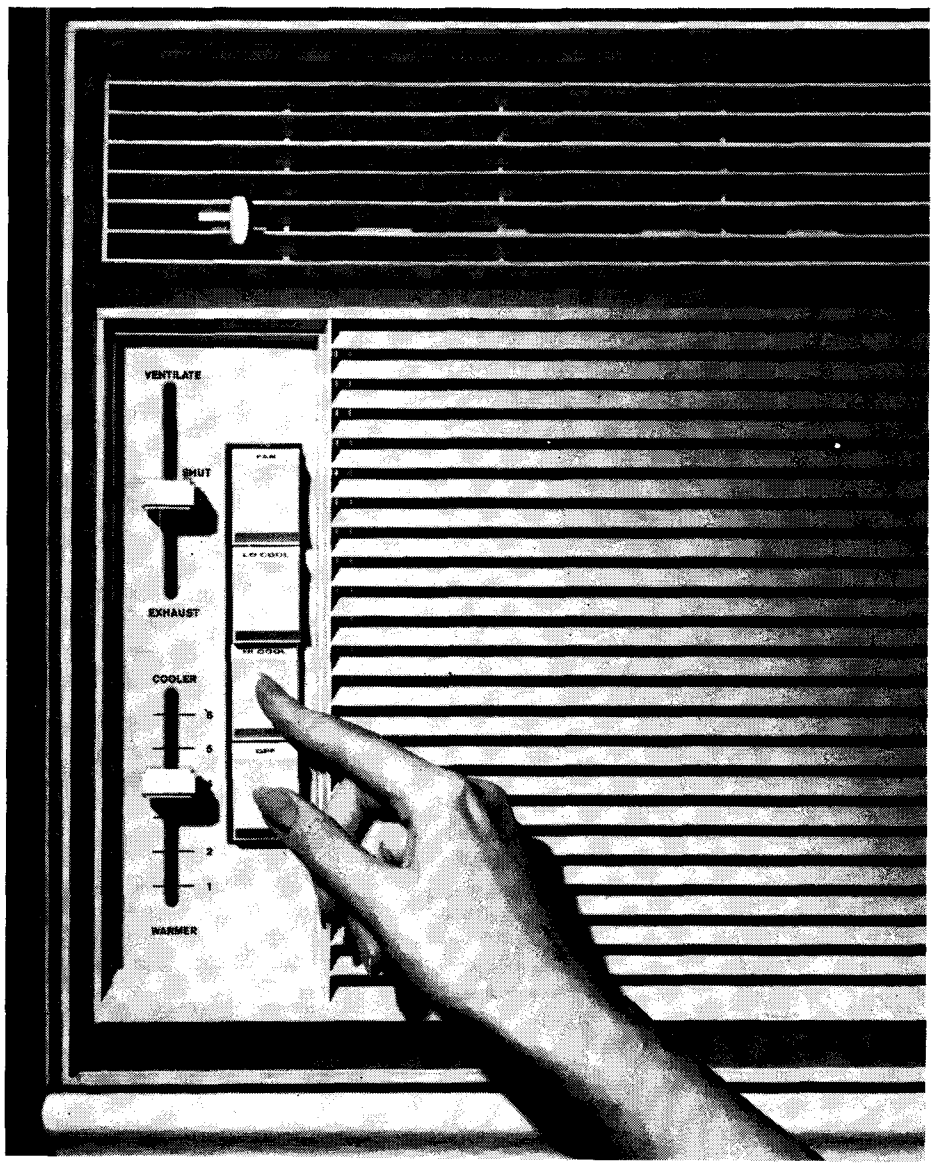

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California: of men and money

LOS ANGELES:

As the handsome face on the cover of this magazine demonstrates, Ronald Reagan's bid to become governor of California has transformed a minor movie actor into a major national figure, and focused attention on the Republican primary race here. But the fierce contest inside the Democratic Party is also a fascinating political drama, and it tells a lot about how American politics works, *circa* 1966. Here are the chief actors in the drama:

• Gov. Edmund Brown, an earnest, likable, oddly naïve politician, who is running for a third term. "Pat" Brown has been a good governor, as most of his critics privately concede, but he faces certain obstacles. His human obstacles include a maverick Democrat, Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles, in the primary on June 7, and either Reagan or George Christopher, former mayor of San Francisco, in the election in November. But his greatest obstacle is the fact that, after eight years, a lot of voters have become rather bored with his amiable, owlish face.

Brown is genuinely confident that he will overcome all obstacles, even the boredom. His confidence springs largely from his conviction that the Republicans, lemming-like as always, will nominate Reagan, their weakest candidate, as James Phelan explains on page 89. California bookies apparently think Brown's confidence is justified. They are reluctant to cover bets on him.

• Jesse Unruh, the nearest thing California has to a political boss. "Big Daddy" Unruh recently shed more than 80 pounds and looks as a result like a hungry bloodhound. What Unruh chiefly hungers for is the governorship of California, or, failing that, the power to make and unmake governors. Brown stands in the way of Unruh's ambitions, and Unruh does not love Brown.

• Lt. Gov. Glenn M. Anderson, derisively referred to by his critics as "Glenn M. Whatsisname," who is running to succeed himself. Anderson is an agreeable fellow with big ears and hardly any eyebrows, who was nominated by the Democrats in a fit of absentmindedness as Brown's running mate in 1958, when no one thought Brown had a chance. For seven years Anderson remained in happy obscurity. But Brown was out of the country when the Watts riot exploded in August, 1965, and poor Anderson, totally unaccustomed to authority, fiddled while Watts burned. The resulting widespread criticism made him politically vulnerable, and a vulnerable politician attracts challengers, as the scent of the wounded wildebeest attracts lions. Two lions immediately appeared.

• Thomas W. Braden, president of the State Board of Education, and lion No. 1. Braden is a tall, weather-beaten type, who looks a bit like actor John Wayne playing Abraham Lincoln. His charming wife and eight charming children are undoubted political assets. A more doubtful asset is a family friendship with the Kennedys, which has earned Braden the label "Kennedy's man in California." It never helps a politician to be labeled another politician's man.

• Lloyd Hand, former chief of protocol and aide to President Johnson, a Texan until recently, and the third candidate for lieutenant governor. Hand is a handsome man—oil-Texas handsome rather than cowboy-Texas handsome—with a pretty wife. He has inevitably been labeled "Johnson's man in California."

"With so many people wanting to be my lieutenant governor," says Brown, "my friends keep asking me, 'Pat, is there anything the matter with you?' " There is nothing the matter with Brown, except that he is 61, will certainly not run in 1970, and makes no bones about his hankering to serve on the federal bench. Thus an able and ambitious lieutenant governor—not "Glenn M. Whatsisname"—would be heir apparent to the leadership of the Democratic Party in the biggest state in the Union.

Braden is both able and ambitious—he would undoubtedly have run if he had never met Robert Kennedy. The first polls showed Braden doing surprisingly well against Anderson. This did not suit Unruh's book, for Braden is no Unruh man. Lloyd Hand had publicly toyed with the idea of invading California politics, and after a long telephone chat with Unruh, he entered the race. As the astute Unruh no doubt foresaw, Hand immediately cut down Braden's standing in the polls by splitting the anti-Anderson vote. Thus, both Hand and Braden seem likely to lose to the innocuous Anderson.

"Hand's got plenty of money," says one local expert, "but he's got too many things going against him—the Texas accent, the carpetbagger issue, all that. Tom Braden just might make it, but he hasn't got enough money."

In California "enough money" is a lot of money. For late starters like Hand and Braden, television is the only way to reach the voters in decisive numbers. To reach the Los Angeles area alone costs $1,100 a minute, or almost $20 a second, for "fringe time." Hand has rich friends in Texas, and boss Unruh can turn on the California money spigots for him. Hand himself says he intends to put $250,000 into television in the last weeks of the campaign, and some estimates of his likely expenditure for television run much higher. Braden is not without rich friends, but he cannot hope to match Hand's spending.

"Enough money" is especially important to a campaigner like Braden. "The secret of getting elected here is not to stir people up," says one old pro in California politics. Hand is a bland campaigner, while Anderson has remained largely invisible. Braden goes about the state denouncing the John Birch Society, the inadequacies of the educational system, the urban conditions which produced the Watts riots, and even the cozy, profitable and previously unmentionable relationship between the state legislators and the Sacramento lobbyists for special interests. "If you're satisfied with things as they are," Braden tells the voters, "vote for Anderson."

If a campaigner wants to stir people up, he has to get them to listen. In the television age, that costs a great deal of money, and Braden hasn't got enough. This reporter is no doubt biased, since Braden is an old wartime friend, but it does seem a pity that lack of money should reduce an interesting new voice in California politics to a whisper. In any case, the problem Braden faces is becoming a universal problem in American politics.

"Something's got to be done about this demoralizing money problem," says Gov. Brown, who himself raised a whopping $550,000 at a political dinner at which just about every special economic interest in the state made a handsome contribution. The problem is indeed "demoralizing," quite aside from the sort of hanky-panky which produced more than $100,000 tax-free for Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut. For it is silly to suppose that a lot of rich men will contribute $10,000 to $30,000 to a politician's campaign kitty from purely disinterested motives.

To put on a serious campaign in California or a number of other big industrial states these days, contributions on that order are essential. Thus this country is rapidly approaching the point where no man can aspire to important office unless he himself is a very rich man, or is willing to be beholden to very rich men. When that point is reached, it will be silly to contend that the United States remains a genuine democracy. That point seems already to have been reached in California.

Stewart Alsop

Johnson's man?

Kennedy's man?

"Whatsisname"

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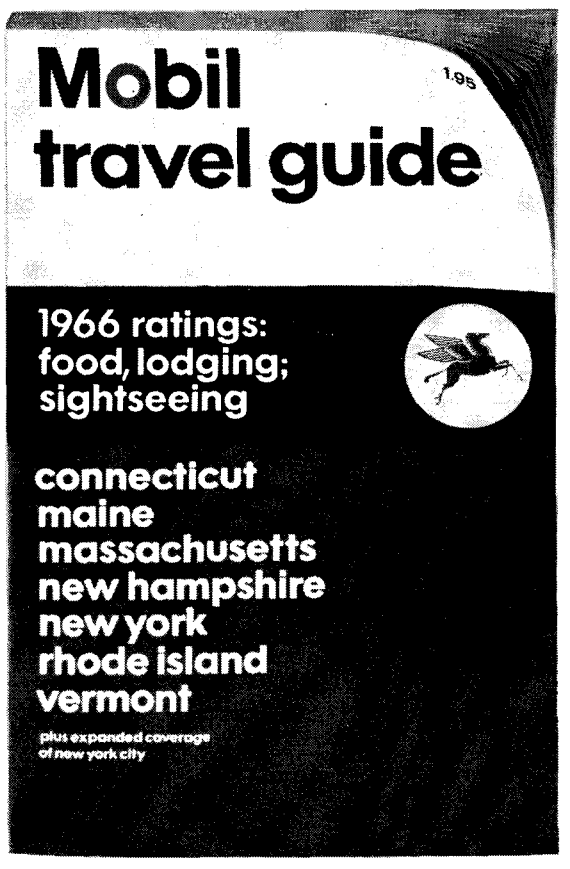

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The Human Comedy

Secret thoughts of a First Lady

BY WILL STANTON

I know it's an honor. Adam keeps telling me that somebody had to be the first woman and I can understand that. But nobody realizes what I have to put up with. Adam and the boys have things in common to talk about, but I don't have anybody. I keep thinking if only some nice family would move in next door. The boys would have somebody to play with. And when the men were gone I could stop over and visit. Maybe have something hot to drink. It would be so nice.

Even if I had somebody to write to. That's why I started this journal. I like to think that years from now somebody will find it—some sensitive, understanding person.

Take today. It rained, and the children were under foot and impossible

"Why don't you find something to do?" I asked. "Play a game or something."

They said there was nothing to do.

It's true there isn't much around here. I wish we could move to a better neighborhood. I mentioned this to Adam.

"We did live in a better neighborhood," he said. "In the garden we were sitting pretty. Only you didn't know when you were well off."

"That's right," I said, "blame me."

"Figs weren't good enough for you," he said. "Grapes weren't good enough. Oh no. You have to have an apple."

"You ate one too," I told him.

"Just my luck," he said. "I have to get the kind of woman who gets advice from a snake."

"Why don't you go out and look for a gnu?" I said. I knew that would shut him up. He had to think up names for all the animals and he's pretty touchy about it. He should be. I mean auk and yak and ptarmigan. He must have been drinking.

The kids came in and wanted to know if he'd brought them anything.

"Sure," he said and gave each one a little stone ax. They started running around chopping up everything in sight.

"Great," I said. "They don't do enough damage the way it is. You've got to give them axes."

"Boys will be boys," he said.

"How do you know?" I asked him.

Today Adam said he had a surprise. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them he was holding out a new fishing rod and grinning like an idiot.

"What's the surprise?" I asked him. "You've got a dozen more just like it."

"Not like this. See how it's tapered? See that action?" He swished it back and forth.

"It looks just the same to me."

"You didn't even look," he said. "You don't care about anything I'm interested in. You've ruined my surprise."

"I was surprised," I told him. "I thought it might be a new coat."

"What's wrong with the one you have?"

"Mastodon has been out of style for twenty years. Besides, I'm sick to death of fur. I want a cloth coat. Or at least a coat with a cloth collar."

He laughed that irritating little laugh he has. "Pretty fancy ideas for a former rib," he said.

It always infuriates me when he calls me that and he knows it. "All right, Dusty," I said.

He just grinned at me.

"A jug of wine, a plate of sauerkraut and you," he said and ran outside. He thinks he's so funny.

I rearranged the furniture today. I put the rock where the stump used to be and the log in between. It still isn't right. Maybe when I get the curtains up it will be better. And I made a sign and put it up in the front yard—ADAM 'N' EVE. It looked real cute. Adam fell over it when he came home.

"What the devil did you put that there for?" he yelled. "I could have broken my neck."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but don't you think it has kind of a catchy sound? Adam 'n' Eve."

"Adam 'n' Eve," he growled. "My God, who else?" He went inside and fell over the log. He accused me of trying to kill him.

"I was only trying to make the place look a little nicer," I said. "I don't see why I should do everything around here. You promised to put up shelves the first year we were married; I'm still waiting. Then there's the yard."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing, if you like to see axes and spears scattered all over. I won't even mention the crabgrass."

"That'll be a nice change," he said.

He says I nag all the time and it's simply not true. Why would I waste time nagging when it never does any good?

Adam has been drinking a lot. Down at the corner of the field there's a big fallen tree. He has a wineskin hanging from a limb and he sits on a rock for hours with his elbows on the log.

He dragged an old tusk home and carved it into a lot of balls. One day I followed him to the corner and found he had built a little platform with holes in the sides. He was trying to poke the balls in the holes with a stick.

"A little relaxation never hurt anyone," I told him, "but you can overdo it. Don't you have any pride?" He said no.

On top of everything else, he forgot our anniversary again. That makes 110 years in a row. You begin to feel what's the use?

I've decided to take up painting—I feel the need of some kind of outlet. So I crushed up a lot of berries and painted a picture on the wall.

When Adam came in, he said, "You spilled something on the wall."

"That's a painting," I told him.

He looked closer. "Some kind of bugs." he said, "crawling on a rock."

"It's cows in a field," I said. He shook his head. "I know cows," he said, "and I know bugs. I know every beast of the field and every creeping thing..."

"Yes," I said, "but what do you know about art? It isn't appearance, it's the inner essence."

"Maybe I don't know about art, but I know every thing that creepeth upon the earth ——"

"All right," I said, "forget it."

He doesn't understand me. Of course, we did marry young. "Adam," I said, "do you think we should have waited until we knew each other better? Or are whirlwind courtships all right?"

"The word is courtship," he said. "There isn't any plural."

"Not now, but in days to come . . ."

He shook his head. "I don't think it's the sort of thing that will catch on."

"I know I do things that annoy you," I said, "like mentioning the names of the animals."

"Then why do you keep doing it?"

"I don't keep doing it," I told him. "You've got a fixation. Besides, you've got to admit some of the names are pretty idiotic. Kinkajou, for heaven's sake. You must have been drinking."

"Certainly I was drinking. You try naming fifty miles of antelopes and hyenas and warthogs . . ." his voice got higher, and he was waving his arms. "I suppose you think 'warthog' is a funny name. You'd probably have called it pussy willow."

"Not only that," I said, "you gave some two or three different names."

"They kept getting back in line and coming through again." His face had turned scarlet. "You never saw such flies and mosquitoes and hornets and red ants and scorpions ——"

"Take it easy," I said. "Sit down and relax. Supper's almost ready. I fixed something special."

He sat on the stump breathing heavily. "What is it?" he asked.

"Woolly mammoth," I said. "I fixed it a new way—with peaches and a nutmeg raisin sauce."

He shuddered and put his hands over his eyes.

"Well," I said, "you don't want to eat the same old thing all the time, do you?"

"When I have woolly mammoth," he said, "I want it to taste like woolly mammoth."

Adam has been acting very strange lately. He goes off every morning and doesn't come home until after dark. And he's stopped going down to the corner. He's been shaving every day, too.

"What's the big occasion?" I asked him. "What are you getting all spruced up for?"

"You're the one who's always telling me I need a haircut," he said. "Put your best foot forward. Make a good impression. That's what you've been telling me for years." He plastered his hair down with grease, and off he went.

At night he eats supper and then just sits there with that vacant grin. I realize that suspicion can destroy a marriage, but I can't help it.

I've just got to know. Tonight, as soon as Adam is asleep, I'm going to count his ribs. □

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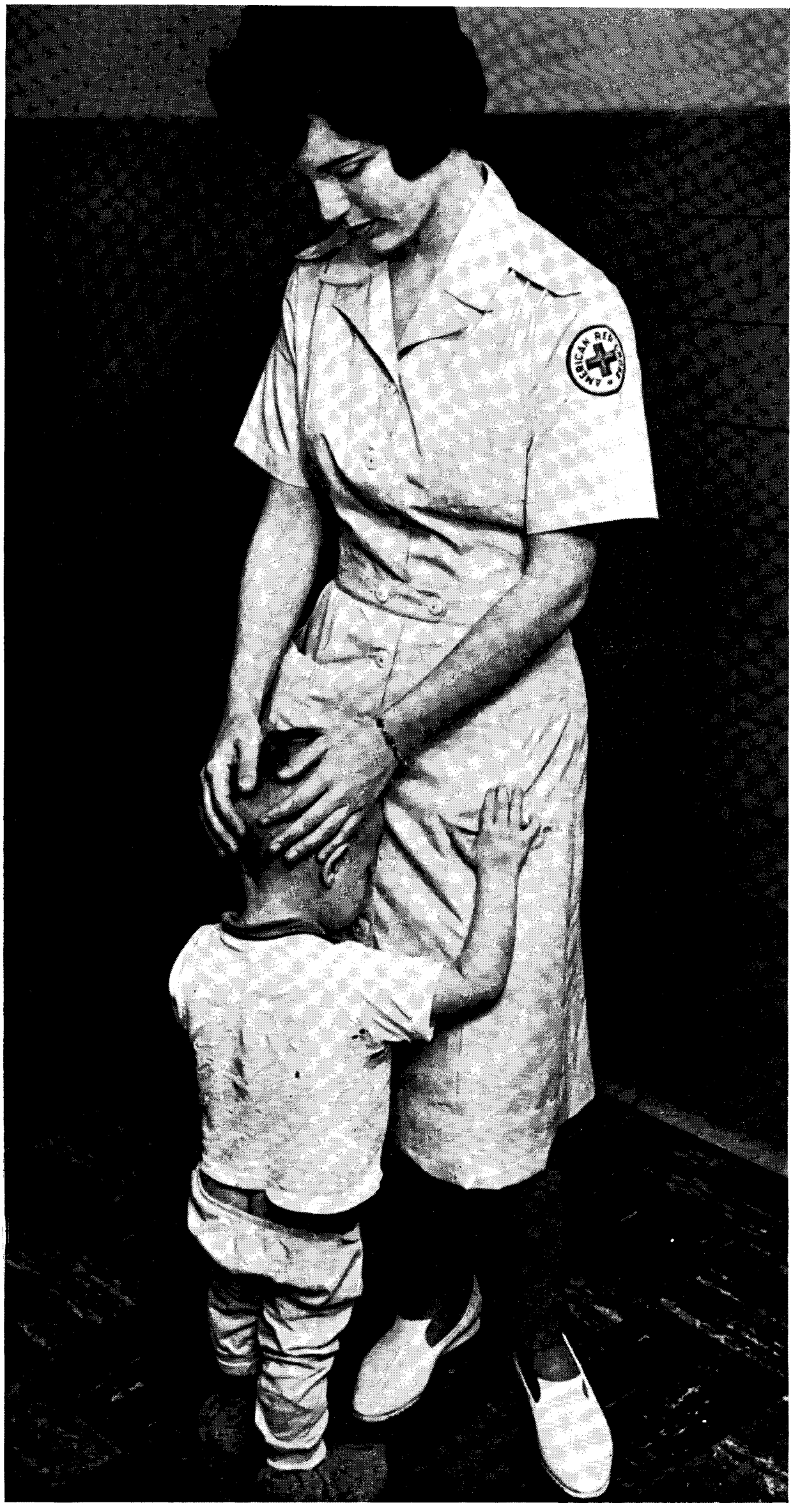

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The Saturday Evening POST

"He performed this rescue in the face of some 2,000 armed and nearly victorious hostile troops. His determination, his incredible display of courage in the face of a resolute and heavily armed hostile force, his complete disregard for his own life to effect the rescue of a fellow airman, and his resolve to continue despite advice by others of the severe hazards involved, reflect the highest ideals of American fighting forces above and beyond the call of duty. I personally hold no reservations in recommending Major Bernard F. Fisher for the Medal of Honor."

LT. GEN. J. H. MOORE
Commander, 7th Air Force, Vietnam

"I'm in love with Bernie Fisher."

MRS. BETTY MYERS,
Newport, Wash.

'IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE'

When Maj. 'Jump' Myers's plane crashed in flames on a Viet Cong-held airstrip, there was no chance of rescue—yet Bernie Fisher decided to bring him out. By RICHARD ARMSTRONG

The workhorse fighter of the air war in Vietnam is the Douglas Skyraider, an ancient holdover commissioned just after World War II. It was designed for Navy carriers and has a cruising speed of 150 knots. The Air Force, which calls it the A-1E, has been scrounging them from mothball fields all over the United States. The Skyraider can carry a huge and splendidly varied load of what the pilots call "ordnance": napalm, white phosphorus, high-explosive bombs from 100 to 1,000 pounds, rockets, and anti-personnel weapons that spew out buckshot-size pellets for hundreds of yards around.

Burdened with all this ordnance—up to 7,000 pounds of it—a Skyraider can still hang above an advancing ground force for two hours or more, while the high-speed jets have to strike within a few minutes and get home before they run out of fuel. Infantrymen are a notoriously cynical group of people where the Air Force is concerned, but a sizable minority of them will say that they are alive because of a strike at the right time by an A-1E.

One of the men who fly the Skyraider in Vietnam is Air Force Maj. Bernard Francis Fisher, 39, of Kuna, Idaho. "After flying the jets it's not much of a thrill," he says. "But it is a real stalwart bird and will take a lot of punishment and still keep going." Another is Maj. Dafford Wayne Myers, 46, of Newport, Wash., who says somewhat more bluntly, "It's about as much fun as flying a dump truck. That's what it is, a dump truck with wings."

Fisher is a freckled, sandy-haired Mormon who does not drink, smoke or curse, although he is remarkably at his ease, and much loved, in a

Relaxing after his exploit, Maj. Bernard Fisher (top) grins with satisfaction. Maj. Dafford (Jump) Myers is at left.

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squadron of men who do all three. Under his flying suit he wears—and without any wiseacre remarks from his fellow pilots—the long white underwear of an elder in his church. Myers, who got the nickname "Jump" while a soda jerk in high school and is so called by all his friends, is a chain-smoking nonconformist who once made his living running billiard parlors. By the time he gets his Skyraider to cruising altitude he has already snuffed out at least two cigarettes, and he wears low-quarter shoes on all his missions, in defiance of Air Force regulations that require flight boots.

Both are men of medium height (5′ 9″), and both move with a certain catlike grace that is the distinguishing mark of the American fighter pilot in Vietnam. Both are slightly stooped from lugging around the 100 pounds of parachute and assorted survival gear required for every mission. Both have five children and are married to registered nurses, who accept their exploits with a coolness that comes from long experience.

Both men are superbly professional pilots. Myers flew P-38's in combat in the Pacific for two years during World War II and came out without a scratch. He left the service in 1946 and was running two pool halls and a vending-machine company in 1951, when he got called back to active duty. At this point he decided to make it a career. Since then he has twice bailed out of jets, once in the United States and once in Germany, wearing his low-quarter shoes each time. He did not even sprain an ankle.

Fisher, who got his commission in 1951 as an R.O.T.C. cadet at the University of Utah, has won two commendations for bringing the hot (mach-2) F-104 Starfighter in dead-stick after engine failures. Last October he won the Distinguished Flying Cross for finding a downed pilot and protecting him with such riflelike accuracy with his strafing that a helicopter got in and picked the pilot up in a Viet Cong stronghold.

Fisher and Myers had known each other casually, the way Air Force pilots do, since 1959, when they were both flying jets for the Air Defense Command out of bases in the U.S. Northwest. They had met again in Vietnam. Myers commands a detachment of the 602nd Fighter Squadron from a tent encampment off an airstrip at Qui Nhon in the central highlands. Fisher is only 80 miles away, in the cool and pleasant stucco barracks—complete with patios, maids, an officers' club and a popcorn machine—that houses the First Air Commando Squadron at Pleiku. During the battle of Ashau valley they were strangers in that brisk and impersonal radio-code world of the fighter pilot—where Myers was known only as Surf 41 and Fisher as Hobo 51.

Ashau is a desolate place, sere and brown, socked in by clouds most of the time, strategic in this particular war and not much good for anything else. It lies 40 miles west of Danang, at the eastern point of a mountain valley which broadens out until it crosses the Laotian border only three miles away. The U.S. Special Forces camp at Ashau was a triangular fort, still under construction, with a 2,500-foot resupply airstrip made of what is called P.S.P. (pierced steel planking). It was a key spot for observing and harassing the infiltration of North Vietnamese regulars across the Laotian border into South Vietnam. On March 9, 1966, it was defended by 17 U.S. Special Forces troops, one company of 140 Nungs (mercenaries) and 250 ragtag Vietnamese irregulars, plus their wives, mistresses and children.

The battle of Ashau began at 2 A.M. with the clink of shovels, as the North Vietnamese began digging trenches below the south wall of the fort. (Aerial photographs later showed that in two nights they dug three linear miles of deep, solid entrenchments.) Two hours later an intensive mortar barrage hit the fort, directed first at such key targets as the ammunition dumps, the communications bunker and the Special Forces quarters, then spreading all over the camp. The barrage continued all day at the rate of three rounds a minute. The first infantry assault, against the south wall of the fort, began just after sunup. "They were fat little buggers," says Special Forces Capt. Tennis Carter, one of the survivors of the battle. "They hadn't been starving for months on jungle trails. About half of them were wearing camouflage uniforms, and the rest of them were in khaki. Their webbing and their weapons were new and in number-one condition. They all wore boots, not tennis shoes." Capt. Carter, who, like all Special Forces soldiers, is an expert marksman, was defending the south wall with an M-16 rifle equipped with a telescopic sight. He shot 16 of the attackers through the head. "I know I killed that many because I seen their heads come apart. After that we all switched to automatic, and nobody kept count." The first assault was repulsed that morning, and the North Vietnamese retreated to their trenches below the walls.

From the air that day, Ashau was a thick cushion of clouds that began 200 feet above the valley floor and extended all the way up to 8,000 feet, hiding even the mountain peaks. Early in the morning an Air Force AC-47, the lumbering DC-3 that bristles with three 7.62-caliber Gatling guns firing out of ports on its left side, found a hole in the clouds. It dived through the hole, got shot down and crash landed before it made even its first strafing pass. Three of the crew were killed manning a perimeter defense around the plane. Then two Air Force helicopters found their way down through the clouds, and while one let loose a barrage of covering fire, the other dropped in and picked up the three survivors of the AC-47.

In the prefab operations shack alongside the airstrip at Pleiku, Maj. Bernard Fisher was being briefed that afternoon at 2:30 for a classified mission, which means a strike somewhere north of the 17th parallel. Then he was handed a slip of paper with a new set of map coordinates. This is what the pilots call a "divert" to a new target of top priority. The divert was to Ashau valley, a place Fisher had barely heard of and had never seen. He flew there on top of the clouds by radio beam, and when he got there he found a covey of planes above the clouds, looking for a hole.

It was Fisher who found the hole. "It wasn't exactly a hole," he explains, "but a kind of light spot in the clouds." Once he got down to the valley floor, between the peaks, he began his strafing passes around the perimeter of the fort. Fisher had a copilot with him that day, Capt. Robert Blood, who had hundreds of hours in jets but was new to Vietnam and was sent up with Fisher to see how the thing was done in a Skyraider in Vietnam. Blood was much impressed by the experience. "The ceiling was so low, and he made his strafing runs in such a tight bank between the ridges, that one wing was in the clouds and the other was almost scraping the ground." But nobody else could find the hole in the clouds. "It was real easy to see it from below," Fisher explains, "because you could see a spot of blue, but it was hard to find it eight thousand feet up." So Fisher went back up through the hole and down again through the ridges three times that afternoon, bringing behind him one med-evac helicopter, which got some of the badly wounded men out of the fort, two more flights of A-1E's for bombing and strafing runs, two C-123's for supply drops, and two B-57's with rockets and napalm.

"He was the bird dog all afternoon," says Capt. Blood. "Everybody was just milling around on top until he went in and took charge." At six o'clock the next morning, an Air Force colonel woke Fisher up by telephone to tell him that he was putting him in for the Silver Star. The recommendation got lost in the events of that day, March 10.

After the colonel got him up, Fisher ate breakfast out of the refrigerator in the room he shares with five other pilots and then sat down and wrote a long letter home to Kuna, Idaho, where his wife Realla lives in a rented two-story farmhouse. Then with a dozen other pilots he climbed onto the back of a blue Air Force pickup truck for the ride downhill, and around past the town of Pleiku to the strip. He took off at 10:05 on a routine bombing-and-strafing mission with Capt. Fran-

Pilots Jon Lucas (left), "Paco" Vazquez and Dennis Hague, who flew support over Ashau, read their press notices.

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'When I got hit, the engine conked out and the cockpit filled up with smoke. I was too low to bail out.'

Myers and Fisher in front of the obsolete Skyraider that took them back: "It's a dump truck with wings," says Myers.

cisco (Paco) Vazquez, 29, an R.O.T.C. graduate of the University of Puerto Rico, flying another A-1E just off the tip of his wing. They had been airborne only 10 minutes when Control radioed a divert and a new set of coordinates. "I just jotted it down and said 'Ashau,' and Control said 'yes.' Then I started to worry about the weather, because I knew it was just as thick up there as it had been the day before."

That morning, when Fisher and his wingman, Paco Vazquez, reached the clouds above Ashau, they found four other Skyraiders milling around looking for a hole. Once again it was Fisher who found it, a light spot in the clouds almost exactly where he had found an opening on the day before. He led the five other planes, in a loose formation that pilots call a "string," down through the hole. Two of the Skyraiders took up a holding pattern north of the fort, and the other three planes followed Fisher down the narrow valley, six miles long, that led to the fort at Ashau.

The pilots who fought at Ashau call this valley "the tube." It is less than a mile across. This was where the AC-47 had been shot down the day before. By the morning of March 10 the ridgelines along the tube were studded with at least 20 anti-aircraft weapons positions. Fisher, and every other pilot who came into Ashau that day, had to dive down 8,000 feet through the clouds, pull out at tree-top level beneath the clouds and then run this six-mile tube to get to the camp itself. They felt the bullets thudding into their planes, but they had no room to maneuver until they ran the tube and were over the camp, where the valley broadened out toward Laos.

It was at this time, in midmorning of March 10, that the Americans under siege in the camp learned the true fighting qualities of the South Vietnamese irregulars who made up more than half the strength of the garrison. When ordered to attack the south wall, they at first refused, then, during a brief lull in the fighting, raced south to the wall, where they defected to the enemy and turned their guns on the Americans and Nungs. With the help of the defectors, the North Vietnamese stormed the south wall and overran it.

"I came down to about fifty feet and I got them on my FM channel," says Fisher. "I said, 'I'm the A-1E that just passed over. Where do you want the ordnance?' They said, 'Hit the south wall. They're coming over the south wall.' So I told Paco to set them up for strafe." Just behind Fisher and Paco was Jump Myers, and just behind Myers was his wingman, Capt. Hubert King. King was almost through the tube when he took a blast of automatic-weapons fire that shattered and clouded his canopy and missed killing him by inches. He radioed that he was hit and, peering through the cracks in his canopy, took his Skyraider straight up through the clouds and headed home. That left Fisher and Paco and Jump Myers, who kept hitting the south wall out of a tight left bank above the fort. Paco Vazquez says that "that radio operator in the fort calling us in was the coolest daddy in the world. They were all holed up in the north bunker and the V.C. were all around them, but when he called for ordnance and told us where to put it, it was like he was ordering a bag of groceries."

Myers had just pulled out of his second strafing pass when he got hit by a burst of fire from an automatic weapon on the east ridge—which because of the cloud cover and his tight bank was only a few feet beneath the belly of his plane.

"It had started out as a real good day," says Jump Myers. "I was due for seven days' leave in Bangkok, and that morning my C.O. called and told me I had just made the list for promotion to lieutenant colonel. I can tell you I was in a number-one mood. I was the third man in the string going down through the hole behind Bernie and Paco. My wingman got hit before we even got to the camp, in the tube, and I hadn't been over Ashau more than five minutes when I got it. It was a good solid hit that shook the whole plane and rattled my teeth. I've been hit before by the fifty-calibers in Vietnam, and this was something a lot bigger, maybe the Chinese thirty-seven-millimeter cannon.

"Almost immediately the engine started sputtering and cutting out, and then it conked out for good. The cockpit filled up with smoke. I got on the radio and gave my call sign, Surf Forty-one, and said, 'I've been hit and hit hard.' Hobo Fifty-one—that was Bernie, though I didn't know it at the time—came right back and said, 'Roge [the current abbreviation for Roger], you're on fire and burning clear back to your tail.' I was 'way too low to bail out, and I said, 'Roge, I'll have to put her down on the strip.' I had kept the same angle of bank around the ridgeline after I got hit, and I knew I was coming around toward the north end of the strip below the camp. I never saw the runway because of the smoke blowing back in my face, but I got a rough fix on my position by looking over my left shoulder out the canopy. From that point on, Bernie talked me down.

"Bernie was very cool about it, and that helped. I held my breath for as long as I could, but then I started eating a lot of smoke. Bernie said, 'You look pretty good, four-one, take her to the left a little, get your gear down and jettison your ordnance.' I was still carrying twelve fragmentation bombs and two white phosphorus that might have gone off on impact. They were still set on safe—unarmed—and I pulled the manual-release switch and dumped them just short of the runway. Bernie said, 'That looks good, that looks good,' but about five seconds later he said, 'You're too hot, you're too hot, get your gear up—you'll have to belly her in.'"

Myers yanked up his landing gear without ever having seen the strip through the smoke. The wheels were still coming up as Myers touched down, and they crumpled under the plane. His bombs had dropped clear, but his belly tank of high-octane fuel, which should have jettisoned with the ordnance, had gotten hung, and it exploded with a roar when he hit the strip. Surf 41 was a ball of flame that skidded 100 yards down the runway, veered off to the right and slammed up into a dirt embankment.

Myers has seen pilots burned alive, and he says, "It is my only fear about flying, the one death I've always dreaded. But maybe the fear was a good thing too. It certainly got the adrenaline pumping. I had thought a thousand times what I would do trapped in an aircraft on fire, and that

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'Even after I had seen him make his teardrop turn and come in to land, I didn't realize Bernie had come in to get me out.'

morning I just went through the motions I had thought out a thousand times." The first thing Myers did after impact was to push the hydraulic button to open the panel on his left. But when he did, roaring flames rushed in, and he slammed it shut again. "I decided two things," says Myers, who by all odds should have been dead by this point rather than making any decision at all. "I decided I had to strip down to my flying suit and leave my survival gear behind if I was to have any hope of diving through the flames. The other thing was that I was going to go through the right window panel because it couldn't possibly be any worse than the left.

"The guys flying overhead tell me I was in that little fire bomb for at least a minute after the crash. It seemed to me like an eternity before I could get all the gear off. My biggest fear was when I pushed that lever to open the right window. It might have jammed on impact, and there might not be enough hydraulic pressure to get it open. But from now on everything went my way. The canopy popped right open. The way the plane had swerved around, it was catching a strong breeze down the runway and it opened a path through the flames that seemed to me like that path through the Red Sea. I ran out along the wing and jumped off and squatted down in a patch of weeds.

"I still thought I was a dead man, because I knew the strip was under enemy control. They don't take prisoners in the middle of a battle. I remember thinking, *How is Betty going to manage with all those kids?* And then I told myself I was never going to get to Bangkok for that leave, and I was never going to get to wear those lieutenant-colonel's leaves.

"Then Bernie rolled in from the east to take a look, not more than twenty-five feet off the runway. I jumped up out of the weeds and gave him a two-handed wave. I was trying to signal him I was OK and also to get the hell out of there. When he made his first pass to look for me, that was the first time I realized how much firepower the enemy had in that valley. It was like a shooting gallery. The enemy has gotten a lot smarter: They used to use a lot of tracer, which is a help to the pilot because he can see where the fire is coming from and go in and hit it. The guys around the fort weren't using any tracer at all. They just let loose with what sounded like a thousand automatic weapons, all of them aimed at Bernie."

"When Jump headed into the strip," says Fisher, "I got on the radio to Control and told them we had a pilot down, and to get a chopper in there real fast. When he hit the runway and exploded, I waited for almost a minute, and then I radioed Control: 'Plane on fire, pilot did not get out.' I was sure he was dead. And then I saw him scrambling off the end of the wing with smoke pouring out of his flying suit. I was sure he was burned real bad.

"What you want to do when a pilot is down," says Fisher, "is to lay the ordnance in real close, even though you are taking some risk of hitting your own man. I could see the enemy on top of the embankment, between Jump and the fort, and so I laid down a string of three hundred-pounders. I was still in a hard left bank, to keep away from the mountains and under the clouds, and I laid down four hundred-pounders on the other side, the east side, of the runway."

At this point Paco Vazquez, Fisher's wingman, was flying strafing runs prudently paced to avoid the shrapnel from Fisher's bombs. Then he felt the thump of bullets against his plane. He got on the radio and told Fisher: "We're getting hit hard from the east ridge." Fisher told him: "Well, go get them." Paco gave the eastern ridgeline everything he was carrying under his wings: ten 100-pounders and two white phosphorus bombs. The belly of Paco's plane was near the tops of the trees along the ridge when he let loose his string, and then he pulled up sharply through the clouds to get away from his own shrapnel, turned and dived back down blind to the valley floor. Luckily he found it.

Circling over the runway, Fisher had now made his decision. "I called Control again and asked about the chopper. They said, 'Fifteen or twenty minutes,' which was just what they had said five minutes before. They told me the chopper was having trouble finding the hole, and could I go out and bring him in? Well, that was what cut it. I couldn't leave the guy down there without any cover and go off looking for a chopper. I told Control that I was going in and get the pilot. They told me they did not advise it, but that I could make the decision myself. I didn't think the pilot could survive until a chopper got there, and I didn't think a chopper had much chance of getting down through that ring of fire and out again. So I told them I was going in, and I asked them the length of the runway. They said they didn't know, but that the map showed thirty-three-hundred feet. (Actually the strip was only 2,500 feet long.) I got on the radio to the flight of A-1E's that was flying a holding pattern just north of the fort. I told them I was going in to get the pilot and asked them to give me suppression fire."

This flight, Hobo 27 and 28, was led by Capt. Jon Lucas, 28, of Steubenville, Ohio, with Capt. Dennis Hague, 28, of Kellogg, Idaho, flying wing. "I told Bernie, 'Roge, we've got the cannon and the bombs, and we'll cover you,'" says Lucas, a strikingly handsome young man who looks like

Dwarfed by the plane they fly—its payload equals a Flying Fortress's—Fisher and Myers chat between missions.

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a movie version of an Air Force pilot. "I called Dennie and told him, 'Set 'em up for strafe, we're going in.' Bernie said, 'Do you see the aircraft?' and I said, 'Roge, it's burning pretty bad.' He told me the pilot was hiding in the weeds to the west of the plane, and that I was clear to strafe any place except there and the north bunker of the camp, where the survivors were still holed up. Bernie said, 'I'm getting a lot of fire from the east side of the strip.' Paco, Bernie's wingman, came down through the clouds about then, after his bomb run, and he fell in as third man in the string. So we hit the east side of the runway and really hosed it down."

Skyraiders move too fast to see a prone human form in khaki or camouflage—and they are always prone when the Skyraiders make a pass. It was days later that the pilots learned from camp survivors what kind of job they had done east of the runway. "At least a company of North Vietnamese had massed there to cross the strip and assault the east wall of the camp," says Capt. Carter of the Special Forces. "The Skyraiders just wiped out this whole company, which was not dug in. It took all the pressure off the east wall, and it had a lot to do with us getting out alive." And, of course, in storming across the runway to hit the east wall, the enemy would have had plenty of time to kill Jump Myers.

Lucas, Hague and Vazquez were flying a tight-left pattern around the runway. There was no room for evasive action. "We just had to stay in there and take the fire from the ridges," says Vazquez, "in order to put down the suppressive fire to cover Jump and Bernie." They were flying what pilots call a "loose string," meaning that they were so evenly spaced in their tight-left bank that one or another of them was hitting the target every 15 seconds.

Jump Myers was crawling on his belly in the dirt just west of the runway. "I buried my mission cards and a big yellow pencil that I thought looked too bright, and I muddied up my patches—that's standard survival training. My next thought was to get away from the plane, because it might blow any minute, and if the enemy sent a search party that would be the first place they'd look for me.

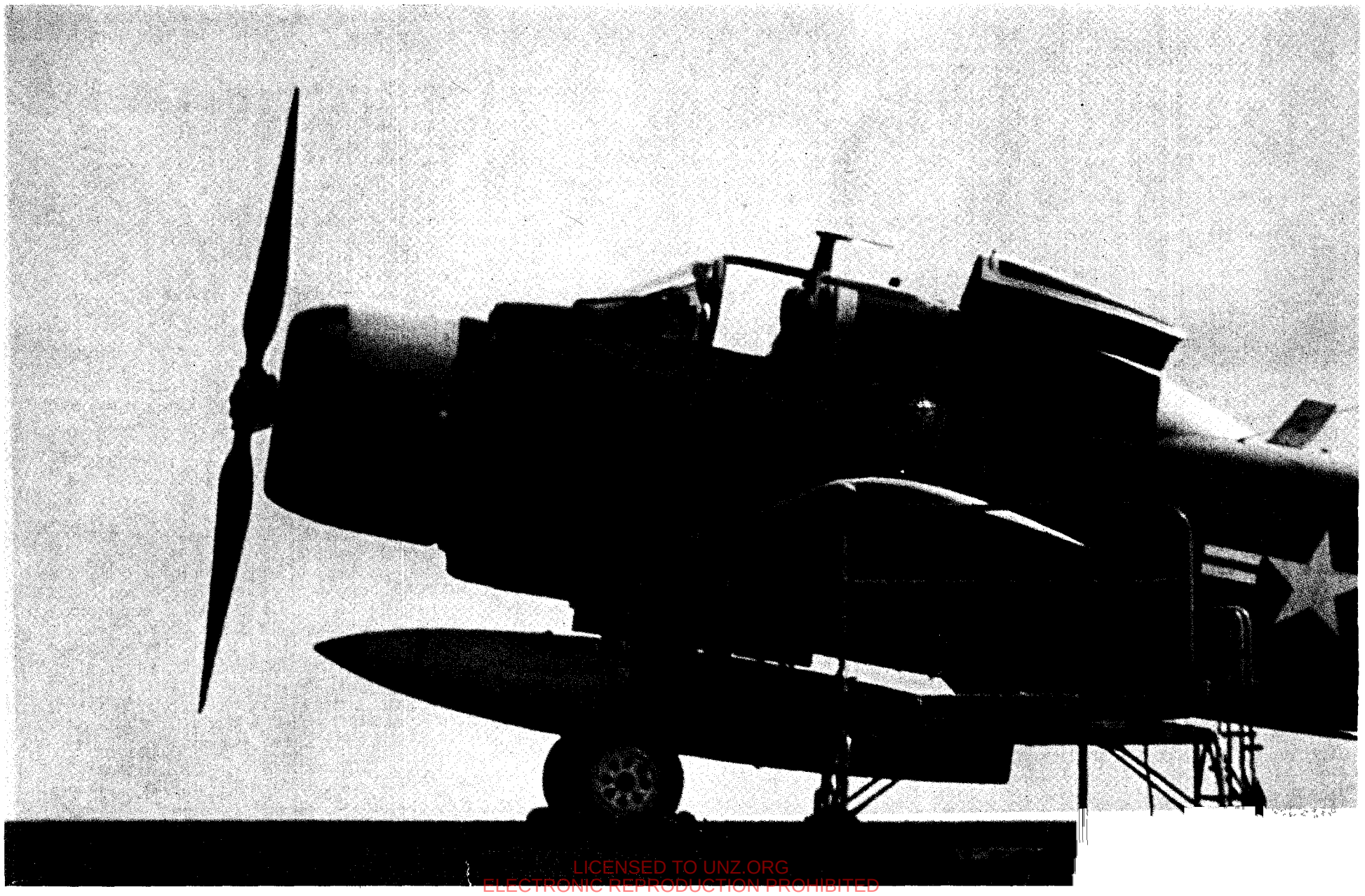
"The strip had been carved out of a hill by bulldozers, and that had made an embankment about ten feet high just west of the runway. That was what I was hiding against. There was at least a company of enemy on top of the bank, but they couldn't see me. That bank was one of the things that saved my life. Also, I had landed in such a ball of flames that I think they thought I was dead. It wouldn't have taken more than a minute for them to scramble down the bank and shoot me.

"I thought I might make that bunker in the fort somehow, and even if I didn't, I might find a better patch of cover. So I started crawling north, up against the bank. I would crawl a while, and then rest a while, and then crawl some more, and then stop. Well, when I got to what I thought might be a patch of cover, it was a tangle of barbed wire, overgrown with weeds. I had flown into Special Forces camps before, and so I knew that it was the perimeter of a mine field. I couldn't go forward, and I couldn't leave the cover of the embankment, so I started crawling back the way I had come.

"I said to myself, *Myers, you have really had it now*, but I thought, *Well, let's push it all the way.* My only glimmer of hope then was to infiltrate back through the enemy lines to the south somehow, find some real good cover and hole up for two or three days until the battle was over. The last thought in my mind was rescue. I knew a chopper could never survive the ground fire, and it simply never occurred to me that somebody would be crazy enough to put an A-1E down on that strip. It was too short to begin with. The steel planking was all buckled up into spikes by mortar rounds, and it was littered with rocket pods, fifty-five-gallon fuel drums and the debris from my plane. My only thought right then was to signal the other A-1E's somehow to get out of there before they all got shot down. When I heard Bernie's last string of bombs hit over west of the embankment, and I saw him circle around and then head into the north end of the runway, all I thought was, *Well, now there are two of us down here.*

"I dropped that last string west of the runway to keep their heads down," says Fisher, "and also because I wanted to come into that short strip just as light as possible. All I remember going through my mind was, *Can we do it?* and *Yes, I think we can.* I thought the poor guy was down there burned pretty badly, and I had it firmly in my mind that Luke (Capt. Lucas) and the other guys flying cover would give me all the protection I needed. I've flown with these guys, and they are real cool characters, and they hit what they're shooting at.

"I was coming in on my final from the north end, just about right, when the wind blew a great big blob of smoke from the fort across the end of the runway. When I got out of the smoke, I saw



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I was too hot, so I put her down on the strip for just a couple of hundred feet. I saw Jump wave at me, and then I just gave it the power and took off again. I bent it around real tight in a teardrop turn and came in from the south, holding it right at ninety-five knots. That's the key speed for short-field landings. I touched down two hundred feet in, which was as close as I could cut it and still clear the trees. I put the flaps up and started hitting the brakes even before the tail came down. I rode the brakes so heavy I was worried about burning them out. I steered around the mortar holes, which would have blown a tire, but I just didn't worry about the rocket pods. The A-1E has a real stout gear on it. We hit a bunch of the pods and just kicked them aside.

"Then I saw the end of the runway coming up 'way too fast. I knew that if I hit the brakes any harder I might burn them out or tip the bird over on her nose. That was the first time all day I was scared. You're not scared when you're doing something you know how to do—you get scared when you've run out of all your little bag of tricks. I had to make a decision: Do I really slam on the brakes and probably tip her over, or do I take a chance on the overrun off the end of the strip? I decided to take a chance on the overrun. It was grass and soft dirt, and littered with these empty fuel drums, but it worked out real fine.

"After using up about twenty yards of the overrun, I hit the left brake hard and swung the bird around in a big cloud of dust. The wings passed right over the tops of the barrels. I gave it a lot of power and taxied back down about two thirds of the runway looking for Jump. He waved to me from the weeds, and I hit the brakes and stopped as quick as I could, about two hundred feet past him. I looked out the rearview mirror, and when I didn't see him come running, I figured he was hurt real bad. So I hit the parking brakes and unstrapped and climbed into the right seat to go and get him."

At this point the other three A-1E pilots were flying strafing runs 50 feet off the ground and so close to the runway that what the pilots call "metal"—the expended cartridges and linkage from their 20-millimeter cannon—was showering down on Myers in his hiding place against the bank. The lead pilot was still Jon Lucas, although he had just been hit hard from the east ridge, was on fire, and his cockpit was full of smoke.

"I told him, 'You're burning,'" says his wingman, Dennis Hague. "'Better get the hell out.' He said, 'Roge, can't leave Bernie yet. We'll make one more pass.' I expected the bird to blow up in his face any second. I said, 'Roge, I'm Winchester! [meaning out of ammunition]. He said, 'Roge, me too, but they [the enemy] don't know that.' So we all made the last pass dry." For this bit of gallantry and leadership, Capt. Lucas has been recommended for the Silver Star.

From his spot in the weeds, up against the embankment, Jump Myers still could not believe what was happening. "Even after I had seen him touch down, and pull up, and make his teardrop and come in to land from the south, I was thinking, *Well, they got another one.* It wasn't until he had taxied back past me and waved and hit the brakes that I knew what was up. I said, *Why, that crazy S.O.B. has come in here to get me out.* I started running for the plane."

From the air that run looked agonizingly slow, although it took only 10 or 15 seconds. "I kept yelling, 'Hump it, man, hump it, you're never going to make it at that rate,'" says Paco Vazquez. It seemed a long time to Bernie Fisher too. While he was scrambling out of his harness to go out and get Myers—he had not yet seen him running down the strip—bullets were thumping into his plane, one of them only two feet from his head.

'The bullets were whining, and my shoulder blades were really puckering. I made that run as fast as any old man of forty-six ever could.'

To Jump Myers, who set a record for the sprint at Williams Air Force Base, Arizona, back in 1943, the run seemed an eternity. He had left the defilade of the embankment and was dashing down the middle of the runway in full view of every North Vietnamese who happened to look his way. "The gunfire was deafening, the bullets were whining all around, and I thought it was all aimed at me. My shoulder blades were really puckering. This was the third time that day I thought I was dead. I can tell you I made that run as fast as any old man of forty-six ever could."

"I was just about to jump out the right side and go get him," says Fisher, "when I saw these two big red eyes leaping up at me over the back edge of the wing. They were so red from the smoke that they looked like neons." "I grabbed one handhold on the side of the plane," says Myers, "and then just scrambled across the wing on my hands and knees. Bernie still had the engine running fast enough so that the wash almost blew me off the wing. So I kept as low as I could, and I didn't worry about procedure—I just dived into the right side of the cockpit head first. My head and shoulders hit the right seat, and my legs were flailing all around Bernie and the instrument panel. He grabbed me by the back of the flying suit and set me right side up again." At this point Capt. Lucas was just coming around for his last (and dry) strafing pass, his own plane still billowing smoke. "Bernie just whipped the butt end of the plane around and really cobbed the power," says Lucas. "We were all sweating it, because he only had two thirds of a runway that was too short in the first place for any sane man to put an A-1E into."

"The takeoff went real nice," says Fisher. "Real nice" is one of Fisher's favorite phrases, and his strongest accolade about his own flying. "I had to give the bird full power and dodge the mortar holes, and I had to use up the last foot of runway, but I had hit flying speed by then, so I just lifted her off. I didn't have enough speed to climb, but I didn't want to climb yet anyway. Jump, over in the right seat, was giving me these hand signals to keep her down low, underneath the antiaircraft positions on the ridgeline. So that's just what I did. I held her right down on the bottom of the valley until we had got out of the tube. I had my climbing speed by then, and I just took her right up through the hole in the clouds and leveled off on top at about eight thousand feet.

"I knew I had taken a lot of hits, and I thought about putting into the nearest strip. But the engine was running real fine, and it's always nice to get home, so I headed for Pleiku, which was forty-five minutes away.

"Jump couldn't talk to me because he didn't have a radio headset. He signaled me for a cigarette, and I shook my head, because I don't smoke. He gave me a couple of hugs and held up a finger, meaning 'number one.' He was a mess. He got mud all over everything he touched, and the smoke from his flying suit stunk up the whole cabin. But we couldn't help turning to each other and laughing all the way home."

As soon as Capt. Lucas got above the clouds, just behind Fisher, he hit a lever that bypassed his hydraulic system, and the fire in his cockpit began to subside. "I thought that was where the trouble was, but I couldn't do it any sooner," says Lucas. "You want your hydraulics working in the middle of a fight." His wingman, Dennis Hague, took the lead, and they flew into the closest strip, Danang, while Fisher and Myers were cruising back to the home base at Pleiku. When the planes got down, crewmen found 23 bullet holes in Paco's plane, 19 in Fisher's, nine in Lucas's, and not a single one in Dennis Hague's—"Probably because I was flying in the middle of the string," says Hague. "That plus a little luck."

Heroism, and carnage, did not end then at Ashau, or for the next three days. As Fisher and the three A-1E's behind him pulled out, another flight of Skyraiders from Pleiku came down through the hole in the clouds. They told Lucas. "We've got napalm," and he told them, "Hit the south wall and east of the runway." They did, and behind them came still another flight of Skyraiders.

That afternoon, the Special Forces survivors—13 out of the 17 were still alive, and all 13 were wounded—got orders to evacuate the camp. That day and for the next two days the choppers scoured the area and picked up scattered groups of survivors, including Capt. Carter and five of his Nungs, who were slipping through the jungle toward the Laotian border. In all, the helicopters brought out 172 survivors, most of them Vietnamese. Only 12 Americans out of 17, and only 37 Nungs out of a company of 140, made it back.

By this time Bernie Fisher and Jump Myers were enjoying the traditional advantages of the pilot who survives: a soft bunk, clean sheets and an officers' club. When they landed at Pleiku just after 1 P.M. on March 10, Myers was whisked off to the flight surgeon, who gave him some drops for his red eyes and told him that otherwise he was in splendid shape. Then they were both ushered in to see Maj. Gen. Gilbert Meyers, deputy commander of the 7th Air Force, to which all Air Force pilots in Vietnam belong. The general gave them his warmest congratulations, although Jump Myers says, "I was sure he was staring at my low-quarter shoes the whole time."

By the next day Fisher's recommendation for the Medal of Honor was already being drafted at 7th Air Force Headquarters in Saigon. And when, a day later, Fisher received an emergency priority to call home to his wife—standard procedure for any serviceman who has had a close call that got picked up by the press—all he got was his children. They told him the grandparents were babysitting and that his wife, Realla, was in New York on *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

Bernie Fisher and Jump Myers went back in the air almost at once in their A-1E's, then took a leave in Bangkok before going back to flying.

"What can you do with a guy like Bernie?" says Jump Myers. "I would like to furnish him with a year's supply of whiskey. But he doesn't even drink coffee. So I bought him a Nikon camera—he's the biggest camera buff in the squadron—and had it engraved, ASHAU, MARCH 10, 1966. For the first few days I felt like a dead man walking. I couldn't believe it. And then I got over that, and it's great to be alive." □

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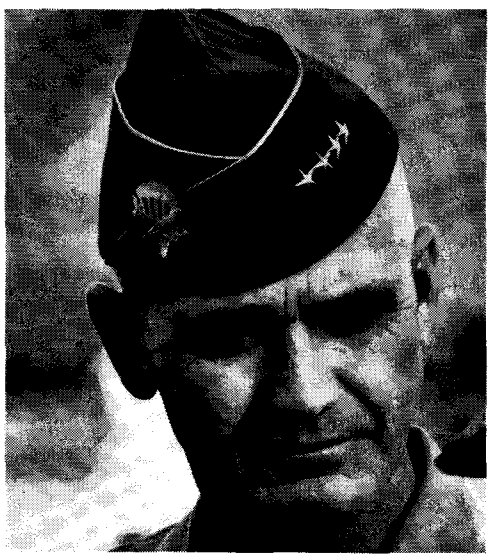
WHY WE CAN WIN IN VIETNAM

With American policy under attack and the U.S. military strategy criticized as a failure, a veteran reporter argues forcefully that victory is in sight.

BY JOSEPH ALSOP



Gen. William C. Westmoreland is pursuing a strategy calculated to win the war that pits American troops (below) against elusive Viet Cong.

In Vietnam, great numbers of Americans are now committed to a war which very few Americans even begin to understand. Most of us, of course, have a fair understanding of the issues our troops are fighting for, but only a tiny minority understand the war itself.

This has struck me with increasing force after every one of my more recent visits to Vietnam—and I have been there 16 times since 1953. People talk about other matters such as the chops and changes of politics in Saigon, where the Communists might manage an eventual victory—although I do not think they will. No one ever mentions the fairly desperate combat problems that now face the Viet Cong. No one analyzes the present strategy of our brilliant field commander in Vietnam, Gen. William C. Westmoreland. No one refers in any way to what is currently happening on the battlefield. Yet the battlefield is where our own best hope of victory lies.

The whole pattern of the fighting, as it happens, is still determined by an almost successful gamble that the Communists made to win the war last year. Hence we must backtrack a bit at the outset in order to see the timing, the nature and the risks of this enormous Viet Cong gamble, to make what happened reasonably comprehensible.

Many normally well-informed persons still believe that a Communist guerrilla

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movement like the Viet Cong is something spontaneous—halfway, let us say, between a misguided patriotic society and a nationwide game of cops-and-robbers. From their first obscure guerrilla origins, however, the Viet Cong have been a second government of South Vietnam, and they still are. Furthermore—and here is the important point—this clandestine Communist second government has all the fiscal, economic, manpower and other problems that plague any normal government. Since this is also a government at war, the V.C. second government's biggest problem is naturally to recruit, equip and maintain its armed forces. This has always been the biggest problem, and its difficulties caused the Viet Cong gamble already mentioned, which was decided on in late 1963 after the coup d'etat against South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem.

South Vietnam in the summer of 1963 was a country in which every province had its own civil war, with the Saigon government controlling the provincial capitals and a good many villages, with the V.C. second government controlling a good many other villages, and with troops of both sides in the field everywhere. By that time, there was a Viet Cong provincial battalion of about 500 men operating in each of Vietnam's 43 provinces. There was a Viet Cong district company of about 150 men operating in each of at least 250 of the administrative districts into which the provinces are subdivided. And in each of several thousand V.C.-controlled villages and hamlets, there was a Viet Cong guerrilla band of 20 or 30 men to maintain local discipline and to harass friends of the established government in neighboring villages and hamlets. All these V.C. soldiers—about 50,000 in the local forces and 110,000 in the guerrilla bands, or approximately 160,000 men in all—had to be paid and armed and kept supplied with ammunition and much other matériel, and all but the minority of strictly part-time guerrillas had to be provided with rations as well. Salaries and rations also had to be found for tens of thousands of Viet Cong in essentially civilian occupations, ranging upward from humble couriers and tax collectors, through secret policemen and the personnel of the medical services, to the awe-inspiring members of the Communist Party's central committee for South Vietnam in their remote jungle lair near the Cambodian border.

In addition, this second government was deeply engaged in a big and costly program of military public works. The rule books for guerrilla war, written by Mao Tse-tung and his remarkable Vietnamese Communist pupil, Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap, lay down an absolute requirement for guerrilla main bases in areas immune to penetration by hostile troops. The mountainous, jungle-covered and swampy tracts of South Vietnam provide splendid terrain for many such main-base areas. But barracks, hospitals and numerous other facilities had to be secretly built within these fastnesses. Wherever the ground was suitable, the main bases also had to be fortified by an almost inconceivably antlike program of digging and tunneling; and although *corvée* labor from V.C.-controlled villages was used for this purpose, the hundreds, even thousands of men in the *corvées* at least had to be given rations while away from home. Finally, all the main bases had to be prestocked with medical supplies, ammunition and food. This was an enormous undertaking in itself. A single underground cache found last year, for instance, contained no less than 2,000 tons of rice. Since the cache was in a huge hole approachable only by a narrow tunnel, all this rice had evidently been carried in on men's backs, bagful by bagful.

Early in 1963, moreover, the first main forces—their nature will be explained in a moment—had begun to be mobilized in the main-base areas. Therefore, long before Diem was assassinated in November, 1963, the Viet Cong leaders had to meet a pretty imposing total budget. Their clandestine second government then controlled no more than about four million of the total South Vietnamese population of 17 million. Few legally established governments of countries having only four million people manage to keep more than 160,000 men under arms at all times, even if their soldiers are paid the merest pittance, as are the soldiers of the Viet Cong.

Such was the position when the Diem regime was brought down by an army coup, and almost the entire structure of government control abruptly came to pieces, for a while, in almost every province. The Viet Cong were thus enabled to surge forward everywhere, and this led to the decision to begin organizing main forces on a really big scale.

Like everything else the Viet Cong had done up to that time, the move to organize the main forces was strictly in accordance with the rule books of Chairman Mao and Gen. Giap. Main forces (the classification is Mao Tse-tung's) bear little resemblance to the simple guerrilla bands that almost everyone envisions when the Viet Cong are mentioned. They also differ sharply from the local forces—the provincial battalions and district companies, which are already well above the guerrilla level—for the main forces have no permanent regional attachments, and their units are much larger and more heavily armed. In fact, they almost exactly resemble regular troops in a regular army. According to the Mao-Giap rules, these main forces have two functions: to help the local forces and guerrillas increase the pressure everywhere, until the established government is visibly hanging on the ropes; and then to strike the knockout blows in big set-piece battles like that which finished off the French at Dienbienphu.

With more than 160,000 men already under arms, and with the additional organization of something like a brand-new regular army now decided upon, the V.C. second government obviously had its work cut out. At the outset, all went easily enough. In the secret main-base areas, with their palm-thatched barracks, their deep-dug, jungle-hidden fortifications and their painfully accumulated supply caches, large numbers of Viet Cong cadres and recruits were now assembled for regimental training. The new main-force regiments had a strength of around 1,500 men each. In design they were roughly comparable to regular light-infantry regiments of 30 or 40 years ago, and they had the capability of being joined together in light-infantry divisions for the knockout blows that were expected later. Each regiment was given an attached porter battalion of about 500 men to handle its local supply and transport. To get all these men, recruiting was stepped up in all the V.C. areas of South Vietnam. A major expansion of the supply movement from North Vietnam, down the Ho Chi Minh trail and along the sea-smugglers' routes, was also undertaken to provide the new regiments with their 57 mm. recoilless rifles, heavy mortars, antiaircraft guns and other crew-served weapons. And many more specially trained cadres were brought down from the Communist North to become officers and noncoms.

By New Year's Day of 1964, at least five of the new main-force regiments already had been recruited, armed and trained. By this time, too, because of their post-Diem surge, the Viet Cong controlled perhaps five million to six million people. Even so, however, the second goverment's base in the countryside—the Viet Cong infrastructure, as our intelligence officers call it—was still too small to support the ambitious military superstructure that was planned. To complete the plan, the masks had to be dropped. This was the Viet Cong gamble. If Gen. Westmoreland's strategy attains the hoped-for results, this dropping of the masks will be remembered as the moment when the Viet Cong began to lose the war. But it did not look that way at the time.

Until 1964 the Viet Cong had always worn two masks—one to deceive people abroad, the other for the South Vietnamese themselves. For foreign eyes, they had worn the mask of an indigenous movement of social discontent. However, as early as 1956, Le Duan, now first secretary of the Communist party of North Vietnam, had gone south to make preparations for the beginning of guerrilla war, with the aid of many thousands of cadres whom the Communist government in the North had ordered to go underground in the South when the French war ended in 1954. From Le Duan's arrival onward all the higher direction of the V.C. had come from Hanoi. The northern Communist government had also provided large quantities of military equipment and had secretly sent further tens of thousands of cadres to the South to aid and guide the struggle there. But all this was hidden well enough that those who wished could go on claiming that this was "just a civil war."

The other mask, worn to deceive the simple people of South Vietnam, was vastly more important and valuable to the V.C. This was the mask of amiable agrarian reformers—the same mask that the Chinese Communists had worn with such success until they got control of China. Until the critical period we are now examining, the Viet Cong also wore this mask with great success, thereby gaining rather solid popular support in their "liberated areas" and seriously softening up every contested area. The success ultimately depended, however, on something much more important than Communist propaganda or V.C. land reform. It depended on a convincing pretense of government by consent, which was impossible without a considerable degree of real consent. To gain this degree of consent, the Viet Cong promised the peasants, again and again and with utmost emphasis, that there would be *no* V.C. taxation and *no* V.C. conscription. (*continued on page 80*)

U.S. Air Cavalry soldiers attack near Pleiku. Massive helicopter deployment is one of war's newest features.

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U.S. victories have taught the Viet Cong that Americans are not 'paper tigers' after all—at any rate, not on the field of battle.

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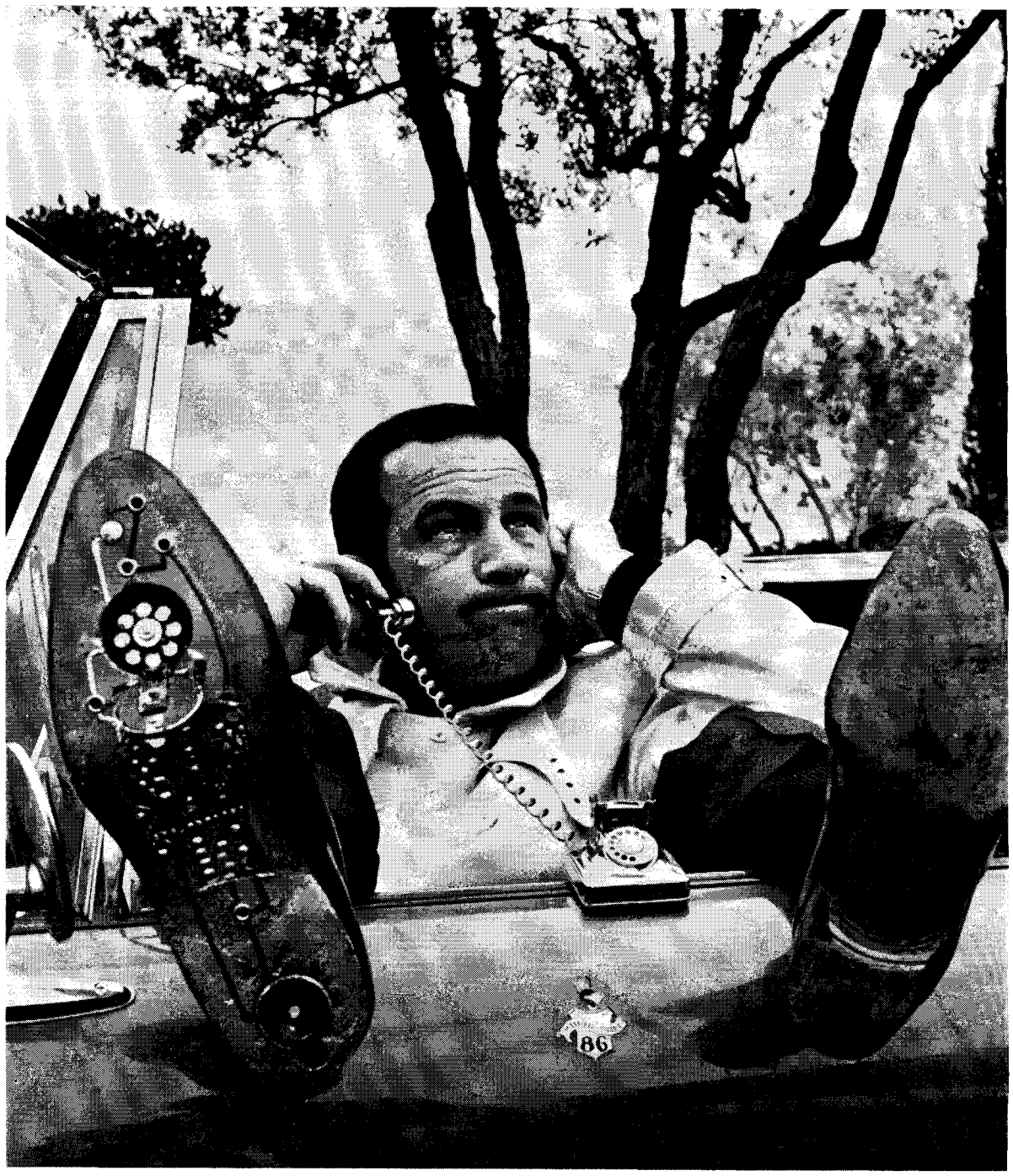
Would you believe Don Adams?

Millions watch him on TV as Maxwell Smart, the all-thumbs secret agent who milks his laughs out of espionage. And, believe it or not, Don Adams lives a private version of the same man.

By Gene Smith



Overdue on the bill for his shoe telephone, Adams resorts to the miniature phone hidden in the dash of his sports car.

Agents Adams and Barbara Feldon: Someone is sorry.

Secret Agent Maxwell Smart and his beautiful assistant, Agent 99, are searching a ship for an enemy spy. Suddenly a huge wooden mast crashes down.

"Ninety-nine, this ship is a freighter, right?"
"Right, Max."
"And freighters run on fuel oil, right?"
"Right again, Max."
"And wooden masts belong on sailboats, correct?"
"Exactly."
"And this is a wooden mast."
"Go on, Max."
"Ninety-nine. . . ."
"Yes?"
"I forget where I started."

To the television viewer who watches NBC's *Get Smart* each Saturday night, the following terms for its hero come to mind: Fool. Schlemiel. Dope. But the man who plays Maxwell Smart does not see him that way at all. Don Adams, a slight, sharp-featured, intense performer, who in the tradition of comedians is anything but funny outside of business hours, is particularly grim when he analyzes Smart.

"Maxwell," he says in a steady voice and with an unblinking eye, "is a fighter for the forces of good but is not a hero like the other agents, Bond, Bulldog Drummond, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* Such a type in the popular image does not fumble, is superb with women, knows wines, dresses right. Maxwell is fumbling and bumbling. The average guy looks at Bond or the U.N.C.L.E. hero and they're suave, beautiful, perfect, and the guy knows he could never do it their way. Most people are not like that, not six-two, not handsome, not marvelous with women. Maxwell tries to be these things, but he misses. He's not superhuman. But he believes in what he is, and wants to do his best."

Don Adams drones on in his flat voice, so unlike the on-camera, high-pitched squeak that is his trademark, and as he talks he uses the words "Maxwell" and "I" interchangeably, and what he seems to say is that as Flaubert was Madame Bovary and Cervantes was Don Quixote, so Don Adams is Maxwell Smart. "Maxwell," he says, "is serious, dedicated, awkward, forgetful, pompous to a certain degree, sentimental."

And is this you?

"Yes."

His wife is the former Dorothy Bracken, an ex-dancer. "Definitely he's Maxwell," she says.

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"Look at the way he was with the garbage. Our old house was on a hill too steep for the garbage truck to go up. So every Wednesday we loaded the garbage in the car, and he was supposed to drop it off at the bottom of the hill before he went to the studio. But every Wednesday he drove to work with the back of the car loaded with garbage."

But even more than his forgetfulness and otherworldliness, Adams's hallmark is his extraordinary—almost peculiar—seriousness.

"I think about things," he says. "I can't take things lightly. My wife plays tennis, but I can't play tennis. If I could just stand there and hit the ball back easily I would be all right, but I have to try to put it away. So I play golf."

He plays golf as he lives. His costar on *Get Smart*, Barbara Feldon, a former show girl who played the "tiger lady" in TV commercials and won $64,000 as a Shakespeare expert on *The $64,000 Question*, always thinks of him as she has seen him on golf-driving ranges—a slim, concentrated figure, head down, unaware that anyone else is there, slamming out bucket after bucket of balls and brooding to himself that to call yourself a golfer you have to shoot 79 at least twice.

Adams came from New York. His memories of youth—he is 39 now—are concentrated on two subjects: school and the movies. The former was agony for him. "School—that's where you mouth someone else's words, where you're a mimic, a brain-picker. They ask a question and you answer. Right. Wrong. They were wasting my time.

"Ma tried her best, but I was the great truant of my day. Mr. Hooky. I was left back in the sixth grade. It was a miracle I ever finished. Three times a week, maybe four, I'd head for school and never make it. I'd end up on Forty-Second Street. I saw movies all the time. It was half my youth, my time in the movies. I saw Rhett Butler a hundred times."

Finally he got out of grade school and went on to a high school in Manhattan, shepherded there by his father, a restaurant manager. He stayed one half a day, cutting out once the other students went to lunch. It was the fall of 1941. "I had the fundamentals—divide, subtract," he says now. "That's enough. Geometry, trigonometry—that's all nonsense. You want to be an engineer, go study the stuff. Not me."

He hitchhiked to Pennsylvania and the home of compliant relatives who lived in Charleroi. When the war came he decided to join the Marines. He was only 118 pounds and, at 16, underage, but he ate his way up to 150 and lied about his years. He wound up in Guadalcanal, got shot up and got sick. He had blackwater fever, which was fatal in 90 percent of all cases. He lay in a ward at the Navy hospital in Wellington, New Zealand, and a corpsman was assigned to sit a deathwatch by his bed. In his grim, tight-lipped way, Adams said to the corpsman, "I'm not going anyplace."

After the war, hitchhiking to Miami, he ran into another New York kid, Jay Lawrence, who had lived on the same block with Adams back before the war. Lawrence was in Florida trying to catch on with a ball club in spring training, but was too slight to make it. Lawrence, whose older brother had been famous around the neighborhood for doing impersonations, teamed up with Adams as comics at a cheap club on the beach. The long days in movie houses during their childhood paid off. They did Cary Grant, Cagney, Bogart. Seventy-five bucks a week.

Adams played the clubs for a couple of years. He shudders when he talks about it today: "They were the toilets of the world." He was a nobody then, but he was still the Don Adams who would eventually become the ludicrously moral Maxwell Smart, and he resisted pressures to use dirty jokes. In one place, he didn't tell blue jokes and the boss threw him out. Adams didn't care. "If you have to use them, you're doing the lowest thing in the world, and if it fails, it's horrible."

He married a girl he met in Florida, and soon there were kids, and he quit nightclub work. "You couldn't gypsy around in strip joints when you had kids and needed a steady paycheck," he explained. He was a restaurant cashier and then took up commercial art in Washington, D.C. On weekends he worked dives in Baltimore's famed The Block, hating it.

He and his wife and the three kids, Christine, now 15, Cathy, 14, and Cecilia, 8, drifted back to Florida. He was there when word came that his mother was dead. In New York for her funeral, Adams found out Arthur Godfrey was holding auditions for comics; he went, did his impersonations and caught on. After that there were guest appearances all over television; he may have done more guest shots than any other performer of that period. He also tried comedy writing, producing material for Garry Moore and Steve Allen. He met writer-comic Bill Dana, and when Dana got his own TV comedy series, he hired Adams to play a house detective named Byron Glick. Just when his career began to bloom, his marriage broke up. He married again and now has an infant daughter, Stacey Noel. (She was born during the first day of shooting the first *Get Smart* segment.)

After Detective Glick came the offer to play Secret Agent Smart. Originally the brainchild of producers Dan Melnick and David Susskind, the concept of *Get Smart* was refined by writers Mel Brooks (of "2000-year-old-man" fame) and Buck Henry. It is one of television's top attractions, and was from its opening segment. Millions of teenagers repeat its running jokes: "Sorry about that" and "would you believe . . . ?" gags. ("I love music. I once listened to three weeks of Beethoven." "I don't believe it." "Would you believe two weeks of Brahms?" "No." "A day of Looney Tunes?") Adams has a piece of it, and if it keeps running he will be set for life with residual payments.

And when *Get Smart* has had its run, he will get out, get away. No more acting. No more makeup. Then, he says, he will go into writing and directing.

Meanwhile, he will live with Maxwell Smart. And he should, for his life with Maxwell is like this: Not long ago he ate lunch at one of the more elegant restaurants along Sunset Boulevard—what Hollywood calls "The Strip." When he finished, he gave his car check to one of the kids who worked in the restaurant's parking lot, and the kid went for his little English two-seater. Adams got into the car. While the kid, waiting for the tip, delayed closing the car's door, Adams searched his pockets for a quarter or a half-dollar. Adams came up empty. No change. Out with the wallet. He had only a few bills. A five-dollar bill. A ten-dollar bill. A twenty. Tip a kid five bucks for bringing the car? He began searching his pants again—looking through the glove compartment, digging into his vest pockets. And so motorists began sounding their horns, the kid shifted from foot to foot, and an audience gathered. It was pure Don Adams. And pure Maxwell Smart. □

Actress Eileen O'Neil (above), as a sultry emissary from K.A.O.S., tries to brainwash the captured Adams into killing off an operative of a rival organization.

Until he bought a more convenient house, Adams used to arrive at the studio with the garbage he had forgotten to deposit at the foot of the hill where he once lived.

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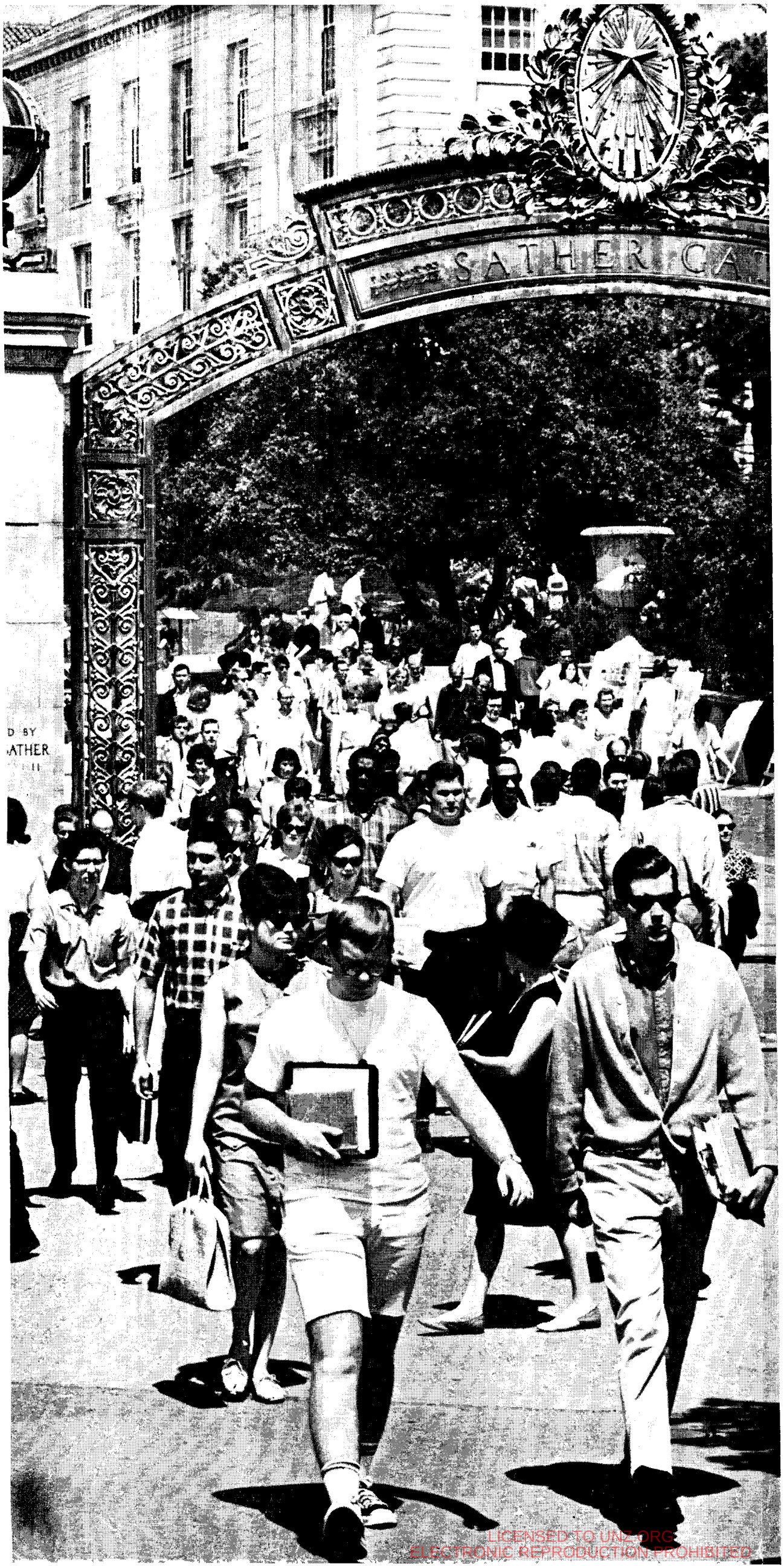

DRUGS ON THE CAMPUS

PART TWO

In the concluding section of a coast-to-coast survey, students from Wisconsin to California tell why marijuana and LSD have become part of today's college scene.

By RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Students pour through Sather Gate on University of California's Berkeley campus. So much marijuana trade has been transacted here that one student calls it 'the stock market of non-addictive drugs.' On opposite page, a marijuana cigarette changes hands at a student party in San Francisco.

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Paranoia is a hipster's disease," says Ray, as he fingers his wool-knit tie at a table in the University of Wisconsin Student Union. "Everyone is constantly scared of being busted. Ostensibly it's kept very quiet, but the very fact that I'm sitting in the Union here and talking to you about it shows how careless everyone is. You could be an agent. It's happened before. There are constantly rumors of imminent busts. People always suspect that there are informers around. And they have good reason to. It's damned easy to hate the police out here. If you're a hippie, you're considered part of the underworld. You're treated like a real junkie."

Paranoia is a common word among Midwestern college students who use marijuana. Ask a student to tell you where he gets his pot and he blanches and tells you to speak more softly. It's around, of course. "Wisconsin is a big stopping-off place for kids traveling from the East to the West, maybe from Harvard to Berkeley." But the student adds in a whisper, "Everyone is paranoiac around here lately. There are rumors, rumors."

Ask a student about the risk of arrest for marijuana users and he says, "The police have a list of heads on campus. I'm sure of it. This girl who was busted, and released with a stiff warning, told us all about it."

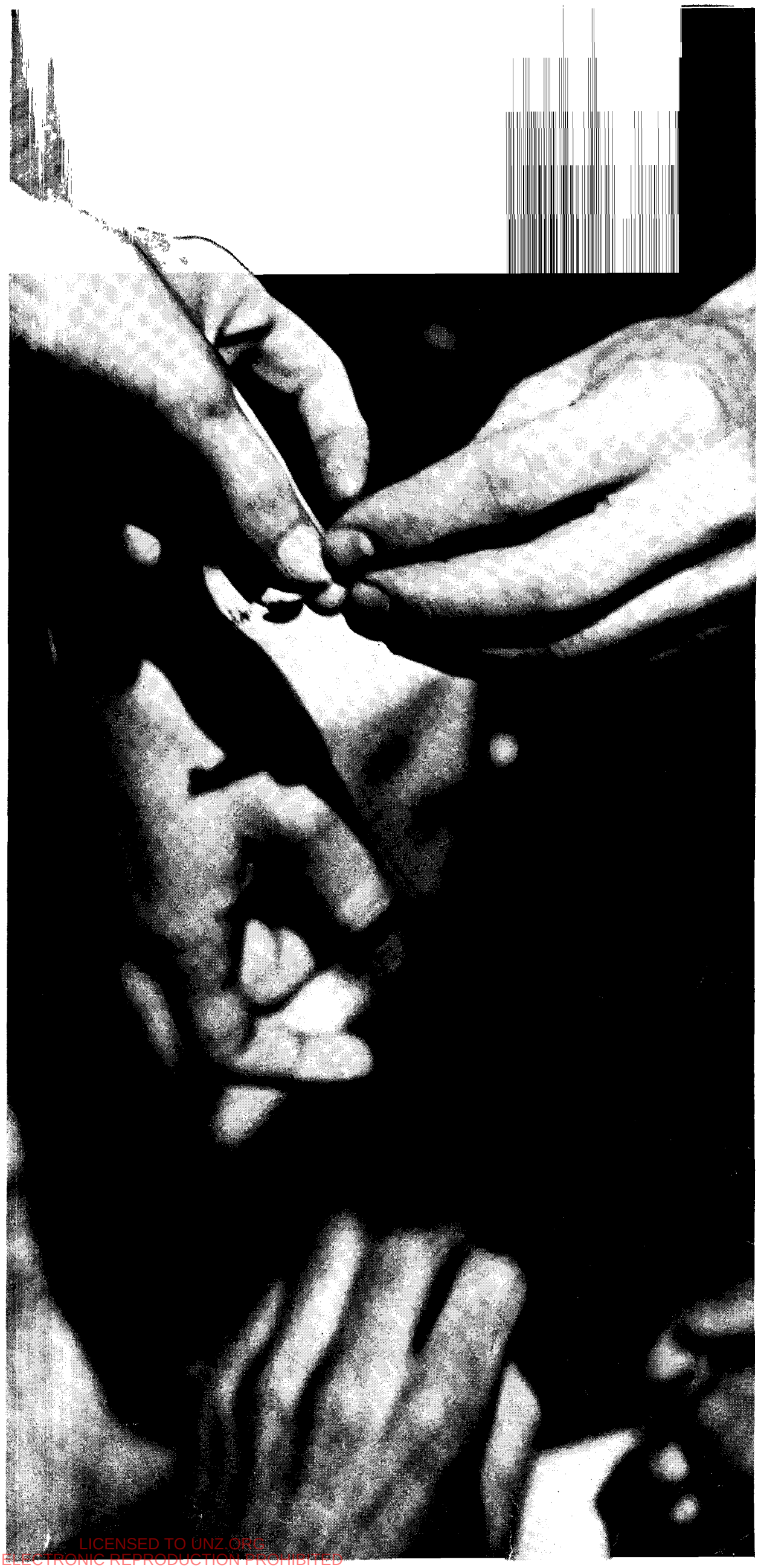
Ask an occasional dabbler why his friends smoke marijuana in windowless apartments, instead of indulging in the privacy of dormitory rooms, and he will answer, "It's got to be that way. Marijuana users are treated like heroin addicts out here. We're the scum. The truth is that you couldn't push heroin in the university if you parked a whole truckful out on the Mall. But the cops believe what they like to think is true, and they don't care about what's really happening."

At the University of Wisconsin, unlike other Midwestern colleges which have drug users, student paranoia can be traced to a specific incident: "The Hellman thing."

"Hellman wasn't getting away with anything," says one local policeman. "We knew all about the dope parties, and the girls he got to try drugs. We knew about his trips to New York. We knew more about the whole dirty business than they thought we did. And we were just about to close in on the whole mess, when he killed himself."

Hal F. Hellman is alleged to have sold marijuana to the other students. Occasionally, it is believed, he himself experimented with more potent drugs. The policeman tells about the parties. He mentions a young agent who "infiltrated" Hellman's social circle. "He

© 1966 by Richard Goldstein from a book, "1 in 7: Drugs on Campus," to be published by Walker & Co.



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'The marijuana user doesn't care about the rest of the world. The really ultimate thing is being satisfied by looking at your own toe.'

An Eastern college girl (left) takes a deep drag from a marijuana cigarette during a Saturday-night party in a Cambridge, Mass., apartment, while (right) at another Cambridge party, a coed makes a night's supply.

worked his way in very well," the policeman says, smiling. The police knew all about Hellman. A rich kid, a member of a prominent New York family, stuck out in the middle of Wisconsin with his $7,000 Jaguar, his books, his New York wardrobe. An airtight case. Hellman goes to New York and comes back with pot in his car. The agent is ready, the cops are ready, the university is ready.

And then Hellman shoots himself in the brain in his room at the Edgewater Hotel. It was an accident, the policeman says. "He was playing Russian roulette with a gun. He cocked the trigger, and it just went off before anyone knew what had happened." A former student and an ex-convict were with him at the time; they were arrested for use of marijuana, and forgery, respectively, and later convicted. Beside the pot, the police found a copy of William Burroughs's book about narcotics addiction, *Naked Lunch*. "That proves something," the policeman says.

Hellman's name is still frequently mentioned on the University of Wisconsin campus, even though his death occurred in 1963. "After the Hellman case, all the hippies were terrified," one student says. "Everyone was sure that he was going to be hauled in." And when students mention Hellman, they often dwell upon his town of origin. Hellman was a New Yorker. A migrant student.

On the university's campus in Madison over 10,000 of the 29,000 students are from out of state, most of them from either nearby Chicago or the Northeast. This sizable urban subculture makes the University of Wisconsin one of the few places in the Midwest where, as one student says, "You can study without living with Midwesterners." Students questioned on the Wisconsin campus estimate that 10 to 15 percent of them will have tried marijuana at least once during their four years at college, and the bulk of the experimenters will have come from Chicago or the East.

The heaviest concentrations of college drug-takers in the United States are in the Northeast and on the West Coast. Some Harvard students estimate that between a fifth and a half of them will try marijuana, or "pot," at some time. Pot is easy to get in New York City, and on a number of New York campuses, including N.Y.U., C.C.N.Y., Hunter and Columbia. Chicago is a Midwestern drug-supply center. On rural campuses, particularly in the South, marijuana is usually rare and liquor is the accepted way to rebel. But many Eastern-city students now migrate for their college educations, and they have introduced marijuana to a number of campuses, including Cornell, Bard, Antioch and Miami. At some, pot is used mainly by the migrant students; at others, its use has spread through the student body.

On almost all these campuses a sharp line is drawn between marijuana and other drugs. Marijuana is non-addictive, although it may be psychologically habit-forming. College students who smoke pot consider it the "safe way to rebel," and they range from campus leaders to fraternity members to way-out "hippies." Most of them use marijuana only occasionally. Some use it regularly but not heavily, somewhat the way other students drink beer on weekends. A small number are "heads," or steady users, and these students are the ones most likely to go on to psychedelic (or hallucinatory) drugs like LSD. Almost none of the college drug takers use heroin. It is addictive and dangerous, and they are frankly scared of it. In college, addiction is considered uncool.

At Wisconsin most of the drug experimenters will live in the private apartments that ring the campus. Sometimes "straight" students call these people "grubbies," and the *Cardinal*, the student newspaper, dubs them "Rathskeller Philosophers" after a cafeteria where they often gather. The "Bohemians" counter by speaking disdainfully of the "Langdon Street types" (the fraternities and dormitories, in which the in-state students often live, stand on tree-lined, residential Langdon Street). The clash between these two groups is most apparent in politics. But it also extends to social life. The Langdon Street types guzzle beer at bars like the "Kollege Klub," while the grubbies smoke marijuana at small, private parties.

Mark Rogers [pseudonym], who comes from Chicago, sits in his apartment near the campus and talks about the two student cultures. "The

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Greeks [fraternity people] don't mix with us except on certain rare occasions. This is not to say that they don't ever turn on. What happens is that one of them tries it at a party and finds it supremely cool. Then he makes a connection and tells the brothers back at the house. So a few Greeks turn on. But it's a once-or-twice deal. It's like visiting a prostitute for them, and they tend to make much more of it than it's worth."

Mark picks up his cat, Bird (named after jazz musician Charlie Parker), and strokes him gently as he speaks of drug use among other students.

"This is the first generation to experience the opening up of drugs. Many people who turn on here now are the sons and daughters of the radicals who went to the university in the 'Thirties. There's the same motivation, I suppose. There's the desire to experience the new. And there's the desire to belong. You have the cell meeting, or the pot party, with the same sense of secrecy, of being part of the vanguard.

"Of course, the radicals were convinced they could change things around them through reform. The marijuana user only wants to change himself, and he doesn't really care about the rest of the university or the world. The really ultimate thing is being satisfied by looking at your own toe."

Mark sits in an old, faded easy chair in a typical student apartment. The floors and sinks are uncleaned, but the apartment features two excellent stereo phonographs, with stacks of jazz, folk, classical and rock records. A half-dozen bookcases bulge with paperbacks. On the walls are prints, photographs, and portraits of heroes: the Rolling Stones, the Beatles, Bob Dylan, John F. Kennedy.

Mark shares the apartment with two Eastern students. There are also two girls, who live with Mark and one of the other students. When Mark and his city friends use pot, they do it casually. If they go to large parties, where "straight" people are likely to be present, they turn on beforehand so they won't be ostentatious. Sometimes turning on is the natural conclusion to a dinner party. And sometimes the cat also turns on, although Mark says, "We try not to allow it because he starts chasing things up the walls and gets pretty uppity.

"Marijuana hasn't changed my life," he says. "Sometimes I wish it would."

Mark and his friends are unlikely to become involved in a drug raid, since their experimentation is private and casual. And there is more than a little ridicule in their voices when they talk of police attempts at infiltration: "It gets to the point where all adults become automatically suspect. But somehow, you can always tell who the informers are. So we let them think they're getting all kinds of information from us. I pity them. Spying on other people, it must be a lousy life."

Mark's statement comes close to being the official marijuana user's view of the Madison police department. And the police are just as contemptuous of the students. In a police station in Madison, a narcotics official points with pride to a painting that hangs on the wall over his desk. It was drawn by a young police officer and shows drooling figures about to try drugs. In one corner a straw-like pile of marijuana is labeled MADE IN HELL. A snake-like figure is displayed, with outstretched tentacles and with his brain exposed. Above his head are demons, skulls and ghosts. A pistol and a supply of bullets lie exposed on a table in a corner of the painting.

Madison police refer to marijuana users as "junkies," and vow to go the limit in "investigating every case we've got a good lead on." But police complain that they are ignored by school administrators. In 1963 the *Cardinal* published a classified ad which read in part, "Hallucinogenophiles: Get the visionary experience caused by the popular hallucinogens, particularly peyote and mescaline . . . Remit $1.35 [to a Texas address]." The police department exploded.

Police estimate that in one of the dormitories 50 girls were involved in marijuana consumption. Dormitory drug experimentation is unquestionably noisier and more public than in Mark's group, for it is treated as more of an adventure. Mark and his friends look down upon this display.

"The 'dormies' are uncool," he declares. "They have adopted the superficialities of alienation, but emotionally they are still very much a part of the society they have chosen to annoy."

Marsha, a thin, dark-haired girl, sums it all

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**'I like being a source.
If anyone cracked up or didn't come down from the LSD
I'd sold him, I wouldn't feel guilty.'**

On the sunny, seemingly serene Berkeley campus, rebellion is fashionable and it is widely believed that half the student body has experimented with marijuana.

up, "It's really very relaxed here. Even though there's a lot of paranoia, no one is really wound up tight over it. And the more relaxed it is, the more people hear about it and want to try it."

The hippy pothead is still a rarity on most rural campuses. The beer guzzler, the boastful lover, and occasionally the socialist or agnostic are more common Midwestern rebels. But there are signs that an orientation toward drugs is beginning to emerge on a number of campuses.

The University Daily Kansan, student newspaper of Kansas University, last fall printed a long article titled: HAS POT HIT K.U.? It answered: Yes. The newspaper published photographs of marijuana patches near Lawrence, Kans., which students had known about for three years. It noted that while "at most college campuses the majority of users are the straight-thinkers . . . the Bohemian student appears most predominant among K.U. pot smokers." Even Dean of Students Lawrence C. Woodruff admitted that he had "heard rumors that it exists in some degree." "I know it is available," he concluded, "because, a few years ago, I discovered it in my backyard."

In Akron, Ohio, police arrested a student and a former student from Kent State University (Kent, Ohio) for selling marijuana. Information obtained from these arrests led to the arrest, for various narcotics violations, of 22 people, including one student and several former students from Ohio State University. Over 20 pounds of marijuana were seized during January and February of this year. By contrast, only ounces of marijuana were seized in all of 1965.

At the University of Minnesota, Assistant Dean of Students L.F. Snoxell reports that no university student has ever been expelled for pushing or using marijuana. He calls marijuana experimentation a "deviant practice" and claims that "only fringe students are likely to be involved. They're not here for the same purposes as the average student. They are hangers-on. . . . The members of this small group have all been identified and called in. Activity has stopped."

Jim is a native of Minneapolis and a graduate student at the university. He sits in a faculty member's living room—confident in his role of favorite student—and talks of the marijuana scene among Minneapolis students. He is a pusher.

"If there's never been a narcotics raid among university students, it's not because the police—and maybe even the school—don't know about it," he says. "It's because it's all very quiet, and small, and very, very private.

"The hard core drug users are hippies, in the Eastern-city sense. These are the kids who are very likely to use stronger psychedelics, like LSD or peyote. In Minnesota, once you overcome the cultural aversion to the use of any drug at all, it's not long before you consider all drugs in perspective. It's very unlike what the average college student wants to get into."

Within the "hippy" crowd at the University of Minnesota, there is peyote, LSD and a number of other cult-oriented psychedelic drugs, such as DMT and psilocybin. Its members are united in alienation from the values of the Protestant Midwest. They congregate in roughly decorated "atmospheric" bars along the West Bank area of the city—on the "wrong" side of the Mississippi River.

To get to the scene from the main campus at U. of M., cross the river on a wide pedestrian bridge. Pass the modernistic classrooms and dormitories the university is building to expand its facilities. Cross a few streets and you're there. The sign over the door says: TWENTY-ONE, PLEASE.

Inside, you can make a connection almost any evening—if you know the scene better than the police and the crowds of "straight" students who come only for the dark atmosphere.

"Lots of guys who frequent the bar don't know anything about the pot scene," Jim says. "But it's the closest thing to a hangout we get around here. Lots of kids would like to try pot—maybe 50 percent of the school—but it's hard to come upon. A pusher would never approach a student on the Mall, or in the Union. It's all done through contacts—and marijuana never changes hands in public. You make your contact in the bar and then you go to an apartment—someplace where you can score and turn on, and not feel paranoiac."

Jim explains why he continues to push in such a risky climate. "I push because I use. I won't sell anything I wasn't using. And that includes any drug that has to be injected, or any drug that hooks you. I know the school knows about me. I know the cops know. My customers—my friends—are secretive, but they're not quiet. But I'm not going to get paranoiac about the whole thing. I'm not going to let them scare me. I enjoy listening to Bob Dylan when I'm high. I enjoy turning on. And I like being a source. If anyone cracked up or didn't come down from the LSD I'd sold him, I wouldn't feel guilty. The way I see it, if he goes to the U. and hangs around those bars and knows about me, he's 'free, white and twenty-one.'"

Paranoia spread wildly among university marijuana users in the summer of 1965, when police

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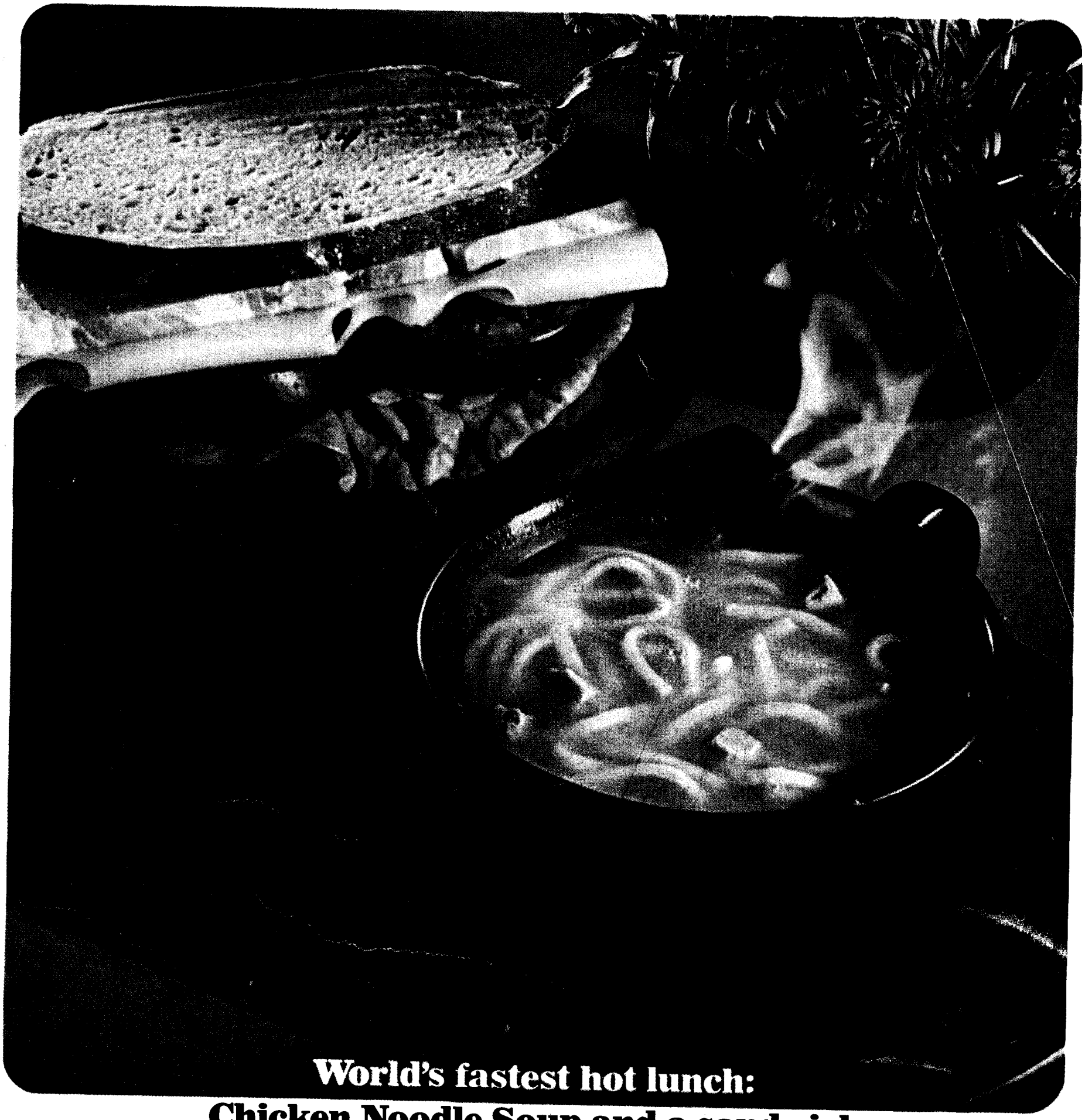
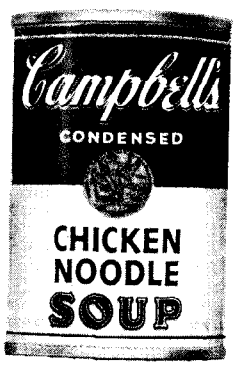


World's fastest hot lunch:
Chicken Noodle Soup and a sandwich



Try this on your appetite.
A jumbo sandwich with delicious, warming soup to make a meal of it. Quick! Reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.

They always eat better when you remember the soup.

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arrested a pusher whose customers included university students. The crowd involved frequented another West Bank bar with the age requirement written above the door. "You don't go there anymore because of the bust," says a 22-year-old graduate student of fine arts. "The rumor got around that the bartender called the cops. Everyone just cleared out. The whole scene just fell to pieces."

Dean Snoxell says, "There are fewer problems with students in the Midwest than on the East and West coasts. There's less of a supply. There's less of an urge to protest. The opportunity for conflict between heterogeneous populations is not so available here. Scapegoating is not well developed. And besides, parents would raise hell if they found out their kids were messing with drugs. They certainly wouldn't be very likely to understand."

Dean Snoxell's theories make sociological sense. But Mary finds them laughable. She's a New Yorker studying at the U. of M. and fed up with Minneapolis, which she calls "one endless smorgasbord dinner, without anything to drink."

Mary sees plenty of pot among Minnesota's "respectable" students, including the native sons. Other students guess that three of the university's 29 fraternities use marijuana, sometimes in the fraternity houses. They brush aside the existence of dormitory counselors, claiming, "They wouldn't know pot if they smelled it."

"They're very careless," Mary says of the "respectable" students. "They leave it lying all around. They leave roaches [marijuana butts] all over the floor. They're spoiled because the cops aren't strict around here. If this was the West Coast, or New York, they'd be dead."

Mexico: To most tourists it stands for adobe houses, ceiling fans, beans and rice, inexpensive leather and lacquered Indian pottery, all just three hours from Los Angeles. But if you are a student at one of a number of West Coast colleges, there is a good chance that you are not in Mexico for the food or the sunshine. You are there for the pot. Mexico is the source for almost all the marijuana you are likely to smoke in your life. Grown in secluded mountain fields by Indian peasants, it is cheap and plentiful.

Although Tijuana contains the most abundant supply of marijuana in Mexico, the price is high and the quality often low. Tourists can buy marijuana in the street, but the dangers in buying anything more than a single "joint" of marijuana here are known to any experienced smuggler. It is supposedly common practice for a Mexican who sells marijuana to inform the border guards of anyone making a large purchase. After the marijuana is confiscated and the customer is shuffled off to jail, the story goes, the Mexican gets his marijuana back from the guards—and keeps the purchase money.

So you go farther south—to a small town perhaps 50 miles past Tijuana. You stop in the shaded peasant market and ask where your usual connection is living now. Or, if you don't know whom to buy from, you sniff around the market stalls. Someone will come up to you, notice your hair, your coloring or your clothing. They will know who you are and what you want. From any of these Mexicans, you can probably buy a pound of marijuana for under $20, or five joints for a peso (eight cents). Then you spend a few days soaking in the sunshine. When you start back, the marijuana will be well hidden in one of a dozen spots you have hollowed out in your car. Or it will be sewn within your clothing.

Crossing the U.S.-Mexican border with marijuana is easy enough. Cars can only be spot-checked. Just be well-dressed, beardless, and courteous to the officers. Anyway, even if you are searched, they are rarely thorough enough to find your cache.

Once across into San Diego, you can sell it to a connection who operates solely among businessmen in the Los Angeles area, or you can mail it to a friend in New York, where it will sell for $25 a diluted ounce. You can sell it in Seattle or Portland to college students, or you can bring it to your own campus and divide it among friends, each of whom has chipped in $5 for his share of a full pound. Next month, someone else goes to Mexico with the same pooled funds. Up to 50 people receive enough marijuana to keep them contented—and at cost price.

Over five tons of marijuana were seized at the U.S.-Mexican border in 1965, most of it at the California line. There are of course no statistics on the amount of marijuana that gets past the guards. Those arrested are almost always illiterate Mexican smugglers or neophyte dealers fooled by the Tijuana pushers. Campus suppliers and city pushers rarely get caught, because they know the system.

Police records indicate that the consumption of marijuana in California cuts across economic and social lines far more than it does in any other state. College students, small businessmen, teen-agers, housewives, unemployed—all appear in the files. Some policemen blame the spread of marijuana on the proximity of the Mexican supply. Whatever the reason, marijuana has achieved a respectability which it has in no other state. One official in Los Angeles says, "I don't say that every kid out here has tried pot, but almost everyone knows what it is and what it does. The problem in law enforcement here is the availability. When kids find out that college students are using it, and that even some grownups are smoking pot, they just don't want to wait."

A graduate student at Berkeley puts it this way: "Californians are more casual about taking pot because they don't feel as threatened by nonconformity as the Easterners do. There is a kind of inexplicable security out here that tells you it's OK if the next guy wants to go bouncing down the street on his head. I think a lot of the toleration for diversity out here comes from economic security. You just don't have to try as hard to live. Everyone who's white is pretty well-to-do, and he doesn't grudge the next guy his kicks."

In California everyone is experimenting in some way or another. It may be inevitable that the search for pleasure, in this atmosphere, should lead to the non-addictive drugs. A West Coast organization made up largely of professional and businessmen is currently campaigning to place a resolution legalizing marijuana on the ballot. Though they doubt that their proposal will succeed, they hope to obtain the 460,000 signatures necessary to place such an amendment on the ballot. And in Pasadena, where the California Institute of Technology is located, police recently seized a truck with more than a half ton of marijuana concealed inside—the largest haul in U.S. history.

At the University of California's Los Angeles campus, officials claim there is no drug problem. "Most of the students here live off campus, and usually in their parents' homes. There's a kind of commuter spirit on this campus, and with parental supervision I don't think you'll find much evidence of marijuana smoking here."

But the fact is that Los Angeles is one of the largest drug centers in the nation. In northern California they call L.A. "the acid capital of the world." One U.C.L.A. student says, "Sure, it's a lot quieter here than in Berkeley, but the drug scene definitely exists. It's much harder to be a hippy in U.C.L.A., but that doesn't mean there aren't any." Most students who were questioned guess that close to 20 percent of the campus at U.C.L.A. has tried marijuana at least once, and that about 5 percent of the students have "gone tripping" on LSD.

Dr. Robert S. Berns, Psychiatrist in Consultation, and David Palmer, Associate Dean, Counseling, estimate that "as many as 10 percent of the campus may have tried marijuana" and that "as many as 500 may have tried LSD." Officials indicate that students have reported to the Health Service with LSD and peyote intoxication, and that a number of suicide attempts and hospitalizations under barbiturates have been reported.

Perhaps the best way of approaching the unique attitude which California students seem to display toward non-addictive drugs is to observe drug consumption in other Western states. A senior at the University of Oregon says, "I won't say that everyone out here knows what marijuana is, but if they decided to bust everyone who's ever taken a puff, they'd have to hold classes in the city jail." An Oklahoma physician told the Collegiate Press Service that some students earn $200 a week selling drugs to classmates. He declared, "Misuse of drugs is not confined to people who don't take baths or don't go to church." And a student at the University of Arizona brags, "I don't want you to think we're all the pink-faced hootenanny type out here. We have our share of pot smokers and peyote eaters. And, by the way, the desert is a groovy place to turn on."

But, as in the Midwest, the Western drug taker lives in a very hostile environment. A police official in Seattle, Wash., calls drug users "repulsive" and "abnormal." Seattle's citizens have no tolerance for drug experimentation, and even at the University of Washington, drug users are contemptuously labeled "fringies."

Last fall Seattle police raided several homes in the University of Washington district, and before the investigation was complete they arrested 12 alleged marijuana smokers. Charles Michener, on assignment for *Seattle Magazine*, investigated student marijuana users. Michener found that his subjects bore little physical resemblance to the Bohemians he had been led to suspect were involved. "Dressed in turtlenecks and navy jackets, high leather boots and blue jeans, the girls appeared well-scrubbed, fresh-faced and serene in their teen-age innocence," he reported. "Nor did the boys look much different. Most wore sheepskin coats or nylon Windbreakers, and though a few needed a shave and haircut, they gave me the strong impression of being no more menacing than the Rover Boys."

But, one student says, "This is still a tough place for a pothead to live. Let's face it, Seattle is no Berkeley."

"Berkeley boo," as San Francisco-area pot is sometimes called, is popular all over the West Coast. On the streets which surround the Berkeley campus, much of California's collegiate marijuana business is transacted. One student called Telegraph Avenue and the Sather Gate area of Berkeley "the stock market of non-addictive drugs."

In Berkeley, the story goes, you don't just ask for marijuana, you ask for a certain brand. There is Acapulco gold, generally considered to be the best variety. There is the conventional green marijuana from Tijuana via L.A. There is "black" from Canada. And there is homegrown marijuana, though this variety seldom goes on sale.

An undergraduate says, "If you're a stranger to the scene at Berkeley, go up and down Telegraph Avenue, cruise the coffee shops. Get into conversations with the students until somebody offers to take you home and turn you on. It'll happen if you're persistent."

You can also find marijuana on the campus itself. Students gather in quiet glens and rose arbors around the classroom buildings, and sometimes they turn on among the creeks and evergreens. But pot is most in the air around student apartments in the Sather Gate area of the city. A Berkeley graduate student says, "If the police really wanted to end pot at Berkeley, all they'd have to do is follow everyone who goes into a cigar store and buys cigarette papers. But of course that couldn't do any good. They'd have the jails overflowing."

In the Student Union, terraced cafeterias overlook Sproul Hall Plaza and the administration building where, in 1964, thousands of students staged the free-speech demonstrations that re-engraved Berkeley on the student map. Since the famous sit-ins at Sproul Hall, in which police jailed over 800 students, the University of California's Berkeley campus has come to be identified in the public mind with rebelliousness, iconoclasm and radicalism.

Actually, the radicals are a minority, but they are a large and noisy one. Around Sproul Hall Plaza, organizations of all political and moral stripes disseminate literature from tables decorated with hand-lettered posters.

Drugs are only one cause in this mélange of competing crusades. The San Francisco Bay area has an active LeMar (the organization devoted to legalizing marijuana) but university officials believe the average Cal student would decline to sign a petition for the drug. The basic reaction, one official said, would be indifference.

Most students questioned at Berkeley estimate that over half the students at that school will have tried marijuana at least once by the time they graduate. Estimates run as high as 80 percent among graduate students. And students

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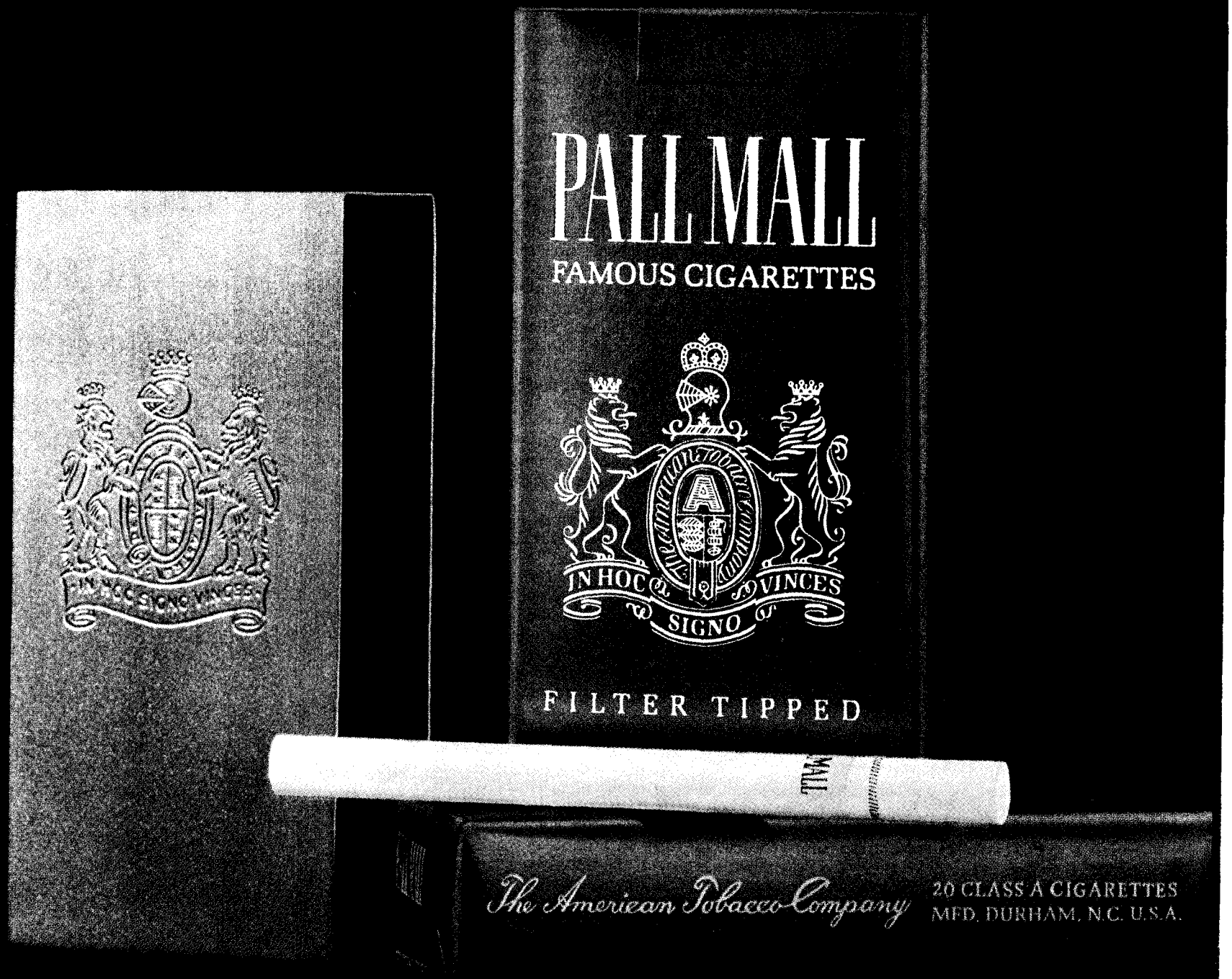
PALL MALL

FILTER TIPPED



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claim that 15 to 20 percent of the student body has tried another non-addictive drug, usually LSD or peyote, at least once. The administration is worried by the use of drugs on its campus—worried about the legal violation which smoking marijuana constitutes, and about the claim that marijuana is safe. But Dean of Students Arleigh Williams believes that the existence of a nonstudent "Berkeley Underground" has led people to exaggerate the usage of drugs among regular students. "For most students, it's just not a part of their world," he claims.

It is a mistake to assume that only the Bohemians at Berkeley experiment with non-addictive drugs. According to a coed named Jeanette, the freddies [fraternity men], and sallies [sorority members] also turn on. "I have to admit that it surprised me at first," she says. "But apparently, there are a good many fraternities and sororities whose members turn on occasionally. They don't do it at the frat houses. They go to apartments where friends live, or they go up into the Berkeley hills. I mean, it's gotten to the point where some of the houses no longer even smell of beer. I'm not saying that all fraternities turn on, but it's sort of a creeping revolution out here."

As to why she herself uses pot, Jeanette has a ready answer: "First I came to Berkeley from L.A. Then I pierced my ears. Then I went on a few marches. Then I tried pot. Then I lost my virginity. And soon, I'll probably try LSD. I think after that, I'll have done everything, and it'll be time to go home."

Once in a while student publications attempt a symposium on drugs, and few weeks go by when an account of an arrest or an incident involving non-addictive drugs does not appear in the *Daily Californian*. *Pelican*, the campus humor magazine, devoted much of its December, 1965, issue to an article ON JUNK. Cartoons in that issue displayed a black humor toward addiction and experimentation. In one cartoon, a mother and her two children address a kneeling figure who is about to give himself a fix. "Have a good trip, Daddy," they say.

Somewhat surprisingly, a Berkeley police inspector says that his department believes that only "one to two percent of the campus is involved in drug usage. It's mostly used at small parties," he says, "and when we hear about these things, the same names are always involved." Nonetheless 11 out of 112 people arrested for marijuana violations in Berkeley in 1965 were Cal students. When, in February of 1966, police entered a student hangout on Telegraph Avenue, they found the owner, the manager, and one customer—a minor—in possession of marijuana. The day after the owner was booked, he held a bail-raising party and students thronged his shop.

Much of the Cal campus basks in the remembered glory of the Free Speech Movement, a loose amalgam of political and social clubs. Ex-members and intimates of F.S.M.'s steering committee admit that marijuana was present in the organization, but strongly deny that it had anything to do with the structure or purpose of the group. Bob, a chemistry major, says, "I think you've got to realize that F.S.M. did not attract a single type of student. There were Goldwaterites in it, and they were particularly swinging when it came to drugs. F.S.M. was a uniting of the right and the left, and somehow the middle managed to creep in as well. If there was pot among F.S.M. members, it's because there was pot all around."

Mary, who majors in political science, says, "There was an effort made to keep drugs out of the steering-committee meetings. The idea was—if you want to turn on by yourself, OK, that's your business, but be absolutely cool about turning on in public. You can't keep your mind on the university and your own fun at the same time."

Joan, an ex-New Yorker studying at Cal, tells of the problems the organization had with the fringies. "There was an old, ramshackle house which we called F.S.M. Central," she says. "Little by little, the Berkeley underground began to live there. I mean, they brought sleeping bags and everything. Finally it became useless to do anything, and there was the fear that people would associate those hippies with the movement as a whole. So, the steering committee decided to eliminate Central. They set up at another house. The Central people went berserk. They thought it was some kind of a coup. But we just couldn't have all that pot and LSD floating around the movement.

"But pot is almost a part of the course of study," Joan adds. "At Berkeley, pot is just here, like long hair or boots or dark glasses. It's part of a lot of people's scene."

The entire Bay Area, and to an extent all of California, is undergoing what one graduate student calls "a hippy Renaissance." The new music coming out of the Bay Area is like no rock 'n' roll before it. As played and sung by such groups as "The Grateful Dean," "Stark Naked and the Car Thieves," and "The Jefferson Airplane," it is an abstract, almost atonal sound, and its lyrics verge on surrealism. Berkeley's *Daily Californian* calls this music "Acid-Rock." Often when it is played before audiences of gyrating teen-agers, it is accompanied by blinking colored lights, which many see as an attempt to imitate the state of psychedelic intoxication. And if the Frisco pundits are right, the Bay Area is destined to become the next Liverpool, and we may all be dancing to "Acid-Rock" before long.

Alan, a graduate teaching assistant in anthropology at Cal and a transplanted New Yorker, talks about the spread of hip culture in San Francisco. "Hippies in New York have always been illicit, and they're hung up on distinguishing themselves from the common people," he says. "Here, the hip scene isn't introspective, but open. Five years ago, the beat generation lived in Sausalito on spaghetti and cheap wine, and they commuted to the North Beach area in San Francisco. Now they live in ranch houses, play rock 'n' roll on electric instruments, ride around on cycles and mix with everyone else."

Throughout California, in fact, the LSD cult has begun. In San Francisco, a Psychedelic Shop has opened, featuring "psychedelic literature, oriental jazz, Marvel comics, inner-journey sounds in atonal music and rock 'n' roll." Early in 1966, over 10,000 people turned out for a three-day "Trips Festival," organized by novelist Ken Kesey. The stated aim of the Trips Festival was to mimic, in light, sound and motion, the psychedelic experience. For his acid-show, Kesey hired the new Longshoreman's Hall, near Fisherman's Wharf. And each night more than 3,000 people, many of them students, filled the octagonal auditorium, to dance, listen and ogle. While they danced to the bizarre music of "Big Brother and the Holding Company" and other groups, blinking strobe lights made the action seem slow and fragmented. Split images filled screens around the auditorium; signs, messages and patterns flashed across a huge screen at the front of the hall. One Berkeley student who attended all three programs said it was "like watching *Last Year at Marienbad*, *Help*, and *King of the Khyber Rifles* together."

With the spread of marijuana on many campuses, LSD appeals to students who want to make their mark as super cool and to some students in search of self-revelation or mystical "enlightenment." "Smoking pot is like climbing to the top of a sand dune," said a young graduate student at the University of Washington. "Taking LSD is like scaling Mount Everest."

"Marijuana is so common here by now that it just means nothing to use it—it doesn't make you anything special," a California student says. "With LSD, it's different. Kids are scared of it; you hear stories of what could happen to you. So you try it once, and if everything turns out OK, you lose your fears. And then you can tell everyone else around, 'Look at me. I've used LSD and I know things you don't.'"

And a student at U.C.L.A. says, "LSD on my campus is a luxury high. It takes extra effort to get it, extra time to get anything out of it, and extra courage to even try it a first time. Kids who use it come out of the experience with a new status. They became sort of a drug aristocracy."

If a main reason for the current popularity of marijuana among some college students is its "safety," a strong part of the appeal of LSD is its danger. LSD is a psychedelic. There are other drugs of this kind—all of them non-addictive, and thus immune, in the eyes of college students, to the criticism surrounding heroin. There is peyote, borrowed from American Indian ritual. There is DMT (dimethyltryptamine), recently isolated from a South American plant. There is psilocybin, synthesized chemically from a species of Mexican mushroom. Digitalis and amyl-nitrite (used medically to aid heart patients) provide brief but powerful psychedelic experiences. All of these drugs produce hallucinations, visual aberrations and a loss of ego. The mind is dissociated from physical structure and left to float.

LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) is the most potent of the psychedelics. A "trip"—the user's term for the complete psychedelic experience—takes eight to twelve hours. The crest, a state of complete ego-loss, can last up to four hours. It has been estimated that two pounds of LSD, if distributed equitably, would mentally dissociate every man, woman and child in Greater New York for eight hours. Yet any advanced chemistry student can manufacture LSD in the lab. Or he can buy it on almost any large campus in the nation for anywhere from 75 cents to $5.

Reality loss—a temporary phenomenon for most LSD users—becomes a

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Boston to Richmond	$1.10	65¢

Three minutes, station-to-station, plus tax.

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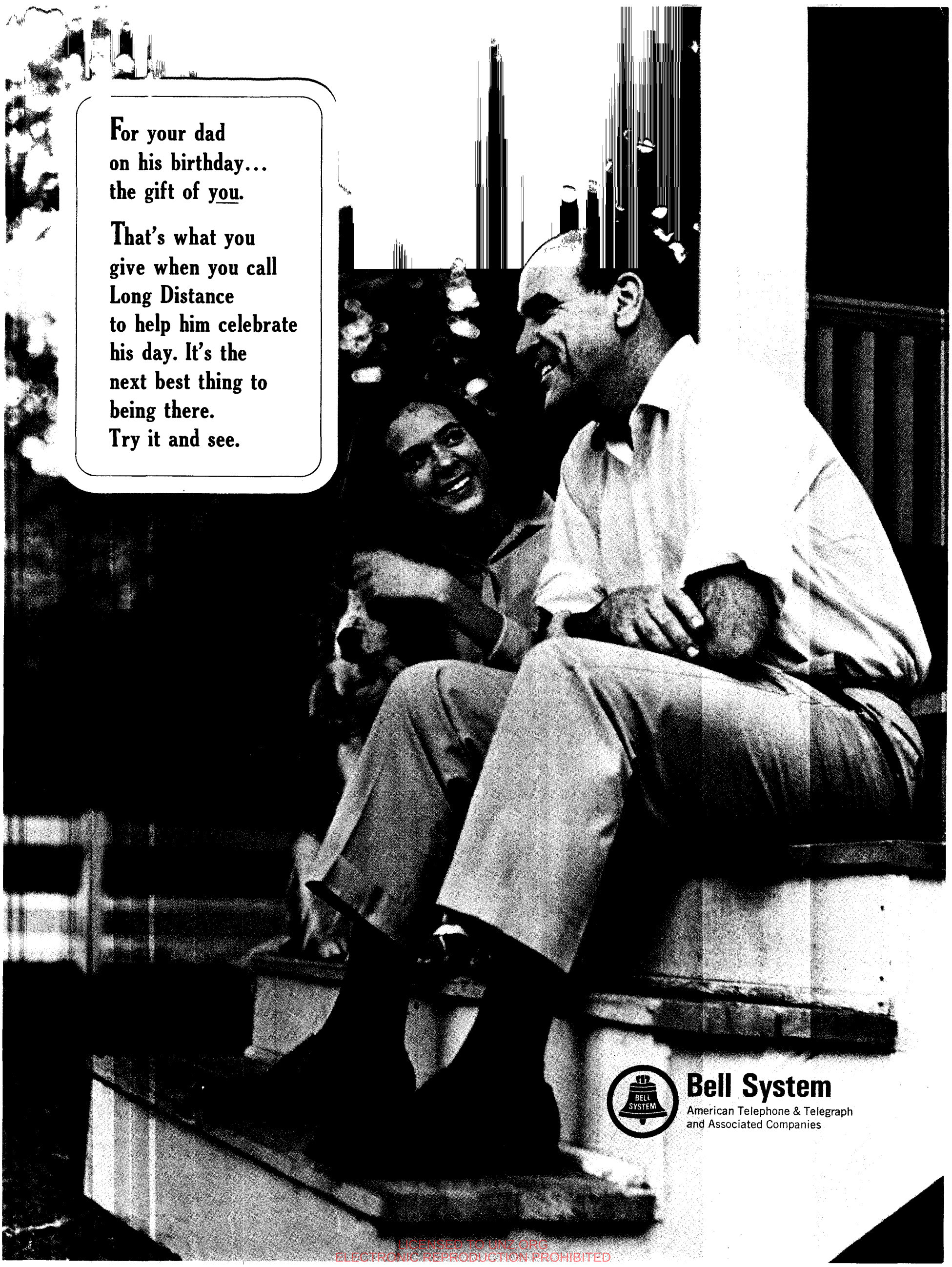

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permanent psychosis for some. Users, convinced that they can fly, jump out of windows. They walk into lakes, they wander through traffic, they set themselves afire. Their experiences are the greatest argument for a cautious approach to the drug. But most supporters of psychedelic experimentation see such experiences as products of faulty preparation. LSD is not a kick, they say. It is a serious, crucial experience.

To watch an LSD trip is a boring, frustrating experience for the nonparticipant. It begins, in the apartment of a married couple who will act as "guides," with a long conversation in which the participants ask and answer personal questions and state their aims in the experiment. The colorless, liquid drug is then applied to a row of sugar cubes. After the cubes are eaten, the participants proceed into a large, uncluttered room and—wait. Nausea and headache may come. The mood deepens. Hallucinations appear, vision is distorted. The guide can provide pleasure for the participants by playing with lighting and textures within the room. Participants are told to look at sliced fruit, to rub against coarse fabrics, to listen to music. . . .

When the trip reaches its crest, it is time for "loss-of-self." The user reaches a transcendent state in which he may undergo visions, epiphanies, or schizophrenic terrors. And no one is really sure whether the mind, the dosage of the drug or the environment determines the response.

The newspapers have recently reported several tragedies, including a fatal stabbing, involving people who apparently took black-market LSD without proper supervision. Defenders of the drug argue that nobody has proved LSD responsible for the tragedies, which, in any case, represent a tiny fraction of LSD experiences; they argue that the drug may inspire euphoria or terror, but that it is most unlikely to inspire violence. But as a result of such publicity, Sandoz Pharmaceuticals, the only licensed manufacturer of LSD, has announced that it is ceasing all distribution. In New York, special laws have been suggested to increase the penalties for dealing in the drug. Thus serious scientific investigation of LSD will soon become impossible—but it remains a simple matter for any college chemistry major to make LSD in the laboratory. On Los Angeles' Sunset Strip, in "the acid capital of the world," teen-agers continue to take off on trips from booths in cafeterias and in special "acid clubs."

And in private apartments, unworried Los Angeles college students continue to trip out, in search of their souls, or enlightenment, or just "kicks." As one U.C.L.A. student says, "I never hurt anyone while I was high; in fact, I usually feel much more love for society when I'm stoned. I mean, I once fell in love with a neon sign that said BURG-O-RAMA, and believe me that's not an easy trick. I think tripping out is the only way to live in L.A.; in fact, it's the only way to live *with* L.A."

"The drug problem" on today's college campuses is really several problems—depending on whom you talk to. To the police, it is a problem in law enforcement. To the college administrator, it often appears to be a problem of rehabilitation—and also a problem in avoiding scandal and notoriety. To the student, it is often merely a problem of avoiding discovery.

There is the Boston police official whose specialty is narcotics and vice. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a thick neck, and hands which could serve as nutcrackers. He doesn't like to throw kids in jail. Every time he has to lead a raid on a student's apartment, or on a party, it makes him feel like one of those bad cops you sometimes see in the movies. The girls try to cover their faces with their long hair. The boys sometimes cry. And in the police station they sit bunched together waiting to be questioned and booked. They always answer "sir." It riles him. He is a rare example of an official who sympathizes with the students he arrests. A Boston University undergraduate, who has had contact with the official, says, "When he had to question me, he suddenly said, 'Why'd you get involved with this ----?' I remember that, I mean, I think I must have really meant something to him. It was the only thing anybody said which made me feel I'd been busted; he sounded like my father."

On the other side of the drug problem is the student who sees nothing wrong in smoking marijuana. We live in an era of anti-legalism on campus. Civil-rights demonstrations have given popularity to the premise that laws may be disobeyed when they are regarded by citizens as stupid or immoral. Drug experimentation—an openly illegal act—flourishes under this rationale. It seems no exaggeration to claim, after interviews with students from more than 50 campuses, that at least 15 percent of all college students in the United States will have smoked a marijuana cigarette at some time during their four years at a university. And few see anything wrong with it.

In between the student and the police, and sometimes harassed by both, is the college administrator. There are no public statistics about the number of campuses on which federal agents are now operating, but the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics is aware of a marijuana problem on 50 college campuses and reportedly has a number of them "under surveillance." Sometimes plainclothes policemen work on campuses without the school administrators even knowing about their presence. As a Midwestern police official said, "We always work with college administrators—when we can. But this isn't very often. They coddle what we want to destroy."

But the illegality adds to the cool. There have been many campuses where a crackdown has led to the growth of underground groups. The problem seems to disappear, but it spreads beneath the surface. A Brandeis student recently remarked, "Before the bust, pot used to be a very secretive and even a personal thing. But afterward it became very chic, because it was forbidden and because in the furor over drugs everybody seems to have concluded that it was safe."

Furthermore, arrests and public scandal make almost impossible any genuine dialogue between students and administrators on the question of drugs. One Smith College sophomore says, "Let's face it, deans and professors are substitute parent figures. And when your own parents turn you in—well, you might as well forget trying to relate to them any longer."

The law places marijuana and heroin in the same category, even though the two drugs are totally different in potency and effect. Marijuana, we are told, is a mild psychedelic; stronger, more powerful drugs—such as peyote and LSD—are classified as non-narcotics. Yet mere possession of marijuana carries much higher penalties than the use of peyote or LSD.

Federal law demands an imprisonment of not less than two and not more than 10 years, and a discretionary fine of not more than $20,000 for possession of either marijuana or heroin, even on a first offense. For the sale of heroin or marijuana alike, a minimum sentence of five years and a maximum sentence of 20 years is ordered on a first offense; about the only difference between pushing marijuana and heroin is that if heroin is sold or transferred to a person under 18 years of age by someone over 18, a jury may under certain circumstances order the death penalty.

Under these laws, a student who is caught smoking even a single marijuana cigarette is liable to the same penalty as an addict who is caught in possession of heroin. And a student who sells marijuana to his friends is generally liable to the same prison term as a heroin pusher. The amount or potency of the drug involved makes no difference.

District Attorney Richard B. Thaler of Ithaca, N.Y., speaks for many local authorities when he says that drug laws, as they stand, are incapable of dealing with the college marijuana problem. "These laws are made for hardened criminals, not college rebels," he says. "You just can't expect a judge to sentence a college student to five years in jail because he's smoked a marijuana cigarette. You've got to think twice before you even bring a case into court."

A Boston police official says that existing drug laws actually hamper police work on campus. "We lose most of the cases before they get into court because of the caliber of people usually involved," he claims. "It's like trying to catch a mouse with a bear trap. The trap is so big and powerful that the mouse slips through and escapes."

Dr. Catherine Hess, former Narcotics Coordinator for the New York City Department of Health, sees dangers in the use of marijuana, although she admits that officials have not done a very good job of getting the facts across to college students. "The student who uses marijuana loses all judgment of time or space," she says. "If he is driving a car, what looks like blocks away may be feet away. If she is a mother who thinks she's fed her infant an hour ago, it may have been six hours. Also, there is some real evidence that brain and lung damage may result from the excessive use of marijuana.

"It's a dangerous situation on campus," she says. "College kids still drive cars. And they still have to deal in criminal circles to get marijuana, and that certainly is a danger."

Officials who favor the continuation of strong controls on marijuana also argue that it sometimes incites the user to commit acts of violence. The U.S. Bureau of Narcotics has a lengthy list of murders, assaults and robberies involving persons who were allegedly under the influence of marijuana when the crimes occurred.

On the other side, some authorities, in favor of legalizing marijuana, argue that it is no more likely to incite violence, or cause auto accidents, than liquor is. And they cite the scarcity of careful medical research to determine exactly what the drug's effects are.

What police and administrators often fail to realize is that, for the student, there is no debate at all. Youth, in search of a high, manages to use the most commonplace goods to aid its quest. Aspirin and cola make a dandy high. Lighter-fluid fumes contain a deliriant that affects the user in much the same way as the ingredients in airplane glue. Nutmeg consumed in large quantities can provide vivid hallucinations or a severely paranoiac experience. Common laughing gas, provided by the friendly dentist, is, in the words of one student, "the strongest kind of pot around." Paint fumes turn you on. So do gasoline fumes. Nail-polish remover has been tried. And one student tells of getting high "just standing around the duplicating machine while the exams were being run off."

Bill Thomas [pseudonym] is one college marijuana smoker. "I'd never tell my folks that I smoked pot," he says. "It's not that they wouldn't understand . . . I mean, they'd probably drown me in understanding. My father would make a big deal about how the university was corrupting me. He'd write letters to his congressman, go yelling at the dean, do anything but admit that his son was using pot of his own volition. My mother would send me pleading letters, with articles about junkies. And maybe she'd send me the name of a good psychiatrist she'd heard about, along with a note saying if I felt I needed it, to go ahead. . . .

"They'd be kind, but why put them through all that sweat? It's just not worth the energy output. I smoke pot at parties because I like the feeling it gives me. I don't smoke alone, or when I'm depressed, because it makes everything gloomier then. It's as simple as that—nothing to panic over."

Bill Thomas happens to be an Ivy Leaguer, but he could just as well have come from the Big Ten, any of a dozen small, progressive colleges, or the University of California. For the record, Bill is a pre-engineering major, in the top third of his class. He has no intention of becoming an artist-Bohemian in a city slum. He is no rebel, and he wears no political buttons on his lapel. He is on his way up. Way up. He lights a cigarette, puts a record on the phonograph, and listens:

Girl you thought you found the answer
On that magic-carpet ride last night
But when you wake up in the morning
The world still gets you up tight.
Well, there's nothing that you ain't tried
To fill all the emptiness inside
But when you come back down girl
You still ain't feeling right. . . .
*—Kicks**

"My folks'd never understand my attitude, though," Bill concludes. "So why bother them? Let them think it's the kids with the beards and round glasses that turn on—and not their blue-eyed boy in the blazer. Why tell them that every time I go home for a weekend, I call my contact and pick up a fresh supply?" □

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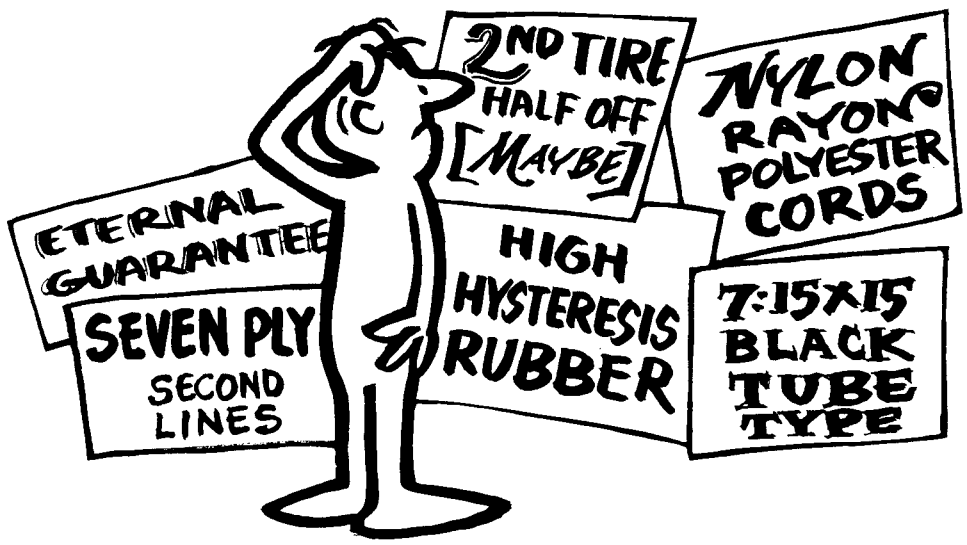

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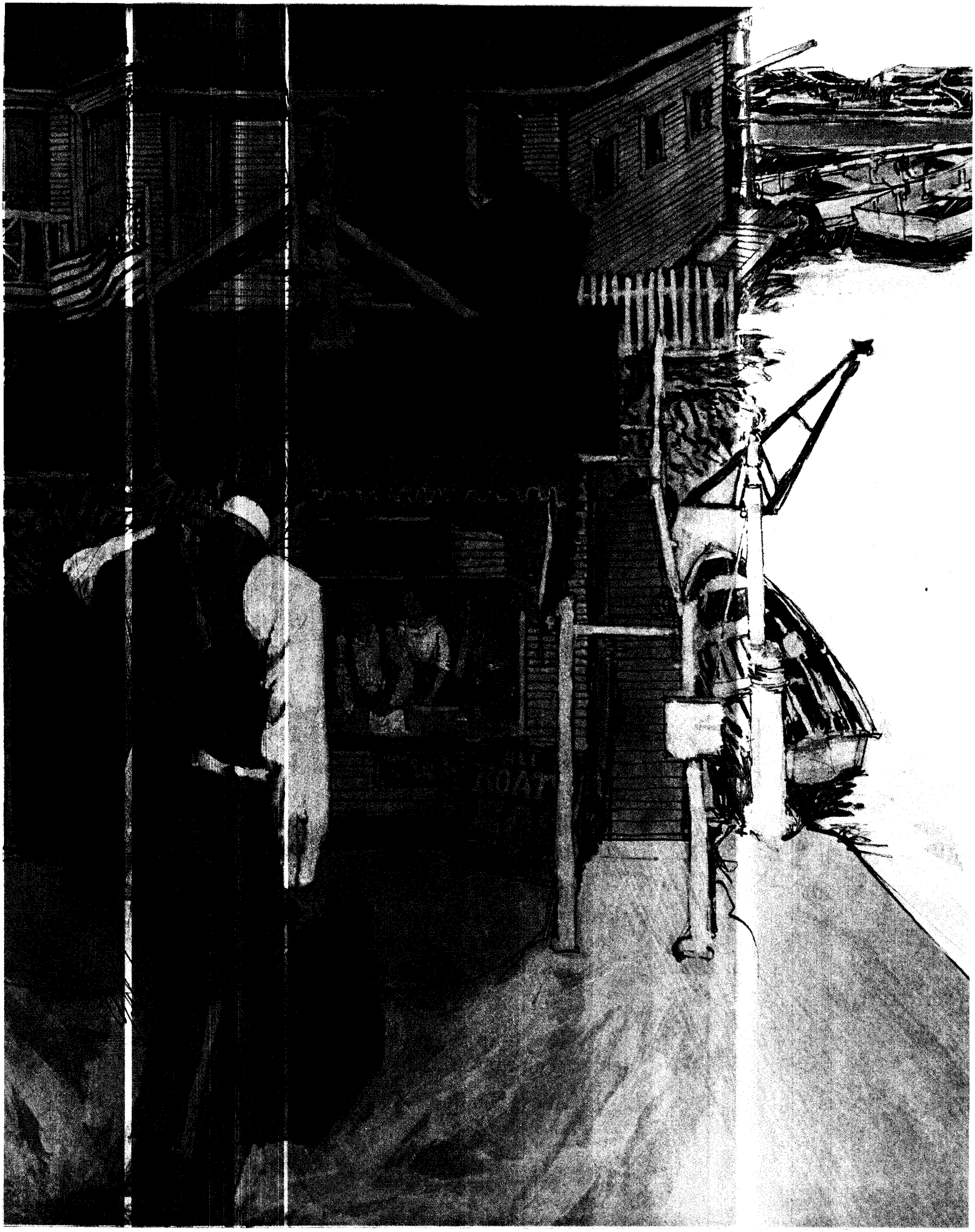

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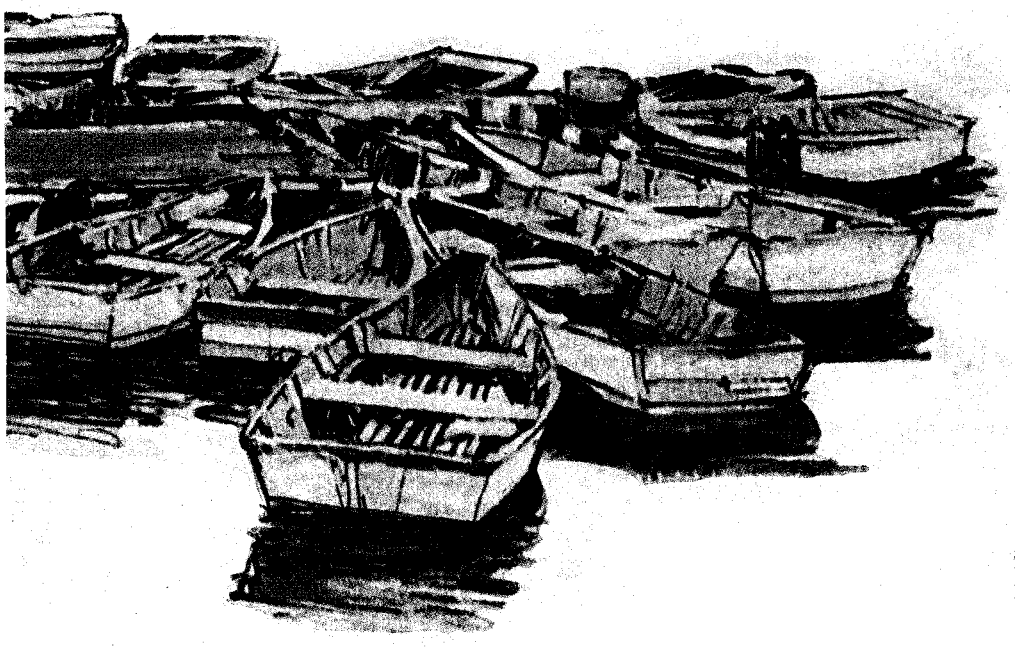


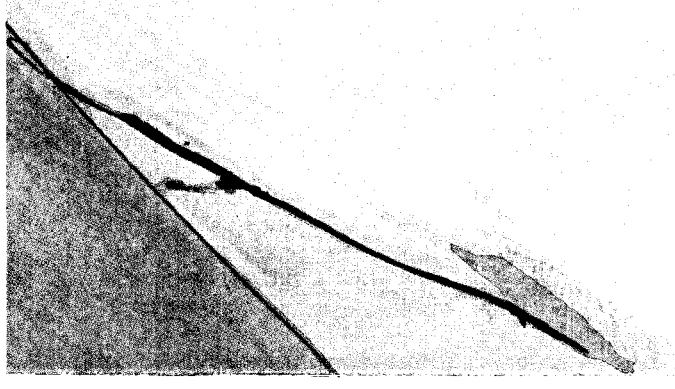
YOSTIE

Now that he had hired the stranger, he was afraid.

There was something sinister about the man—something that would surely lead to trouble, for himself and for the girl.

BY JOHN O'HARA

Illustrated by Guy Deel



It was going to be a busy day. It was sure to be, no matter how unpromising it looked now. All twenty boats were tied up neat and orderly at the pier; all forty oars were stacked in the office. There was not a soul in either the men's or the women's bathhouses, but the clean, dry bathing suits were on the office shelves, arranged according to sizes; and a hundred and fifty towels, still wrapped in bundles as they had come from the laundry, were resting on the floor behind the counter. The bathhouse keys were hanging on hooks numbered from one to fifty.

Irwin Yost looked at the wall clock, which bore the name and an advertising slogan of an ice-cream company. He checked the time against his pocket watch, a silver potato attached by a leather thong to one of his suspender buttons. The hour was seven-twenty-six. The people would not start coming much before eight-twenty-five, when the trolley that left Gibbsville at seven-thirty arrived. Nevertheless, he decided that he might as well open the safe now and be ready for them. At eight-twenty-five things would begin to happen all at once: people renting bathhouses and suits and towels and rowboats. He did not like to do it so soon, but he opened the safe and got out stacks of silver—halves, quarters, nickels, and dimes. He broke open each stack by slapping it hard on the edge of the counter, and he poured the coins into the separate craters in the cash drawer. Now he was ready to make change in case some customers came by automobile, although he knew from experience that the automobile people always came later than the trolley people, and anyway there never were very many automobile people. Today, because it was Decoration Day, there would be some farm people in small trucks, but even so they would not be here much before the trolley people, if at all. Decoration Day or no Decoration Day, farm people had their chores to do. Yostie closed the safe and locked the cash drawer and went out and had a look around.

He could tell that the day was going to be a scorcher. The sun had not yet burned off the haze on the water, and at this hour that meant a hot day. He hoped he had put in enough ice to last through the afternoon. If the word got around that the soft drinks were not cold, sales would fall off. Most of his customers brought their own picnic lunches, but they bought their Coca-Cola and Whistle at the refreshment stand. The kids drank Whistle by the gallon, practically, all day long, but they wanted it cold, which was no more than right. The ice cream for the cones—combs, the kids called them—was no problem. It came packed in ice from the factory. But the only way to keep the soft drinks cold was to put the bottles in galvanized iron tubs and see that there was plenty of ice.

"What say, Mildred? Do we have enough ice?" said Yostie.

"I guess maybe, if it don't get too warm," said Mildred Kunkel. "If she's too warm a day, I don't know for sure."

"She'll be a warm one, all right," said Yostie. "I wisht we wasn't shorthanded. Paul Miller got his arm broke playing baseball."

"I heard," said Mildred. "It's such a nuisance."

"Do you have any suggestions who I could get

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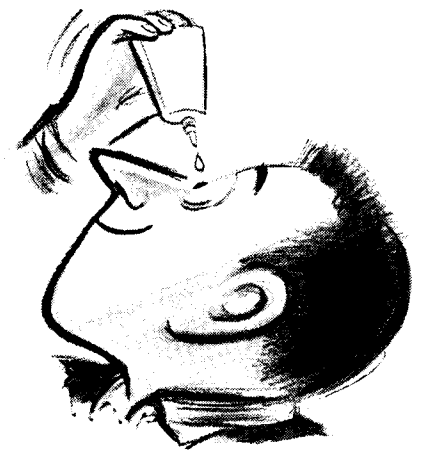
Eyes tired from reading?



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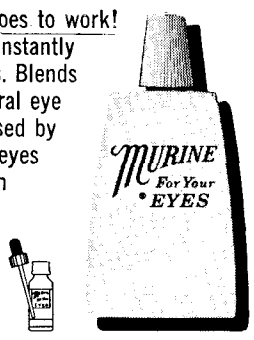

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in his place? One of your brothers, maybe?"

"All them is at Reading down, taking in the baseball," said Mildred.

"Can you manage by yourself?"

"The soft drinks I can manage, but maybe the wieners I'm slow with."

"Do as good as you can," said Yostie. "I go now and ask one of the Seiberling boys to help out."

"Them? They don't need the money."

"Their daddy don't need the money, you mean. But he's so stingy."

He left the pier and walked to one of the cluster of cottages a hundred yards away.

"Hello, Yostie. You ready for a big day?" said Samuel Seiberling.

"Shorthanded. I come to ask if maybe one of your young fellows wanted work."

"How much would you pay?" said Seiberling.

"Three dollars is the most. It's near eight o'clock already. Not a full day, but I'll pay three."

"Not enough, Yostie. Henry Ford pays five, so I wouldn't let them work for less. Anyhow, they all went to town for the parade, and I don't expect them back before noon."

"You know anybody wants work?"

"Maybe one of my kids would work half a day for three dollars," said Seiberling.

"No. I guess me and Mildred Kunkel have to do it all by ourselves."

"Do you do it to Mildred, Yostie?"

"You got a dirty mouth, Sam, and dirty thoughts also. Mildred is decent."

"They're all decent till ——"

"Shut your dirty mouth, Sam."

"Tell her to come over after work and I'll give her three dollars."

"I could say something, but I won't," said Yostie. He turned and walked back to the pier.

"Did you get somebody?" said Mildred.

"No, nobody," said Yostie. He looked at his watch. "Only a little while now before the eight-twenty-five trolley. Sit down, Mildred. You'll be on your feet all day. Rest while you can."

"Oh, I'm used to it. You sit down and take the load off your feet. Will I give you a drink of something?"

"Too early in the day. I don't have a thirst yet, thanks."

"Soon is the trolley," she said. "I come over and help in the office. They don't come off the trolley thirsty. Right away they want their keys to the bathhouses. Some want boats."

"You know this business as good as I do, Mildred."

"Well, I work for you two summers now," she said.

"Today I pay you double. Yes I do, now don't you argue. It's only right you get double. You'll do the work of two, with Paul away."

"But Paul can swim, and I don't know how to swim. I ain't a lifeguard."

"I forgot that," said Yostie. "Now you got me worried, if somebody falls in."

"There was nobody ever drownded here yet," she said.

"No, but Paul always has to fish some person out, and I can't and you can't."

"If some person falls in, maybe some hero will pull him out," she said. "I tell you what, Mr. Yost. You watch when the trolley comes, and the first one you see that's a good swimmer, you offer him the job, lifeguard. No charge for the bathhouse, no charge for a boat all day, and we give him lunch free. There's always some good swimmers from Gibbsville, young fellows."

"A good idea, Mildred. I'd be willing to pay him money, too. It worries me, without Paul. I don't want nothing to happen. We never had no drowning yet, but it only needs one to give the place a bad name."

"I didn't mean to worry you."

"I know, but I should have thought of that myself."

"Well, what could you do?" she said.

"I could have made Paul send somebody. He knows the good swimmers."

"It was his place to offer to send somebody," she said.

"Yes, he should of," said Yostie. "Well, ten more minutes before the trolley."

"Here comes the first customer, before the trolley," she said. She pointed to a lone man, walking up the road from the main highway. He was carrying a small, imitation-leather Gladstone, and Yostie and Mildred silently watched his approach.

He was hatless, and the jacket of his suit was slung over his shoulder. He was holding the jacket with a finger hooked into the tab in the collar. "I don't like his looks," said Yostie. "I seen that kind before. They want to start a dice game and rook the farm boys out of their money."

"Maybe so," said Mildred.

The man came onto the pier. "Hyuh. You open for business?" he said.

"Just about," said Yostie.

"Where can I get a cup of coffee and maybe a couple of sinkers?"

"Sinkers we don't have. Wieners, cake, and pie is all. But I got coffee," said Mildred.

"Well, a piece of pie'd go good. You got cigarettes for sale?"

"Yes, sir. We got Camels, Luckies, Piedmonts, and Philadelphia Hand-Mades. They're cigars, of course," said Mildred. "You follow me."

"All right. I'll follow you," said the man. Unseen by Mildred, he looked at her behind and winked at Yostie. "Can I leave my suitcase here, temporarily?"

"Do you want to rent a bathhouse?" said Yostie. "I can give you your key now. Fifty cents, that's for the whole day."

"Well, can't I just leave my suitcase while I get some grub in me?"

"There's a lot of people'll be here in a few minutes. The trolley's due. If I was you, I'd hold on to the suitcase if you don't want to rent a bathhouse."

"Oh, you got a lot of people coming," said the man. "Well, here's a half a buck. I'll take a bathhouse. You can give me the key later."

"You care to rent a bathing suit, or do you have your own?"

"How much'll a suit set me back?"

"With the towel, that'll be seventy-five."

"That comes to a buck and a quarter," said the man. "Well, all right. I guess I might as well. What are all the people coming for?"

"It's Decoration Day. We always get a big crowd Decoration Day," said Yostie.

"You sure as hell don't have many now."

"No, but when the trolley empties there'll be thirty or forty. Maybe more."

"What's the name of this place?"

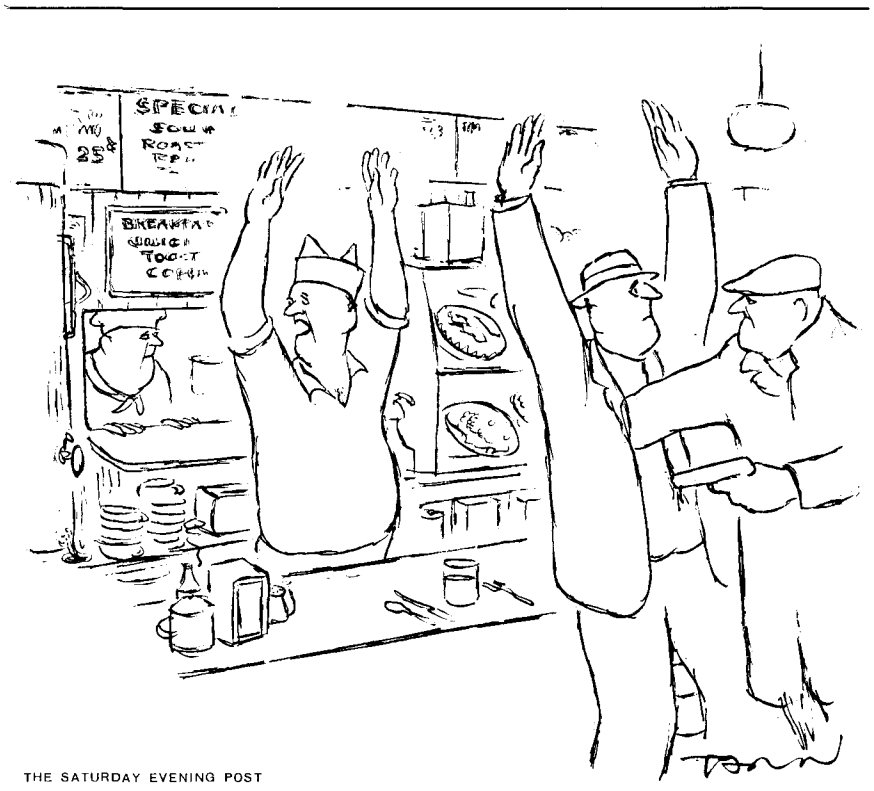
"Yostie's. It's my place. My name is Yost. That's how it got the name."

"Uh-huh. You got a pretty good proposition here. They rent those boats and all? What do you charge for a boat?"

"Fifty the first hour, and twenty-five cents an hour after that."

"Uh-huh. So a fellow rents a boat for eight hours, it runs him two and a quarter a day. But on the other hand, you most likely hope you rent a boat four or five times a day, huh? Eight times a day, at a half a check every time, you make four bucks instead of the two and a quarter. What's to keep a guy from renting a boat for the day, and then rowing down the lake and making a few dollars on his own?"

"The lake ain't that big. I can see all my boats, just from here."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Harvesting a cotton crop in Texas. Left to right: Chevrolet Series 60 tractor with flatbed trailer, El Camino pickup, Fleetside pickup and Series 70000 tractor with special trailer.

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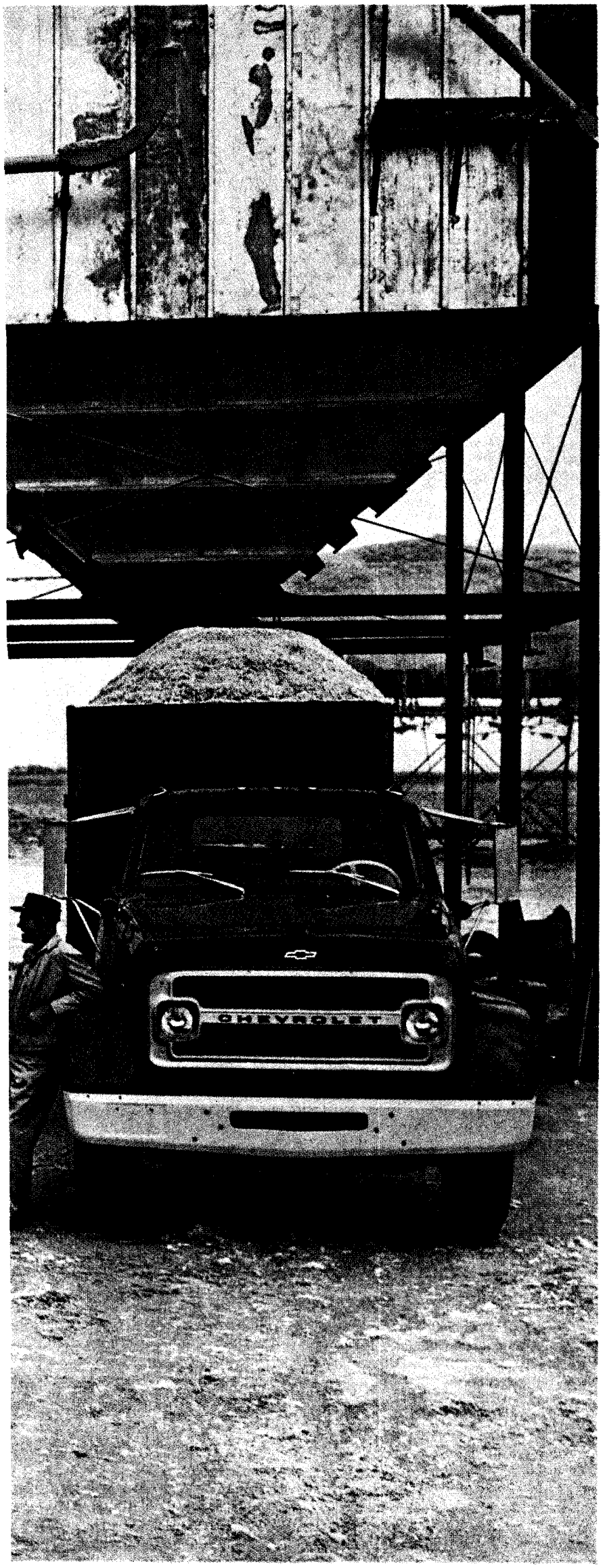

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"Uh-huh. You got about twenty boats out there."

"Exactly twenty," said Yostie.

"Say, you probably make ten dollars an hour. How long do you stay open?"

"We're open till eight, but most of the people go home by seven."

"Eighty dollars a day, just from renting the boats," said the stranger. "You could make five hundred a week that way. And I see you got fifty keys for bathhouses. That's twenty-five a day, times seven is a hundred and seventy-five. Soft drinks. Wieners. Pie and cake. Say, you got a nice little business here, mister. You don't sell any liquor on the side, I guess."

"I don't allow no drinking on the place. This is a family place."

"Yeah, I can see that," said the stranger. "It's not a regular amusement park, or you'd have like shooting galleries and wheels and rides. But you could make a lot more dough without changing the place much."

"You're a stranger around here, or you'd know about the big park. There they got all those things. Ferris wheel and all. This ain't that kind of a place. Here you don't have to spend as much money. Are you connected with the amusement business?"

"Well, not exactly. I worked in parks here and there."

"What as?—if you don't mind me asking," said Yostie.

"Hell, I was everything from a short-order cook to a shill."

"A what?"

"A shill. A shillaber. That's a kind of an assistant, I guess you'd call it. Hey, she brought me my coffee? I call that service."

Mildred placed a tray on the counter. "Coffee. I didn't know whether you wanted it with milk and sugar, so there they are. And a piece of apple pie."

"That's real service. Thanks, young lady. What do I owe you?"

"Fifteen. A nickel for the coffee, ten for the pie," said Mildred.

"Does everybody get this service?" said the stranger.

"No," said Mildred, and picked up his nickel and dime, and left.

The man drank some coffee and had a bite of the pie, which he held in his hand without using the fork. "She makes good coffee. The pie is bakery pie, not homemade, but she knows how to make coffee," said the man. Yostie nodded and waited until the man finished the pie.

"You don't have a butt on you?" said the man.

"I don't use them," said Yostie. "I can give you a cigar."

"No, no thanks. I stick to Piedmonts."

"Would you be looking for a day's work?" said Yostie.

"What made you think that? Don't I look as if I had any money on me?"

"Some, but not much."

"What kind of a day's work, and what do you pay?"

"Helping out here in the office. Renting the bathhouses and handing out the towels."

"Sounds like a whorehouse, handing out the towels. What do you pay?"

"Three dollars. That's what I pay the regular fellow, but he broke his arm playing baseball."

"He sure as hell didn't break it carrying home his pay. No, you gotta talk more money than that, Yostie," said the man. "When did your guy break his arm?"

"Yesterday."

"Yesterday, huh? I tell you what I'll do, Yostie. You give me thirty-five a week and a place to sleep. The bathhouse. I don't care where. An army cot. I don't care; I'm not particular. And I'll help you out till your guy's arm knits."

"Can you swim?"

"Can I swim? I could swim across your little lake under water. Where I come from originally everybody's a good swimmer."

"Where was that?"

"Well, now, let's say it was Atlantic City, New Jersey. You don't have to know all that, do you? All you want is some guy to help you out till your regular man is ready to go to work again. Now my name is Ed Smith. You just call me Ed. If you call me Smith, I'm not used to that name, but I am used to Ed. Is that your trolley up there? You better make up your mind quick, before the big rush."

"All right. Thirty-five a week, or five dollars a day."

"It takes an arm five or six weeks to knit properly. I broke mine when I was a kid, and it took about that long. So you can figure on me being around long enough to collect a month's pay at least. You pay at the end of the week?"

"Sunday night."

"Sure, when the Saturday and Sunday money is in. And where do I sleep?"

"I'll bring you a cot," said Yostie. "You might as well hang up your coat and vest and roll up your sleeves."

"I'm ready for business. I'll watch how you do it the first two or three customers, but I catch on quick."

"Say, that's some tattoo you got there," said Yostie. "What is that? Some kind of a dragon?"

"A genuine Chinese dragon. Cost me thirty-five dollars. But how do you like this one, on this arm?" He held out his left arm and showed the inner side. "Now watch." He opened and closed his fist, and the tattooed figure of a nude woman moved its hips. "The Twitcher, I call that," he said. "That only cost me twenty-five, but I get more laughs from that than the dragon. The dragon is real art work. Tessie the Twitcher is for laughs, and you know who likes it best? Women. They laugh their guts out."

"Uh-huh. Well, here they come," said Yostie.

"My God, they *are* family people. They look like a Sunday-school picnic," said Ed Smith. "I'll give you even money there isn't two hundred bucks in that whole crowd."

"I don't bet," said Yostie.

Thus, against his instincts and his better judgment, Yostie hired a man who refused to tell him anything about himself, and what could be guessed was all unfavorable. Yostie excused his action on grounds of necessity, although he knew that there was more to it than that. Ed Smith was such an unlikable man that you wanted to get rid of him two minutes after you met him, but instead of that you were hypnotized by his all-around badness. Even Mildred, who usually had such good sense, had fetched his coffee and pie for him. But the decision had to be made so quickly; the people were leaving the trolley, the stampede was on,

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led by two small boys who wanted to be the first to line up for bathing suits, although they would have to wait until their parents got to the pier with the money for the suits.

It was a good-sized crowd. Those that Yostie recognized were mostly from Gibbsville, with a few from Swedish Haven and the other stops on the trolley line. They were mostly family groups, parents and young children, although there were several couples who were going steady and would spend the day off by themselves. Yostie recognized Walt McLoughlin who worked in a printing plant in Gibbsville, with his wife and three children; Jerome Stumpf, formerly driver of a three-horse beer wagon and now helper on an ice-cream delivery truck, with his wife and two children; Bucky Stahlmyer, from Swedish Haven, who clerked in a hardware store, with his wife and seventeen-year-old daughter; John Adams, weighmaster at one of the Gibbsville coalyards, with his wife who had to walk with a cane because she had the dropsy; Adam Klein, boiler fireman and general handyman at one of the Gibbsville bank buildings, with his wife and two sons; Fred Alexander, the widower who operated the projection machine in the Swedish Haven moving-picture theater, who was accompanied by his own two small children and by Irma Dreibelbis with her two; Sam Gottschall, head hostler at the Murray Brothers muleyards, with his wife and five children; Artie Minzer, alone, about forty-five, who was said to be not all there and had to be watched; Danny O'Brien, who had lost an eye at Soissons and probably had a couple of half pints of whiskey in his hip pockets, with his thin little wife and two children; and many others whose names did not immediately come to Yostie. They brought their lunches in shoe boxes and market baskets, and they were all dressed in their best clothes, most of the men in stiff straw skimmers, new and last year's; the women in summer hats or carrying sunbonnets for later on. Some of the younger men wore freshly laundered khaki pants or white ducks, and a few of them wore white or brown sneakers. As an indication of how business was to be on this, the season's opening day, the first trolley-load was very promising, and Yostie hoped he would not run out of ice; but what was most reassuring to him was that they were there, that they had come at all with their saved-up dollars and halves and quarters, and that he and they together greatly outnumbered Ed Smith. Yostie despised himself for his weakness in hiring Ed, but there was nothing to do about it now, and he tried not to think about it. If only he had thought in time, he would have remembered that he did not even need Ed. Nearly all the grownups were completely trustworthy and could be counted on to keep their young ones from doing anything dishonest; and as for needing a lifeguard, Jerry Stumpf was the son of the Swedish Haven locktender and had once belonged to the bunch of canal kids who were known as the Water Rats. There wasn't a better swimmer in the county than Jerry Stumpf.

But Ed was at work, and he was catching on quickly. He had a personal remark for every customer who wanted a bathing suit and towel. "These suits are guaranteed to keep you afloat," he said to one hesitant woman.

"Guaranteed?" she said.

"Well, in two foot of water. And if you start sinking, just yell for me."

It was the kind of joking that, early in the day and in the holiday mood, the people were ready for. "Lady, you're not gonna take this young fellow back in the women's bathhouse," he said.

"I am so," said a woman. "He's only four years of age."

"He looks like five to me, and when *I* was five years old, believe *me*."

"Oh, you," said the woman. "I thought you was serious."

"Don't anybody get serious today," said Ed. "Everybody have a good time on their day off. Yostie wants everybody to have a good time and get good and thirsty, buy a lot of soft drinks. Especially you folks that brung your own lunches. Me and Yostie gotta live, too, hey Yostie?" Yostie pretended not to hear him.

They disposed of the first rush of bathhouse and bathing-suit customers, and the men and boys and young couples who wanted to rent boats gathered near the stacked oars. On the pier was a large sign that read: "Children Under 12 Not ALLOWED in BOATS unless Accommpannied by ADULT. By Order of the Management." Yostie had never strictly enforced his own rule, but he was startled to see that Ed Smith was renting boats to boys who obviously were not yet ten years old. "Listen, I don't want them little bits of kids out on the lake. Be more careful who you rent the boats to," said Yostie.

"I'll keep an eye on them. Nobody's gonna drownd as long as I'm here."

"Never mind about that. That's my rule, and I want you to do what I say around here," said Yostie.

"All the time?" said Ed Smith.

"All the time," said Yostie. "You better get that straight or else you won't be here long."

"Is that any way to talk to the man that's going to be your partner?"

"No, that'll never be," said Yostie. "I don't go partners with anybody."

"Man *or* woman?"

"Man *or* woman" said Yostie.

"Uh-huh. Well. I'm kind of that way myself. He who travels fastest travels alone is my motto."

"I'm not traveling anywhere," said Yostie. "You're the one that's traveling, not me."

"I only meant that as a kind of a saying."

"I know," said Yostie. "Now we gotta start getting ready for the nine-twenty-five trolley. That'll be the big one of the day, the nine-twenty-five. The ten-twenty-five there'll be hardly anybody on it, or the eleven-twenty-five. The twelve-twenty-five there'll be a few, those that stayed in Gibbsville to watch the parade. Then there won't be many till the two-twenty-five, and by that time some of the early ones will start going back. There's some men has to work tonight, men on the four-to-midnight shift."

"Where is that?"

"Oh, there's the Pennsy roundhouse, they got a four-to-midnight shift. There's the maintenance crew at the steel mill, they go on at five. And the fellows that work the night trick on the trolley lines. Pretty near half the men here this morning will be working

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They like the taste, too.

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somewhere tonight. All good, solid, reliable working men, with families."

"And very slow spenders."

"That's because they don't have it to spend, and they don't spend what they don't have, these people."

"I had the understanding that there was a lot of coal miners around here."

"To the north," said Yostie. "But they don't come here. They got their own places to go closer to home. Maybe that's where you were headed for."

"Why do you say that, Yostie?"

"Because that's what I think. You seem more like a fellow that wanted to be where there was a lot of spending."

"Well, that's no lie," said Ed Smith.

Yostie smiled. "Maybe you would of been disappointed, though."

"Why?"

"The miners are on strike. There isn't a ton of coal coming out of the coll'ries. I hear they got soup kitchens in some of the mining patches. That's because your spenders don't save up for a rainy day. My people, maybe they don't make as much as a miner, but they know how to save. You don't see my people coming here in a Hudson Super-Six. They take the trolley or else the farm boys, they ride bicycles. Pretty soon now you'll see the farm boys, eight or ten at a time, riding their bicycles. Some of them'll ride a good ten miles to get here, and ten miles back. How would you like to ride a bicycle twenty miles?"

"I'd sooner the Hudson Super-Six. So the miners are on strike, eh?"

"Yep. You ought to read the papers more," said Yostie.

"I didn't see nothing in the papers about any strike."

"Well, maybe where you come from the strike isn't big news."

"To tell you the truth, I don't read the papers much. To me it's a waste of time. In the big cities the papers are all full of stuff about Europe and Washington, D. C. And in the small towns it's all about the local people that I never heard of. I'd sooner spend two cents for a couple sticks of gum. I don't have a rotten tooth in my mouth. That's because I chew gum all the time. It keeps them healthy, exercising the gums."

"Well, I had all mine out some years ago, and I should of done it sooner and saved myself a lot of misery," said Yostie. "Now, I tell you what we do now. I'm gonna put you in charge of the boats. You took notice every boat has a number painted on it, and we wrote down the time every boat was rented."

"Yeah."

"What you do, you keep track of how long a boat was out, and when their hour is up, you see that megaphone I got hanging on the pole? You take that megaphone and you call out the number of the boat and tell them their hour is up, and if they don't bring the boat in, we charge them the twenty-five cents for the second hour. Most of them keep their boats over an hour, but you have to let them know, because some of them only want to spend fifty cents, and they don't want to pay the extra quarter. If they're a few minutes over I don't make them pay the extra, but if they're ten minutes over they can't say they weren't warned. I got twenty boats, but it's very seldom they're all out at the same time. And make sure the oars get taken out of the boat and put back where they belong. If you do things orderly it makes it a lot easier. Paul Miller has it all down to a science, but he knows most of the people and he can usually tell without looking at the check list when they took a boat out."

"Do you turn the boats upside down at night?"

"If it looks like rain. But all my boats are in A-one condition now. I painted and caulked them myself this spring, before Paul and I put them in the water."

"You stayed here all winter?"

"Sure. I got plenty to do, fixing up, making my repairs. You don't think this place looks so nice by accident. Takes a lot of work to run a place like this."

"How old are you, Yostie?"

"How old am I? What do you want to know for? I'll be sixty-two my next birthday, if that's any your business. Why?"

"You ought to be getting ready to retire, instead of working all winter."

"Not me. If I didn't earn my daily bread I wouldn't know what to do with myself. Man lives by the sweat of his brow. I got a rupture I had to have operated three years ago, or I'd do it all myself. But since I was operated I need some help. Lifting, I have to be careful. All right, we done enough talking already.'

Hey! 20 Pan Am jet trips to 1,200 Gibson and Easy It's easy to win at Picture

Which Gibson appliance will you choose? 1) A new Gibson Range, with the wonderful Teflon® Carefree oven you clean in the sink? 2) A Gibson Air Conditioner, with smart Designer Front and exclusive Air-Sweep wall-to-wall cooling? 3) A Gibson Designer Series Refrigerator with style-matched wallcovering? Or your choice of a Gibson Frost-Clear Refrigerator or Freezer which never need defrosting? Hurry up and win—we want to see what you choose!

Gibson

Refrigerators • Freezers • Air Conditioners • Ranges

PRODUCTS OF HUPP CORPORATION

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"Where is your house? Where do you live?"

"Where do I live? This is my house, here. I got a room upstairs over the office. It suits me."

"How do you keep warm in winter?"

"Coal-oil heater. That's all I need. I got two of them for the real cold weather. I keep one here in the office, and one upstairs. That way I only have to keep one going at a time."

"And you live here by yourself all winter?"

"Yes."

"And don't see anybody?"

"Sure I see somebody. I got salesmen and people coming here near every day. Paul comes down Sundays. And my goodness, I go in town when I have to, once or twice a week."

"Oh, you have a car?"

"I have a car. A half-ton truck, a Ford."

"And you cook your own meals and all that?"

"Sure I cook my own meals. You didn't think I had a servant girl or something?"

"You do your own washing?"

"No, that I don't do. I give my shirts and underwear and the bedsheets to a farmer woman down the road. Costs me a dollar a week, but I'm no good at ironing. And she darns my socks. That's fifty-two dollars a year for her, and that's a lot of cash for a farmer woman. That and her egg money. In ten years she can save up five hundred dollars, and with the egg money she'll probably have over a thousand. A farmer woman with a thousand dollars drawing three percent interest, she can hold her head up with any millionaire."

"They put it in the bank now, do they?"

"They sure do. Thirty dollars a year for nothing, and the money locked up in a vault? They sure do. That's one of the ways these country banks make their money. The farmer women that used to keep their money in a crock. Now the husband can't steal it off them any more. We got forty-five, fifty farmer women with savings accounts in our bank."

"You got a bank, Yostie?"

"I'm a director of one."

"I'll be a son of a bitch. A banker, and you don't even put a collar on your shirt."

"When I go to the bank I put a collar on. When I'm painting my boats I wear my overhalls. When I go to bed at night I put on my nightshirt. All right, that's enough talking for one day."

It was enough talking, and yet whenever he was alone with Ed Smith he talked some more. He would begin by explaining something that had to do with the work on the place, but before he finished he was telling the stranger things about himself that he did not usually talk about. There was an intensity in the way the stranger looked at you that forced things out of you. He seemed to be calling every man a liar, and Yostie found himself not only revealing but attempting to justify his actions and his beliefs. And even when he had spoken he was not satisfied that he had convinced Ed Smith of his honesty and sincerity. Ed Smith was so lacking in honesty and sincerity that Yostie knew it was useless to try to make him believe in worthy motives, but he was compelled to go on trying. It gave Yostie a dirty feeling of doubt as to his own honesty and sincerity. "That's all right," said Ed Smith. "You can worry about them kids all you like, Yostie. But you're not worrying about the kids as much as you're afraid one'll drownd and they won't come here no more."

"That's the way you look at it," said Yostie. "But I'd sooner close the place right now than have one little kid lose his life."

"Sure, sure. But how deep is your lake at the deepest?"

"In places, it goes down eighteen feet. It ain't a natural lake. It's a dam."

"I could see that," said Ed Smith. "Well, you built your dam so's to have a place for people to pay money to swim and go boating. But what do you have them life preservers for? Because where the water's that deep, people can get drownded. That's the chance you took, that somebody will fall in that can't swim, or they'll get cramps. You knew that when you built your dam. But you're hoping luck'll be on your side, and nobody'll get cramps or fall in that can't swim. If you're real lucky, nobody's gonna drownd before you get back the money you put in this place."

"What the devil did you come here for, anyway—just to pester me?"

"No. I bring you luck. If it wasn't for me coming here today, you would of worried all day because you didn't have no lifeguard. Now you got a life-

Hong Kong and Tokyo!
ppliance prizes!
Bingo...*Let's go!*

Win!

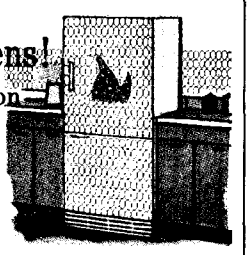
Win one of 1,220 fabulous prizes just by matching one or more rows in Gibson/Easy Picture Bingo!

20 Pan Am jet trips to Hong Kong and Tokyo!

Win an all-expense-paid trip for two, when you match all five rows!

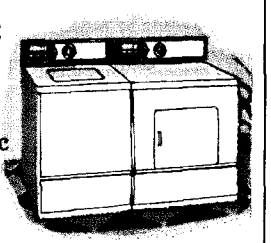
100 Gibson Designer Kitchens!

Your choice of Gibson Designer Series refrigerators, with matching wall decor —match 5-in-a-row diagonally!



100 Easy automatic home laundries!

The Easy *porcelain pair* of your choice, automatic washer and clothes dryer —match 5-in-a-row diagonally!



500 winners choose Gibson appliances!

Just for matching 5-in-a-row horizontally, choose any Gibson appliance you want!

500 winners choose Easy appliances!

Match 5-in-a-row vertically, and select any Easy washer or dryer as a prize!

Gibson/Easy Picture Bingo not offered where prohibited by local regulations.

The answer is Easy, if you want happy washdays as your prize. 4) This family-sized Easy Automatic Washer gives you full-rated 16 pound capacity, a choice of washing speeds and cycles, and unmatched dependability. Best of all, it's finished in lifetime porcelain, inside and out. 5) The matching Easy Clothes Dryer pampers clothes dry in a smooth porcelain finished drum. Come and see—you may have won a handsome, hardworking Easy pair!

EASY

Automatic Washers • Clothes Dryers • Spindriers

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guard, me. So you can stop worr'ing. I don't only swim good. I can do artificial respiration. I'm the luckiest thing that happened to you today."

"A person would think you were the only man that could swim," said Yostie.

"There's nobody in that dam now that can swim half as good as me. You only got one real swimmer there now. The fellow named Jerry. But he don't have any wind. He's too fat to stay under. If you got a kid lying down there in eighteen foot of water, you need a man that can get down there and stay long enough to pull the kid out. Your friend Jerry couldn't do it. Maybe your friend Paul could, but he ain't here."

"Paul could do it, all right. And some of the farmer boys."

"Maybe. But would they know what to do with a kid after they brung him up? How to get the water out of his lungs and start him breathing again?"

"Paul knows. Paul got a badge from the Boy Scouts."

"Well, I never got no badge from the Boy Scouts. But I saved a couple people. Not saying where, but I saved them. I could of put in for a medal. The old guy that owns the steel mill, that gives away medals."

"You mean Andrew Carnegie?"

"That sounds like the name. What was it again?"

"Carnegie. Andrew Carnegie."

"I'm pretty sure that's the name. Who's another guy that owns a steel mill?"

"Charles M. Schwab."

"No, it was the other one. Carnegie. He gives away these medals for lifesaving. But I would of had to tell my right name."

"And you didn't want to do that," said Yostie.

"You're damn right I didn't. You wouldn't either, if you was me."

"Why would a fellow like you want to risk your life to save somebody else?" said Yostie.

"Well, you don't think. I seen this guy fall in the water, and I took off my shoes and my coat and went in after him. He fought me, the dumb son of a bitch."

"He was trying to commit suicide?"

"No, hell no. Just the opposite. What they call panic. Frightened. But I let him have one right over his left ear and I pulled him out. You know what? Some bastard run off with my shoes. Then they started taking up a collection to give me, and they got about eight or nine bucks and just then I seen a cop coming toward us and I beat it the hell out of there. Soaking wet and no shoes, but I didn't want to talk to no cop."

"Where did you go?"

"No, if I told you where I went you could maybe figure out where it happened, then you'd know too much about me. Anyway, that was one guy I saved. The other was a woman. She didn't have any looks, but she gave me a hundred bucks out of her purse, and I went to the hotel where she was staying. This was after I kept her from drowning and she give me the C-note. I was broke again, and I figured she ought to be good for a few bucks more. She said, 'But I gave you a hundred dollars.' And I said if that was all it was worth, she didn't have to give me any more. So she went and got her purse and gave me another fifty, but that was gonna be all, she said. And I said all right, and let's have a drink on it. I took notice she had a brand-new quart on the bureau. She said she was saving that for a friend, for when she got home, and I said well what the hell did her friend ever do for her? So we went to work on the quart. The upshot of it was she stayed a couple days longer before she went home, and about a week later I come down with one of the worst doses I ever got anywhere. She was a hooker, and there I thought she was just some married dame out for a good time."

"Are you over this thing?" said Yostie. "Don't you use my toilets if you got something."

"Hell, that was three-four years ago. I'm all right now. You never had a dose, did you, Yostie?"

"No, I did not," said Yostie.

"No, I didn't think you did. Where's your wife? Dead?"

"Passed on eight years ago."

"Do you have any kids?"

"I have two daughters, both married and living some distance away. I have five grandchildren."

"Yeah, I almost called you Grandpa. When I get your age I guess I won't miss it either, if I'm not dead before then. I never had any money in the bank, and ever since I was sixteen years old I been more or less traveling. I got no desire to stay put, and I never did from my own free will, but that ain't saying I didn't have to."

"You mean like prison?"

"I don't mean anything else but. I never wear a hat, because that's the only way to fool the cops. If you done time it takes a hell of a long while before you get rid of the jailbird look. Any cop can spot it, around the eyes. The mouth. The far-head. Even the hair. Most cons I know lose their hair. I think it's because they all get some scalp trouble from the dirty clippers that the prison barber uses. I don't know. That's just my idea. But if you get plenty of sunshine and fresh air, like at the shore or caddying at a golf course, it fools the cops. The first thing I always do when I get out of the can—well, first I want to get a woman. But I go get a job caddying or at the shore, and inside of a week's time I got a good sunburn. Caddying. Do they have a golf club around here?"

"About five miles up the state road, past the next town."

"Is it public?"

"No, private. Only the rich people, near all from Gibbsville. That's the county seat."

"You don't belong, do you?"

"Goodness, no. I never was inside the place, only once. A banquet when they had a conwention. The county bankers' association. And that was at night, so I didn't get much of a look. The dining room and the men's toilet was all I got a look at. They had a nice fireplace. I guess I never saw such a *big* fireplace. They had the wheels and axles off a mine car for the wood to set on. That I remember. And such a lot of silver cups on the mantelpiece. It was a good meal. Steak. But I only had my new teeth in a few weeks, I guess, so I couldn't chew so good. They had a good speaker, though. Very educated, and a good sense of humor for telling jokes."

"So you never played pasture pool?"

"What's that?"

"That's slang for golf. No, you wouldn't look right in them knickerbockers. The short pants they wear playing golf."

"I never played any games," said Yostie. "When I was a young fellow we used to rassle."

"Did you ever get in any fights?"

"Not real ones. I was raised on the farm. There was only me and my two sisters home. They used to fight one another, but not me. And I went to the township school, October to the end of April. I got as far as the sixth grade. But there wasn't so many boys to fight with my age."

"How did you make all your money?"

"All my money?"

"You made a bundle. You're the director of a bank."

"I have some. I guess I did pretty well for had to give up school in the sixth grade. Oh, when I was ten years of age I started in working in a store. My parents both passed on and I was supposed to be put in the orphan asylum, but Lucius P. Mueller offered to raise me, and my uncle didn't have no objections, so I went there to live. Lucius P. Mueller and his wife. They were supposed to send me to school, but they didn't, and there was nobody checking up on whether they did or not. They had a little kind of a grocery store in the poor section of town. They sold vegetables and the regular staples like rice, dried fruit, tea and coffee, spices of one kind another. Sugar. Salt. Some hardware. Dry goods. My goodness, you went in that little store and there was barrels of molasses and pickles down cellar. Flour by the sack, or loose. Hardly room to turn around. Pails and buckets, market baskets, hanging from the ceiling. Stacks of brooms. It was a poor neighborhood and most of the business was done on tick. I had a cot in the attic where I slept. They used the attic to store things they didn't have room for downstairs. Cold in winter and hot in summer, but no worse than the farm. They didn't have no children of their own, the Muellers, and they were getting old and crippled with the rheumatism, so I got up every morning at five o'clock and went down in the kitchen and put the kettle on. Take the dust covers off of everything in the store. Open up. Then she'd come down and cook breakfast—a good breakfast. Oatmeal that stood overnight. Sometimes fried scrapple or mush, with molasses. She always gave me enough to eat, I'll say that for her. The smell of the coffee'd wake him up and he'd come down and have a big cup of coffee and smoke his pipe. Always a cup of coffee and sit there *inhaling* his pipe till he got ready to go out to the privy. Then he'd come back and eat something. You asked me if I do my own cooking? That's how long ago I learned to cook, when I was ten years old working for the Muellers. She liked to eat, but everything he ate disagreed with him. I guess I was around fourteen years of age before I realized what was wrong with him. He was taking a tonic, and *he* wasn't sick. He was *drunk* half the time."

"And doped up, most likely."

"Yes," said Yostie. "Alcohol and morphine. That and milk toast he lived on. I ate good because she ate good. Nothing wrong with her appetite. She waited on the trade, her and I. He took care of the money. Every night he put all the cash in a leather tobacco pouch with a drawstring on it and kept it under his pillow."

"How long did you stay with them?"

"Five years, till one night he died. I come down one morning and she was there ahead of me, drinking a cup of coffee. 'Go fetch the undertaker, Irwin,' she said. 'Mister passed away.' They had the funeral the next day, and that night she wanted me to sleep in the bed with her. She said she never slept alone for thirty-five years and she was afraid. But I was more afraid than she was. I was fifteen and I guess she must of been somewheres in her late fifties, but she was still a woman. I didn't take to that."

"What did you do?"

"Well—I gave in."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . and we get one bottle back for each man we return."

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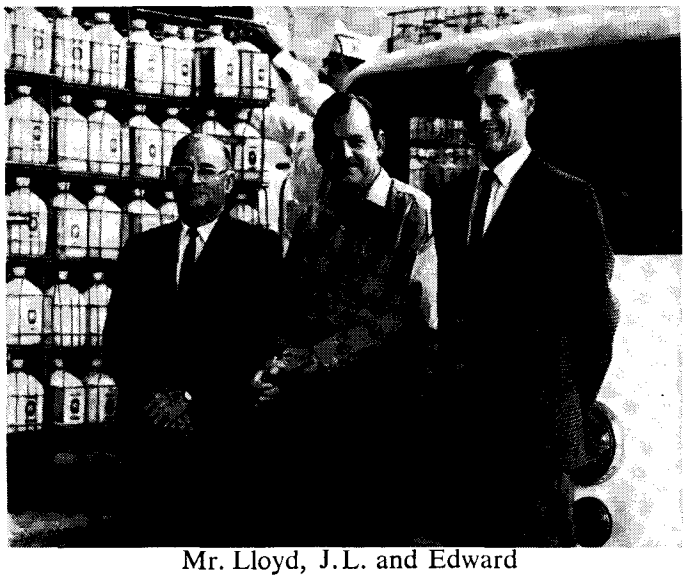
Sentry thinks insuring 'small' businesses like Knowlton's Creamery is strictly Grade A...

Back in 1908, Ed Knowlton had 12 cows, a horse named Dan and a big itch to be in business for himself. He bought a wagon, painted "Knowlton's Dairy" on it, hitched up Dan and started delivering milk in San Antonio, Texas, for 7½¢ a quart. Morning and night he milked the cows.

Today Knowlton's Creamery is the largest locally owned creamery in South Texas. Dan and the wagon have become a fleet of over 100 trucks. And 7½¢ a quart is now a business that grosses several million dollars a year.

Small business? Smaller than Borden's, that is!

Nice feeling, isn't it? Watching a business grow. You know the experience. And so does Sentry. We started out as small businessmen ourselves. Hardware merchants. We got together to insure ourselves. Now Sentry does around $144,000,000 a year writing all kinds of insurance: auto, homeowners, life, etc. But small business is still by way of being our middle name. We know (better than anyone else, we think) its rewards. Its problems. That's one reason, perhaps, why Knowlton is with us. We understand.



Mr. Lloyd, J.L. and Edward

The Knowltons still own Knowlton's. The original Mr. Ed's sons, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Edward run the business, together with a 6′3″ right hand named J. L. Sims.

Probably the biggest reason Knowlton's has grown is the way they look at their business. They don't want to be the "biggest!" As J. L. puts it: "We've been the hometown milkman for a long time now. We just want to take good care of our neighbors."

Knowlton's also want to take good care of the people who work for them. The Knowlton safety program, administered by Bill Jack, is one way they do it and the Sentry man helped them set it up. "We went to him for advice," says J. L. "Like a Dutch Uncle." Sentry also figured a way for Knowlton's to save money. When Sentry came in, Knowlton's had a workmen's compensation policy that paid a straight 10% dividend. The *first* year Sentry's Merit Dividend policy earned Knowlton's a total saving of 25.8%. As it looks now, total saving for the current dividend year will go over 35%. Mr. Lloyd says: "Listen, we'd have to have $100,000 in sales to net what Sentry may save us!"

We wish we could give the same kind of service to Borden's. But just now we couldn't take on Borden's and still have enough time to be a Dutch Uncle to the Knowltons. And you. Maybe one day, though. We're growing pretty fast.

If you'd like to know how we work with small business, give us a ring. The Sentry man is in the Yellow Pages. You'll find he's a neighbor of yours. And, like the Knowltons, he takes good care of his neighbors.

SENTRY® INSURANCE

the "small" business that got big serving "small" business.

...sorry we're not ready to deliver for Borden's right now.

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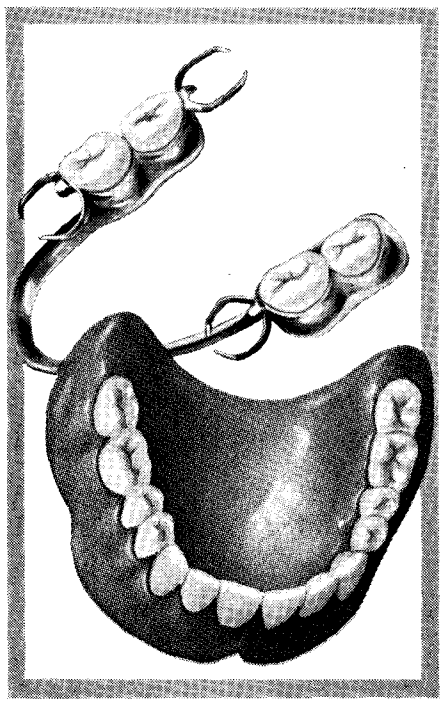
If Your Dentures Cost More Than $100.00...



Make sure you clean them like fine jewelry—safely but thoroughly

Modern dentures are expensive and all too easy to damage. In fact, scientists have discovered that dentures are 15 times *softer* than natural teeth...*15 times easier to scratch and damage!*

That's why more and more dentists now suggest *soaking* dentures clean in easy-to-use KLEENITE instead of brushing with abrasive pastes and powders.

KLEENITE's unique formula combines *three* stain-removing actions: (1) detergent; (2) oxidizer; (3) solvent. It *soaks away* discolorations *without scratching*... soaks away even smoke stains and film. It restores original whiteness. Destroys odor-causing bacteria . . . *on contact!*

Dentists have discovered that just *soaking* dentures in KLEENITE beats even the hardest brushing with any ordinary dentifrice . . . removes stain and film that brushes and pastes can't even reach.

So don't take needless chances. Clean costly dentures like fine jewelry . . . with KLEENITE. At all drug counters.

More Dentists Now Give KLEENITE To Denture Patients

A survey of dentists—all of whom have had an opportunity to try KLEENITE—shows more dentists recommending KLEENITE than any other denture cleanser.

How To Hold FALSE TEETH More Firmly in Place

Do your false teeth annoy and embarrass you by slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, laugh or talk? Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. FASTEETH is the alkaline powder that holds false teeth more firmly . . . makes dentures average up to 35% more effective even when you eat. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly. Get FASTEETH at all drug counters.

"Was she your first? How did you like it?"

"She was my first. I wanted to run away, but I didn't have nowhere to run away to, or no money."

"Oh, then you stayed?"

"I stayed a week, till I got a job. Callboy for the Pennsy."

"How did you get that job?"

"Heard about it in the store, and went and asked for it," said Yostie.

"As easy as that, eh?"

"Well, no. They usually give those jobs to railroad families, so when I went and applied they said I had to have references. The only person I could think of was my pastor. Reverend Jacoby, pastor of the Lutheran church I attended. So I went to him and asked him would he give me a reference, and he wanted to know why I was quitting the store. I couldn't tell him outright, but he guessed. He didn't come out with it, either. But he said maybe it was time I got some other work. So he put on his hat and took me over to the roundhouse and asked to see the Road Foreman of Engines, C. L. Butz. Him and Butz had a few minutes' conversation and then Butz said all right I could start the next night."

"So you went to work for the railroad. But you didn't have no place to stay. Did the Reverend find you a place to stay?"

"Yes, he did. I had to work at night, and he got me a room in a boardinghouse that the man worked in the daytime. Doubled up. That was a common practice among railroaders."

"Uh-huh. What were you getting paid?"

"Eight dollars a week, as I remember it."

"You never got rich that way."

"No," said Yostie. "But it had a lot to do with it. The Reverend made me go back to school. By going to classes in the daytime I was able to finish the eighth grade. Then I took the two-year commercial course. Bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting."

"Who paid for all this?"

"The school district. The public school. The Pennsy didn't raise any objections. They encouraged me. And Reverend Jacoby was backing me up."

"Why? Was he sweet on you?"

Yostie froze. "Reverend was a good, kind man. I guess you wouldn't know a good man if you saw one," he said. "You don't have the right kind of eyesight, that's your trouble."

Yostie turned away from Ed Smith and unnecessarily rearranged the piles of towels—something to do with his hands, something to keep him busy. Then and there he made up his mind to fire the stranger at the end of the day, and, if necessary, to drive to Gibbsville that night and persuade someone to act as lifeguard the next day. He would pay any amount of money, ten dollars a day if he had to, but someone else was going to be working for him tomorrow. Anything to be shed of this evil man.

He did not speak to the stranger again until past the noon hour, and then it was Ed Smith who spoke to him. "Where do you eat your dinner?" said Ed Smith.

"At the lunch counter," said Yostie.

"Is that where I eat mine?"

"Suit yourself," said Yostie.

"Do I get it free, or do I have to pay for it?"

"You can tell Mildred it's free," said Yostie.

"Do I have to fill up on weenies?"

"Don't ask me what you eat. Maybe you like a ham sandwich, I don't know."

"What about supper?"

"She stays open till seven," said Yostie.

"The same bill of fare?"

"It's always the same bill of fare. You can have ham sandwiches, cheese sandwiches, wieners, if she don't run out. Pie, cake, and coffee. And the soft drinks."

"Is that how you live all summer?"

"No, I cook my own," said Yostie.

"Well, how about if I eat with you? I'm gonna get pretty tired of ham sandwiches."

"You want me to do your cooking for you?"

"Well, you were bragging about what a good cook you are. You know what I'd like is a couple pork chops."

"In the warm weather I never eat pork chops," said Yostie.

"Well, what will you cook yourself tonight?"

"I don't know for sure."

"I wouldn't mind if it was just some ham and eggs."

"Well, I ain't gonna cook it for you," said Yostie.

"Oh. That means never?"

"Never."

"But what do I do for supper? When I have a job, I gotta have one square meal a day. I'd rather it was two, but at least one. Some kind of meat, and potatoes. Cooked warm. I been a short-order cook. I can hustle up a good meal myself, but I gotta have the raw materials. Do you have an icebox where you keep your meats and all?"

"Yes."

"And what have you got? A coal stove, and where is it? I didn't see any around. I only seen a little kerosene stove. Is that what you cook on? You can't cook much of a meal on that. As soon as you light the second burner the flame on the other goes down. I never knew it to fail. So you can't cook two things separate at the same time."

"I don't have any trouble," said Yostie.

The mind of Ed Smith was working, and Yostie waited for the results. He guessed that the stranger was considering the advantages and negative aspects of throwing up his job.

"I don't know," said Ed Smith.

"You don't know what?" said Yostie.

"I was thinking something."

"Giving your brain a little exercise?"

"Oh, don't you worry about that, Yostie. Maybe I don't look it, but my brain works overtime. Always look at all the angles. You pay me Sunday, right?"

"That's when I pay the regular help. Sunday."

"Let's see now. What'll I have coming then, this Sunday?"

"If you got a mind that works overtime, you ought to be able to calculate five dollars a day. This evening, at the end of the day's work, I'll owe you five dollars."

"Then that would be Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Twenty-five bucks, I'd have coming."

"That's what it comes to," said Yostie.

"That's what it comes to. But you don't have the sound of a man that wants to keep me till Sunday. You didn't tell me where I was gonna sleep. And you practically told me I had to do my own cooking." He pulled out a pack of Piedmonts, lit one, and sent streams of smoke out of his mouth and nostrils without removing the cigarette from his lips. He put the pack back in his shirt pocket and shook the little box of safety matches in his right hand. "What did this Paul Miller do for his scoff?"

"His what?"

"His scoff. His meals."

"Noon hour he ate at the lunch counter. Supper, sometimes he went back to town, sometimes he took supper with me."

"That's what I figured," said Ed Smith. "A privileged character."

"No. A regular employee. He works for me all year round," said Yostie.

"And when his arm gets better, I get the air."

"Paul gets his job back, if that's what you mean," said Yostie.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, no! You won't disturb him. He isn't doing anything."

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Carol Rajowski, 22, plans to borrow $24,000 to send three kids to college.

should she wait until she's married?

Carol just got out of college herself. Came away with a degree, a fiance, and a savings plan they're starting right now. Here it is: save regularly at a bank—and, when the three kids they're planning come along, let the bank help out with the big, important things they'll need to raise and educate their family. Carol and Jim figure on:

$ 1,500	For baby bills
22,500	For a house
2,000	Night school tuition for Jim's M.A.
10,000	New cars over the years
2,000	Home improvements
24,000	College for 3 kids

How about you? Doesn't that sound like about what you'll be borrowing (or already have) until your kids are on their own? Do it like Carol plans to and much of what you pay back on your loans will actually be building a solid estate. That's why Carol and Jim are starting right now. They've opened a savings account at the Full Service bank where Jim has his checking account.

Carol learned that your savings do double duty at a Full Service bank. First, your nest egg keeps growing with guaranteed interest. Second, your savings help you borrow at lowest bank rates.

She knows that most families must borrow a great deal in a lifetime for things they need. That's why lower loan rates can save hundreds—even thousands—of dollars.

So take advantage of your Full Service bank—to save, borrow and build. How do you find one? It's the place where you keep your checking account.

Where you save, borrow and build

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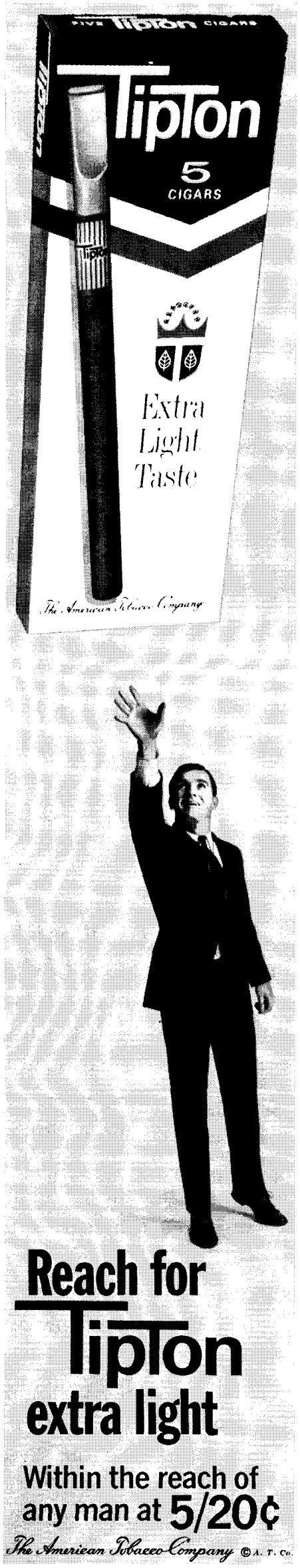

YOSTIE

"Yostie, you don't wanta come out and say it, but I bet you fire me at the end of the day. You use me to get you through today, but night comes and you hand me a five-spot, and I'm through."

"That's about the size of it, yes," said Yostie.

"You don't deny it."

"No, I don't deny it," said Yostie. "I'll pay you for your day's work, but then I want you to go. This ain't the place for you."

The stranger catapulted his cigarette with thumb and middle finger in the direction of the water, which it did not reach.

"That could start a fire, your cigarette," said Yostie. He walked to the edge of the pier and crushed out the cigarette with the toe of his shoe. "I notice you got a pack of cigarettes. You didn't have any before."

"What of it?"

"You been to the lunch counter," said Yostie.

"Is that against the law, to buy a pack of butts?"

"No. But I guess you snuck down there when I wasn't looking," said Yostie. "That's what I mean, this ain't the place for you."

"I didn't know I was supposed to get permission."

"I told you what your job was. To keep an eye on the boats. You can't do that from down at the lunch counter."

"Yostie, you're just looking for some excuse to fire me. You don't need no excuse. You own the joint. But I know what's eating you. You didn't want me hanging around Mildred."

"I don't want you anywheres near Mildred," said Yostie.

"That's too damn bad." The stranger clenched and unclenched his fist and looked at his tattooed arm. "She got a laugh out of it. I told you they always do."

Yostie reached in his pocket and took out a roll of bills. He removed a rubber band, which he slipped over his fingers, wetted his thumb with his lower lip, and peeled off a five-dollar bill. "Here's for the whole day. Now you can go, and I don't want you hanging around no more. You can get the next trolley to Gibbsville." He put the rubber band around the money and restored the roll to his pants pocket.

Ed Smith took the money, folded and refolded it into a small square and put it in the watch pocket of his pants. "You don't care if somebody gets drownded."

"There's plenty of good swimmers there now," said Yostie.

"I just happened to think. I give you a buck and a quarter for a suit and a locker. Don't I get that back?"

Yostie unlocked the cash drawer and gave the stranger a dollar twenty-five in silver. "Now're you satisfied?"

"Let me think a minute. No, I guess I can't get any more out of you."

"I gave you more than you're entitled to already," said Yostie. "You only worked a half a day. So now go."

"All right. So long," said the stranger.

"Don't forget your valise," said Yostie.

"I damn near did. That would of been terrible, if I had to come back for it." The stranger was grinning. "You don't want me coming back here for something."

"If you know what's good for you, you won't come back," said Yostie.

For the first time, the stranger allowed himself to show some ugliness. He picked up his Gladstone and slung his jacket over his shoulder and glared at Yostie. "Yeah, and if *you* know what's good for *you*, you won't make threats," said Ed Smith. He cleared his throat of phlegm and spat it on the office floor. Then he left, and Yostie watched him until he reached the state road.

For the next hour or so Yostie's relief at getting rid of the stranger was mixed with his worries over the problems of handling the bathhouse customers and providing some protection for the boaters and swimmers. He could have postponed firing the stranger, he told himself. He had acted selfishly and left his people in some danger. But there were other dangers that a man like Ed Smith symbolized. Ed Smith could be just as dangerous to their welfare as eighteen foot of water, and not only to the customers; Mildred Kunkel was not very bright. She was twenty-six or -seven, not a child. But in the two seasons she had been working for Yostie, during which he saw her every day between Decoration Day and Labor Day, none of the male customers had taken any interest in her and she had treated them all alike. Now, today, a total stranger had leered at her (without her being aware of it), and she had gone out of her way to go to the trouble of bringing him that pie and coffee. And the stranger had had at least one conversation with her that she, as a decent young woman, should not have tolerated. But she did not appear to have been insulted by it. The motions made by the nude tattoo were unmistakable, even to a virgin or to a man who had never watched a belly-dancer at a carnival, and if Ed Smith had accompanied the demonstration with suggestive words, Mildred must have been disturbed. Yostie was still disturbed when he thought of the tattoo, and his thoughts went from the tattoo to Mildred and back to the tattoo, and then to the stranger's leering wink. Indeed, the stranger's leering wink had been disturbing enough in itself, without the extra provocation of the nude figure so explicitly outlined on human flesh. The face meant nothing, but the figure could have been posed for by a woman of Mildred Kunkel's build. Yostie wondered if the stranger had said anything to Mildred about the resemblance. He had to know, he *had* to know what the stranger had said to Mildred.

Yostie's troublesome thoughts were interrupted by the appearance of young Kenneth Seiberling, sixteen or seventeen. "Hyuh, Mr. Yost," said Kenneth. "My pop said you had a job for me."

"Oh, did he? Well, I guess maybe I do," said Yostie. "You know how we keep track of the boats. Put down what time a boat was rented and all."

"Sure, I ought to know. Is that the job? Do I get three dollars for it? That's what Pop said."

"You have to stay here till all the boats are put away, and the oars and all. And you heard about Paul breaking his arm? So you have to watch out in case some person falls in."

"Lifeguard? I can swim as fast as Paul," said the boy.

"All right. You're hired. And maybe if you do good work I got a steady job for you till Paul comes back."

"Twenty-one dollars a week?" said the boy.

"That's what I'll pay, but that's from seven to seven, don't forget."

"Is it all right if Lamarr helps me?"

"If you want to pay him," said Yostie.

"He's only a kid. I'll give him fifty cents a day. That's all he gets a week from Pop."

"All right," said Yostie. "Start now by seeing how long the boats were out. I'm going down and get a little lunch."

One problem solved as another was created, Yostie thought, on his way to the lunch counter.

Mildred had a thin streak of perspiration on her upper lip and the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The truth is, Cauldwell, we never see ourselves as others see us."

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hair at her temples was matted down. She took off her steel-rimmed glasses and wiped them with her apron. "You come near forgetting your lunch," she said.

"I was kept busy," said Yostie. "How is the ice? Do you have enough?"

"We may need another fifty pounds," said Mildred.

"Well, I'll take the truck and get some," said Yostie.

"Send the new fellow. Ed."

"I fired him. I don't want him around," said Yostie.

"What did he do? Something bad?"

"I didn't trust him. What did you think of him?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "You wish I should make you a cheese sandwich? Put down mustard for the marketing. They all used up a lot of mustard on the wieners. That's good, though, because mustard makes a person thirsty. My goodness, they drank such a lot of Whistle. You have to order from the bottler already."

"Sit down now, Mildred. I fix my own lunch. You sit down a while."

"First I gotta go out back," said Mildred. She hung up her apron and went to the women's bathhouse. Yostie prepared a Swiss-cheese sandwich, with plenty of mustard, and while he was filling his coffee cup he heard the flushing of the bathhouse toilet. He was rather proud of having flush toilets in the bathhouses. Other resorts this size did not have them. He was pretty sure that Mildred Kunkel did not have a flush toilet at home in a poor section of Swedish Haven, and he was especially pleased that the one she used now was his.

"I couldn't of waited much longer," said Mildred. She smiled. "Here, let me cut the crust off." She took his sandwich away from him and sliced the crust with a bread knife. "That's better, ain't it?"

"Thanks," said Yostie.

"It's nice to have a minute's peace," said Mildred.

"Yep, there's nothing like it," said Yostie. He took a bite of the cheese sandwich and a gulp of the coffee.

"You didn't trust that fellow. I didn't either," said Mildred. "Well, I trusted him for a pack of Piedmonts."

"Didn't he pay you for them? He had money on him."

"Some, but not much," she said. "He said would I trust him till Sunday, and I thought being's he was working here."

"What else did he have to say?" said Yostie.

"Oh, I don't know. The kind of a fellow that talks a lot but they don't say anything. I didn't believe half of what he said. He said he was in Europe six or seven times, and China. Did you take notice he had such a dragon tattooed on his right arm? He got that over in China, so he said. But you don't have to go to China for that. My cousin got it done in Philly once. They take and pick it out with such an electric needle. A needle run by the electricity. A scar forms on the skin so you don't want to look at it, but the scar falls off and my cousin said they can never remove it, the tattoo. An eagle. He was in the United States Navy. Herman Ziegenfoos that his parents used to have the farm next to Peter Schlicter's out past the old flour mill."

"I know the Ziegenfooses,' said Yostie. "Herman was tattooed yet? I wouldn't want that. A person could have the wrong thing tattooed on them and then they could never get rid of it."

"Herman had such an eagle, but I guess an eagle is better than a dragon."

"Yes. Better than a lot of things," said Yostie.

"Much better," said Mildred. "An eagle you don't have to be ashamed of it."

"No. The American eagle is very patriotic," said Yostie.

"Some sailors, they put a girl's name on their arm, in tattooing, and then they went and married some other girl. That I wouldn't like, if I was married to some man and he had a tattooing with some other woman's name. How would my husband like it if I had some other man's name tattooed on me? Women get tattooed."

"I know. I seen one in the carnival once. Ugh. It hurt me to think about it. She was wearing such a costume, but every place you could see she was tattooed."

"You in a carnival, Mr. Yost," said Mildred. "That I can't picture."

"Oh, I don't know," said Yostie.

"Honest. If some person told me you went to a carnival I would call them a storyteller. A real carnival?"

"It had a tattooed lady. A snake charmer. A strong man. It was a regular carnival," said Yostie.

"I don't trust them kind of people," said Mildred.

"Well, I don't either."

"They're like them gypsies. You know them gypsies that used to come around in wagons? When I was little they used to come in their wagons like the wagons in the circus. They used to have a lot of horses with them, on halters, and my Papa said the horses was all stole. Now they come in autos. They don't work. They just steal. My uncle, Herman Ziegenfoos's daddy, he used to stand down by the road with his shotgun. Them gypsies never camped on his farm, you bet."

"No, you couldn't trust them. They used to run them out of town."

"No wonder," said Mildred. "They used to kidnap the children."

"So I heard," said Yostie.

"That's what I heard, too," said Mildred. "Was you ever to Europe, Mr. Yost?"

"Me? What would I want to go there for? The farthest I ever was, was to Wilmington, Delaware. That's past Philadelphia."

"I seen it on the map, in geography."

"We took one of the men from our lodge there. That was where he was getting buried. Four from our lodge accompanied the remains. We got our carfare both ways, also dinner from the Wilmington lodge. We left Swedish Haven on the morning train and changed at Philadelphia. Stayed right with the coffin to make sure it got on the Wilmington train. Then at Wilmington there was a delegation from the lodge to meet us. They took us to the hotel, and I guess there was about eighteen or twenty of us sat at the same table there. No beer or whiskey or anything like that, but plenty to eat. Then from there we went to the church and we had the regular lodge ritual, and burial was in the churchyard right outside. After that we drove back in time to catch the train to Philadelphia. We had to change trains again there, but we caught the flyer home. That was George Hoffman. Knew him twenty-five or thirty years, but I never knew he was born in Wilmington, [illegible]. Came here with his parents wh[illegible] was two years of age, but I a[illegible] thought they were local people too. George Hoffman. Before your time, Mildred."

"Yes, I didn't hear of any George," she said.

"It's an interesting city, Wilmington. Much hillier than I pictured it."

"Oh, I wouldn't picture it hilly, either."

"Very hilly. Not as hilly as Gibbsville, but hilly."

"Gibbsville is too hilly for me," she said. "I wouldn't care to live in a place that hilly."

"Well, then you wouldn't care for Wilmington, either."

"I don't care for any place except around here. Reading is hilly, too. I was to Reading twice already. No, I don't care for hilly towns or big towns. I couldn't get used to so many strangers."

"No, me either," said Yostie.

Two boys came to the lunch counter and each put a nickel on the oilcloth cover and each covered his nickel with his hand. Yostie watched and listened to Mildred's behavior toward them. "What can I do you for?" she said.

"Can I have a Whistle?" said one boy.

"Sure," said Mildred. "You want a straw with it?"

"Can I have two straws?" said the boy.

"It won't last as long," said Mildred.

"I don't care," said the boy.

She removed the cap from a bottle of Whistle and stuck in two straws. "There you are, Billy. You, Normie. You want a Whistle too?"

"No, I want a Coke," said the boy called Normie.

"You want two straws?" said Mildred.

"No, I'll drink it out of the bottle," said Normie.

"Oh, my. Such a big drinker," said Mildred. She decapped the bottle, and the boy took a couple of swigs.

"Now will you fill it up with water?" said Normie.

"You want water in your Coke yet?" said Mildred. "You make it weak."

"Yeah, but not as weak as Whistle," said Normie.

"Well, my goodness. You learn something every day," said Mildred. She dried their damp nickels on her apron and dropped them in the cash drawer. She made more conversation with them as they drank, and Yostie was pleased with her. He was more than pleased with her. He valued her, her willingness to work, her friendliness, her contentment. She was only twenty-seven, and he was past sixty, but it came over him now that before the summer was out he would ask her to marry him and he was sure she would accept. She had too much sense to say no to an offer like that; she would never have a thing to worry about the rest of her life—long after he was gone.

A young couple wanting soft drinks interrupted her conversation with the boys, and she greeted the newcomers by name. Yostie looked down at his left hand and found that he was opening and closing his fist. The moment he realized what he was doing, he stopped and looked at Mildred, but she was too busy to have noticed.

"I go get the ice, Mildred," he said.

"All right," she said. "They're getting thirsty again." □

America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This is the computer that handles your account at the bank. Just thought I'd call up and say 'hi.'"

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What kind of man uses Vaseline® Hair Tonic?

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By LAWRENCE DURRELL

THE LITTLE AFFAIR IN PARIS

In the Diplomatic Corps, one expects a certain amount of lunacy. But must one endure the knife thrusts

I was going home on leave from His Majesty's Diplomatic Corps, and I made the mistake of asking my superior, Polk-Mowbray, if there was any little service I could perform for him in the capitals through which I was to pass. This, as you know, is the mere rhetoric of diplomacy; nobody but a swine would say yes there was. But he did. Fixing me with a somewhat watery eye, he said in a dumb, pleading tone: "You could be invaluable to me, Antrobus. Your mature judgment, your winning ways, your paternal touch . . ." (All this may have been true, as far as it went.)"I have a delinquent nephew called O'Toole," he went on, "who is studying medicine in Paris. I fear that something terrible may befall him. He is baroque, quite baroque. His first report says that he is '*carrément funeste*,' whatever that is. (Polk-Mowbray's French is somewhat decayed, as is mine. I mean we can both say, "*Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les roses de la vie*"—"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"—with quite a good accent when passing through customs, but though it creates atmosphere, it is not much of a help.)

I braced myself. "Come, be a good chap," he said. "All I ask is that you look him up and send me a confidential report on him. You may have much in common—who knows? After all, you'll be staying a day or so to cadge a free meal and rub noses with Tadpole at our Embassy, won't you? Spare an afternoon for my wandering bairn."

Put this way, it seemed cruel to refuse. I accepted; O woe is me—yes, I accepted! But the thing troubled me. As I rubbed on the mint-scented after-shave lotion in the mirror of the Orient Express, I looked at myself with affectionate misgivings. So beautiful, so innocent, and yet so put upon!

All the omens were against me. I arrived in Paris during one of those long national holidays which can sometimes last a week. Nothing was open. No porters. No staff car. No emissary. Even the Embassy was locked up, with everyone away. Even Tadpole's assistant was away snail-hunting. The empty shell of the Embassy was in the charge of an illiterate washerwoman and a guard smelling of Pernod. I had been counting on a bath; simple but good food, and respectable lodgings with some junior who would be proud to know me and house me. But more serious still was my money situation. I had hardly any real scrip on me, not a speck of the crisp-and-crackling. I had drawn the usual vouchers for travel, which would have enabled me to refill my wallet at selected points and leave not so much as a farthing's debt behind. Couldn't even change travelers' checks, supposing I had any. And here I was faced with the prospects of a hotel bill as well. What to do?

I pondered as I studied the list of names at the Embassy. There was not one I knew on the staff, not a friendly face. It was a newly anointed staff, as far as I could see. Well, I walked round to try and raise the wind at the Crillon, the Ritz, and so on; nowhere could I find even a hall porter I knew. Moreover, my train did not leave until Monday. I would have to spend the weekend in Paris, with nothing open but places like the Louvre—places where I might be exposed to an unmanning dose

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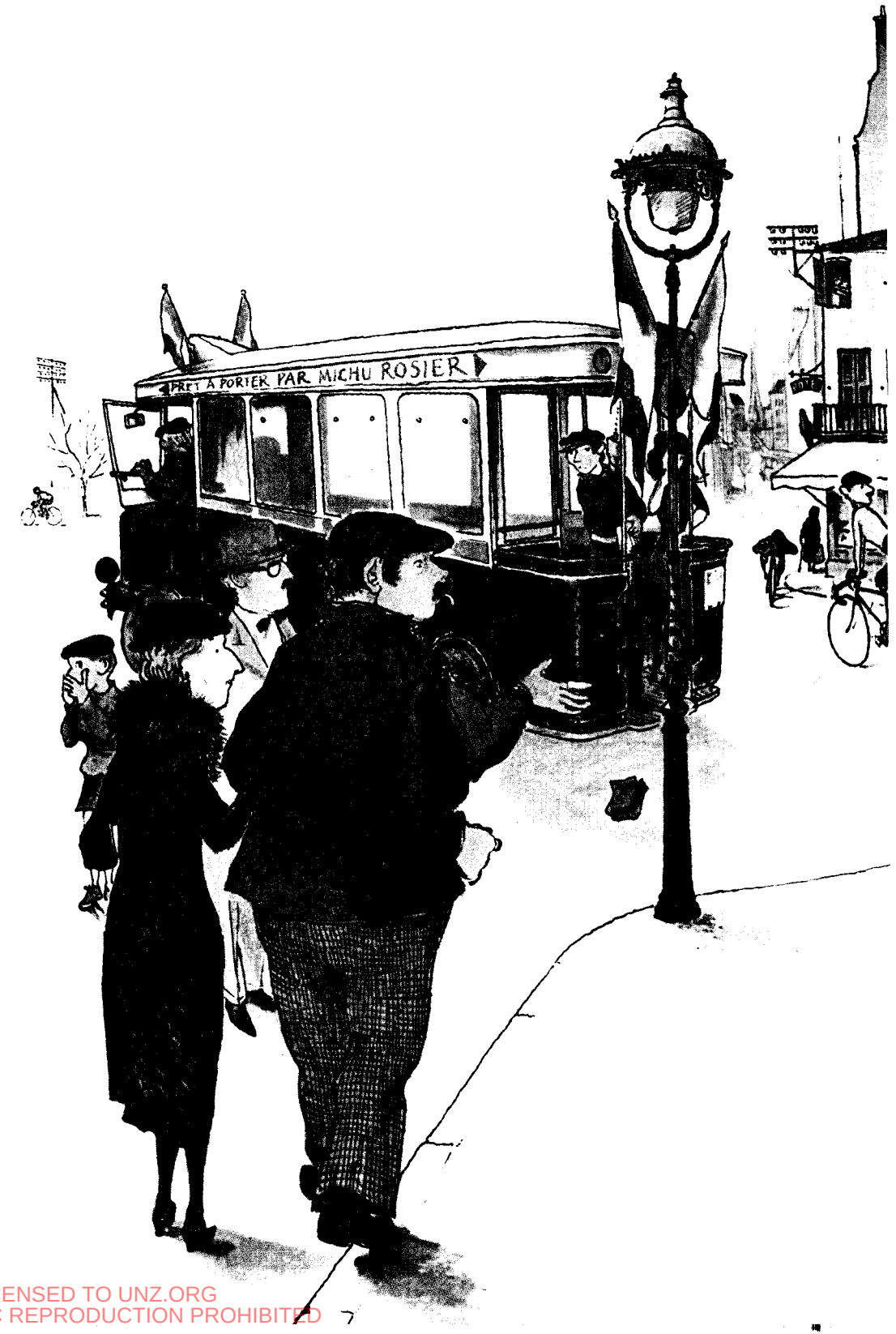

Watched by the furtive peasantry,
we dragged Miriam across a churchyard.
We thought we were safe.

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of a mad Irish nephew? Must one spirit the skeleton of Aunt Miriam through the wild Parisian night?

Illustrated by Erik Blegvad

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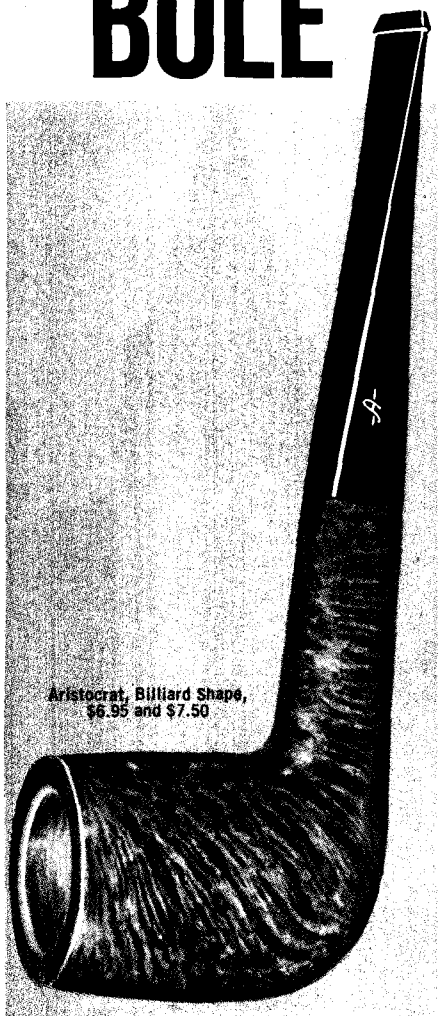
INSTANT MILDNESS

yours with

YELLO-BOLE



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By the makers of KAYWOODIE

of cultural fallout. Anything but that.

I walked about irresolutely for a while, looking in shopwindows. I was much struck by the many shops which stocked out-of-the-way literature, and, if flush, I might have bought a copy of *Unplanned Paternity: Being some hints to mothers by an Unplanned Father*, which I believe was written by my colleagues De Mandeville and Dovebasket under a pseudonym. But I dared not play fast and loose with my few francs. I had a glass of Prune Magic in a bistro and reflected on my lot.

Finally I thought of O'Toole, Polk-Mowbray's nephew. Perhaps he might help? I unearthed his address. It was within walking distance of where I was. No harm, I thought, could come of passing that way, of conferring a timely nod, a cheering word on O'Toole. I found the place quite easily, but it was fearfully sinister, and there was a woman in a sort of box, who watched me carefully. She jumped when I mentioned O'Toole's name, and drew a bloodstained cleaver from under her apron. She asked me to give him a message. I didn't manage to get her drift, but it sounded somehow menacing. She punctuated her remarks with the cleaver. I raised my bowler and pressed on up the moth-eaten staircase to Number Thirteen. The bell being out of order, I rapped with my umbrella. There was a pause. Then suddenly everything happened as if in a film. The door flew open; something grabbed me by the necktie, dragged me within, and shoved me up against a wall. The door shut behind me with a bang, and a knife was pressed into my tie. I was in the presence of O'Toole.

"One word and I spit you," he hissed. I was far from uttering a word. I was stunned.

He tugged me into a sort of studio and threw me on a couch, where I rolled about all over my bowler. "You have come from *Them*," he said, "to spy on me. I told my uncle that the next one would suffer. And you're him."

Ignoring his grammar, I tried to adopt an ingratiating, a fragrant manner. It was no go. I was up against something beyond me. O'Toole looked like Dylan Thomas after a week on the tiles. Muffler and porkpie hat and all. He looked like the hard core of something. Clearly the soft answer would get me nowhere. Moreover, he smelled of plum brandy. He was incoherent. "Here I am beside myself with troubles, and that manumitted mooncalf sends people to spy on me." His underlip trembled. Obviously the chap was hard pressed.

I retrieved my bowler and cleared what was left of my throat. "Listen, O'Toole," I said, "calm your nerves and expose your case to me. Perhaps I can help."

He gave a cry at this and advanced on me with knife raised. "Perhaps you can," he said. "Turn out your pockets."

I'm afraid there was no abiding joy to be drawn from my wallet. Not satisfied, in spite of my honest look, he went through my pockets with a practiced hand. No, this miserable sum was all I possessed. He walked up and down in a frenzy, stabbing at the air. "What's the problem, O'Toole?" I asked, and something feline and caressing in my tone must have touched a chord, for he gave a strangled sob and said, "My rent is overdue, and they are going to take Miriam away. They are distraining on me this evening, seizing my possessions because of the rent." French bailiffs with heavy sideburns were on their way to do away with Polk-Mowbray's bairn. It was sad to see one so young so overwrought.

"But they won't get her," he cried. "I'd rather die."

Gradually I brought myself to bear on the situation, to clarify it; some of what I tell you I only learned subsequently, of course. But, for the nonce, this reference to his paramour—it would take a Frenchman to distrain on a girl—nonplused me. "Who and where is Miriam?" I asked, looking round this gutted building.

He pointed the tip of his awfully cutty knife—I can still show you the nick in my shirt where he pressed it home. The electric light had been cut off, and the gloom was heavy, but in one corner of the room I could make out a sort of mummy case. He pointed dramatically. "She's worth two hundred and fifty pounds," he said. "Moreover, she is my aunt."

Upon my word, the damned thing was an articulated skeleton, the sort of thing medical men use. It was complete, I mean down to the toes. It sagged from a hook in its neck; when you got closer it gave you a queer sort of smile. I shuddered. But, always loath to abandon a train of reasoning, I asked O'Toole to exfoliate a bit, to expand, to explain.

Well, he had been brought up by a family of sawbones in Dublin who were devoted to the principles of the French Revolution. They had insisted that he study in Paris. Miriam, his aunt, had given her body to science for the honor of the family. Her skeleton was their only heirloom; apart from it they owned nothing. But magnanimously they gave it to him on his departure, telling him, one supposes, to try and live up to it; and if he couldn't, to sell it.

Now it was going to be distrained upon. The more you see of life, the less real it gets. The fellow may have been a dastard, but I could not help feeling a twinge of sympathy. He was in a bind.

By skillful questioning I found out the rest. Apparently they could not distrain on *him*, only on his property; he had managed to get most of his clothes away by walking up and down the stairs in three or four suits at a time and stripping them off in the Gents at the local bistro, where his friend Coco kept an eye on them. "But if I tried to carry a bag down, the *concierge* would be on me with that bloodstained cleaver. I shall have to leave my bags. But what about Miriam?"

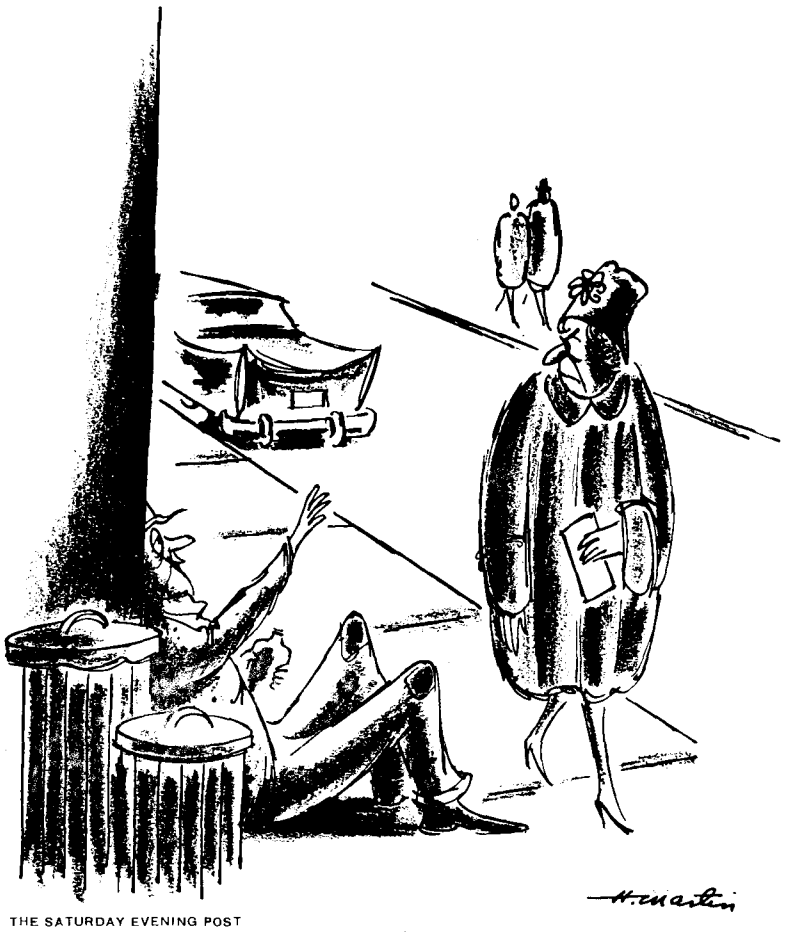
I could see no way round the affair. Then I saw his eyes narrow. He looked at me in rather a pointed way.

"Why do you gaze on me like that?" I cried. I felt some ghastly notion coming over him. Nor was I wrong.

"I have it!" he cried, waving his knife with renewed menace. "You say you've come to help me; well, so you shall." He opened the window and pointed into the street. "You will stand down there, and I will lower Miriam to you," he said. "But if there is so much as a greenstick fracture on her when I get down, your fate is sealed."

I tried to remonstrate. After all, I pleaded, I was a British subject, a Rotarian, and a well-known handbells player. Surely he could not expect me to stand about on a Paris street corner with an unclothed aunt in my arms. He did.

He poked me again with his knife. "And don't think you can run away," he added.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"

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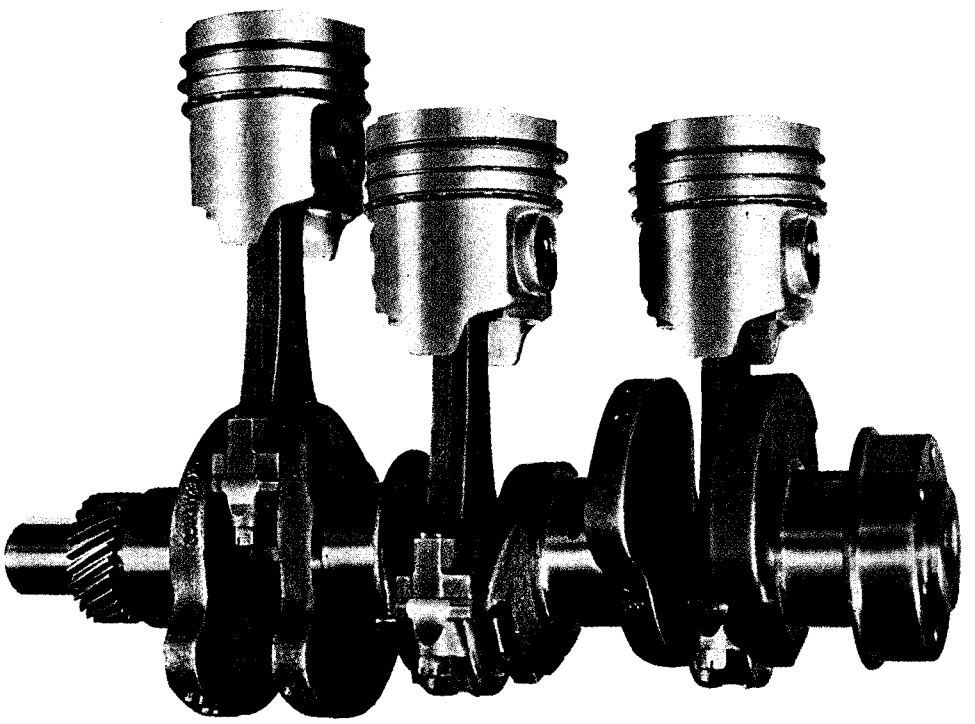

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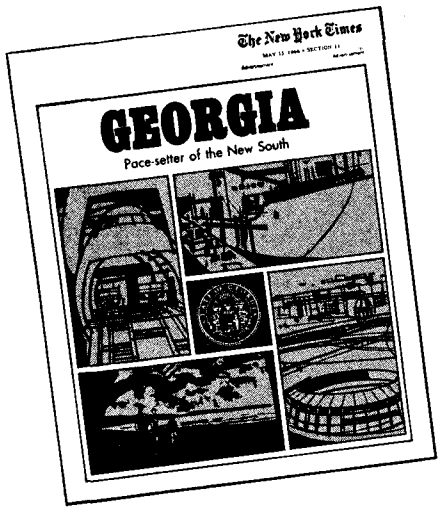

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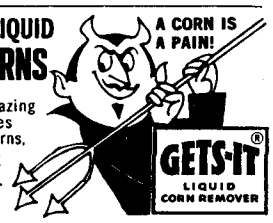


"I can throw this thing. Look!" He whirled round and pinked the kitchen cupboard.

Well, it was a very subdued public servant who made his way down that creaking stair, tipping his bowler to the charmless dromedary in the box, who still waited for the distraining force before launching an assault on Number Thirteen. It was cold in the street. I felt a certain loss of reality coming over me; I mean it didn't seem to be me any more, my intrinsic me, waiting there gazing up to where, swaying slightly in the breeze, the bones of this venerable aunt descended toward me on a piece of stout cord. I took the pass all right. Miriam, rather heavier than you would expect, was safely in arms.

"Now what?" I called anxiously up into the sky. A policeman had appeared down the corner of the street. He stopped dead in his tracks, bewildered by the spectacle. I felt deeply conscious of the unclothed nature of the specimen and whipped off my light-green plastic raincoat to work it onto her arms. The policeman watched this for a while, pale to the gills, and then, muttering something about special tastes, turned round and ran back along the avenue, blowing his whistle and calling for witnesses. This sort of thing could only happen at Lourdes, he must have said to himself.

There was no time to explain and apologize, for now O'Toole bounded from the door in his last three suits and four pullovers. "Run!" he shouted, and, carried away by panic, I broke into a palsied gallop. We shared the burden of Miriam, bursting like a bomb into the local bistro. "Saved!" cried O'Toole.

I don't know whether you have ever been around with a skeleton in a green plastic raincoat, old boy? No? I don't know how to describe the feeling—it's uncanny. Most of the clients in the bistro paled under their tan, removed their pipes, seemed to speak, and then just swallowed. O'Toole plunked Miriam on a barstool and called for three tots of Cognac.

Coco, his friend, took the whole thing quite normally. I believe he thought that Miriam had been murdered by O'Toole and then put together in an idle moment for the sake of company on wet Saturday evenings. I don't know. Anyway, a long confab took place about getting a decent price for her. This, of course, caused ears to prick up, and ribald comments to form on various lips. Coco was for selling her to a local clinic, but once more we were stymied by this public holiday. The clinic was shut. I was so worked up now that I drank Miriam's glass of Cognac.

Along the street there was trouble starting. Fortunately, the police, who had thrown a net around O'Toole's house, thinking they had cornered a gang of aunt killers, fell upon the distraining party, bailiffs and beadles and what not, dressed in opera hats and cloaks. Thank God we were just clear; the police started to arrest the distrainers, who resisted arrest violently. It was some fracas. Watching them, I felt no joy, only misgiving. For there on the stool, smiling slightly, sat this damned skeleton.

We lay low for hours while Coco gave us drinks and marked them on a score card. He told us about his political life. He turned out to be a red-hot revolutionary who walked about Paris at night chalking "Coco is a traitor" and "French for me" on walls. Coco's party had a resounding name but, according to O'Toole, only one member—Coco. Eclectic stuff. I liked the man.

But time was getting on; I had to take myself off and said so. "By God, you are going to stay with me to the end," cried O'Toole, "or by the bones of Polk-Mowbray I'll slit your Foreign Office gullet." Polk-Mowbray! I thought of him with such distaste at that moment. Here I was penniless and trapped by this aunt-fixated fool.

Coco tried to cheer us up with a song--and he had a fine set of pipes—but I was in no mood for joy. O'Toole thought deeply. Then he said he had it. There was one person who would pay him a decent price for Miriam, a chap called Raoul. But Raoul lived some way outside Paris. We would have to borrow some money somehow. O'Toole would pawn a couple of suits with Coco for the journey. "I don't want to go on any journey," I wailed.

"Silence, Anchovy!" he thundered. "We are in this thing to the death now."

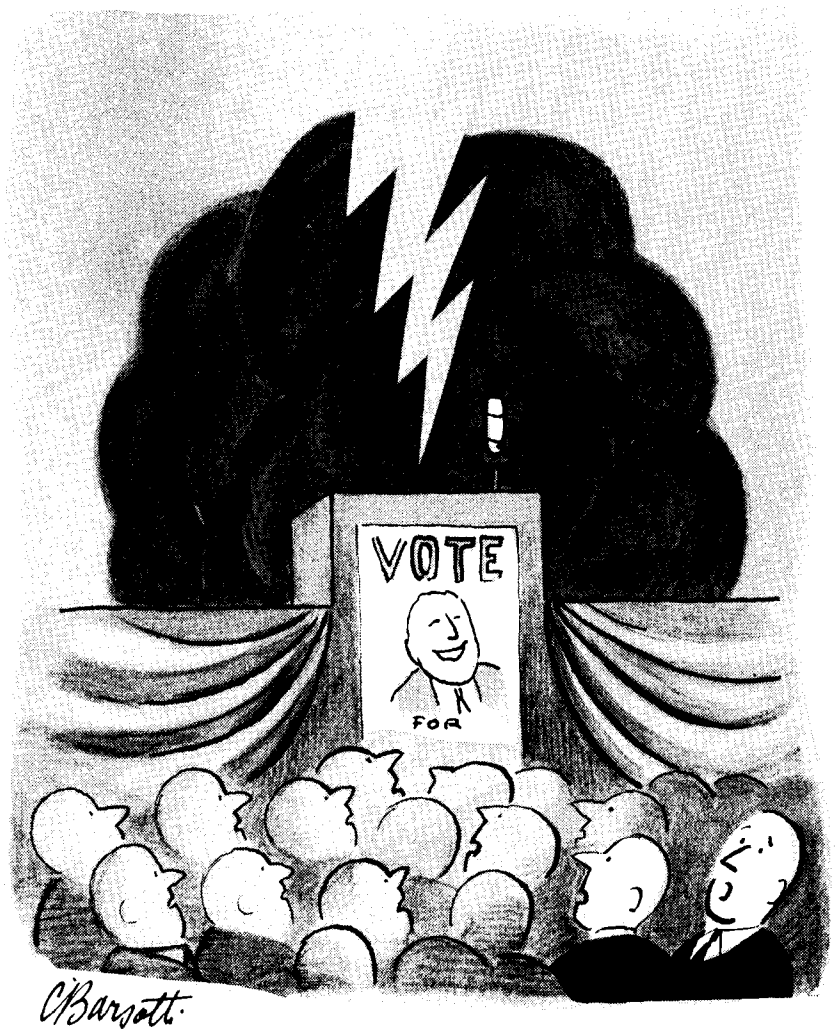
It was what I very much feared; but I felt weak and defenseless. Miriam had sort of molded me to her bony will.

I won't describe our stately progress across Paris; I'm saving it for the second volume of my memoirs. O'Toole was now under the influence and disposed to be lighthearted to the point of coarseness. But have you ever turned round in a bus queue and seen a skeleton in a plastic raincoat at your elbow? We spread dismay wherever we went. On the bus O'Toole sat Miriam in the seats reserved for the disabled soldiers and refused to buy a ticket, saying that she had fallen on the Marne. The ticket collector's face worked, his moustache swiveled through 365 degrees, but what could he say? How could he prove anything?

Several times we lost our way. Once I had to stand alone, holding Miriam while O'Toole visited one of those tin shelters where you can see the customer's legs underneath. I was standing on the steps of St. Sulpice when another policeman came up to make conversation. Did he fear a riot? Did he suspect a crime? I shall never know. He tried to address me—very civilly, I mean—and pointed at Miriam. "*C'est la plume de ma tante,*" I tried to explain, "Mademoiselle Miriam."

He shrugged, and tipped his cap. But I was so overcome by this effort to explain, and by O'Toole's prolonged absence, that I rushed into the church and hid in a side chapel. I had hardly started the Lord's Prayer, with Miriam kneeling beside me, when an attendant, white to the lips, came up and hissed at me. "Get that thing out of here; you are frightening the customers," was clearly the import of his remarks.

Foiled in my intercession with the All-Highest, I retreated to the steps and once more met up with O'Toole. Another bus ride followed, and yet another. I began to feel that everyone in the city must now have seen us with our strange companion. Some thought we were advertising orthopedic devices. Others that we were the notorious Burke



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And he had such an honest face."

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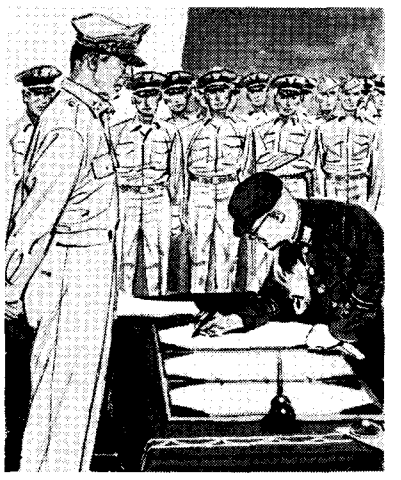
A STAR-SPANGLED ANNIVERSARY ALBUM

25 year history of U.S. Savings Bonds

1941: FDR buys first Series E Defense Savings Bond, May 1. Attack on Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, changes Defense Bonds to War Bonds.

1944: June 6—D Day. Allied forces land in France. Series E Bonds hit record sale of $12,380 million for the year.



1945: World War II ends. Americans own $30.7 billion in War Bonds to invest in peacetime living. They spend a few, but keep on buying.

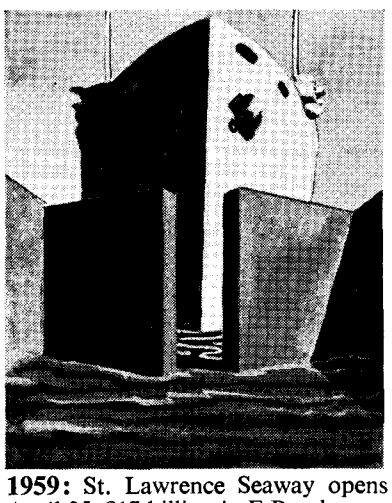
1948: Berlin Airlift—U. S. and British planes fly in food, clothing and medical supplies. Bonds go to work in the Cold War.

1950: President Harry Truman orders United States military aid sent to Korea; United Nations supports decision.

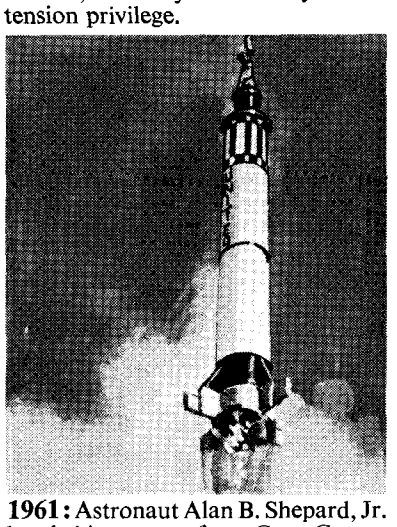
1951: Kefauver Crime Commission hearings on TV. Earliest E Bonds mature; Treasury offers ten-year extension privilege.

1953: Dr. Jonas E. Salk develops polio vaccine after years of research. Britain's Queen Elizabeth is crowned.

1956: Don Larsen, Yankee ace, hurls first perfect Series game. Survey shows 97% of Payroll Savers like this easy way of saving.

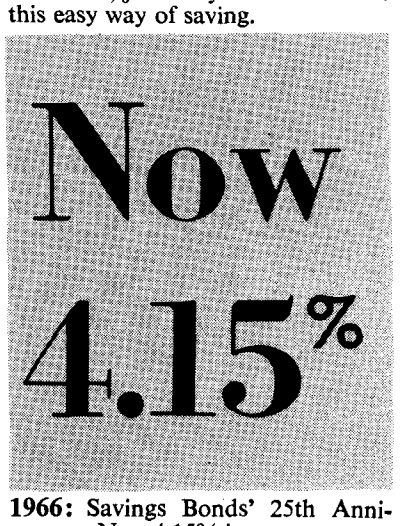


1959: St. Lawrence Seaway opens April 25. $17 billion in E Bonds over 10 years old.



1961: Astronaut Alan B. Shepard, Jr. hurtled into space from Cape Canaveral, Florida. Second ten-year extension begins on 1941 E Bonds.

1963: John F. Kennedy assassinated; Lyndon Johnson sworn in by Judge Sarah T. Hughes.



1966: Savings Bonds' 25th Anniversary. New 4.15% interest rate announced.

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and Hare, grave robbers on a spree. The most charitable felt that we were enjoying a rather unhealthy drollery on our way to the boneyard.

From time to time I half awoke from my tranced state and prayed aloud. But Miriam only smiled. Never have I felt so much the center of attention. But worse was to follow.

We arrived deep in the countryside, at a village which sounded like St. Abdomen La Roue. We dragged Miriam across a churchyard, watched by the furtive peasantry. We sounded a bell, a door opened, and there was Raoul, beret on head and pipe in mouth. We thought we were safe, especially as he was overjoyed to see Miriam and agreed on the spot to find her a good home. In fact, he waltzed round the room with her in a paroxysm of delight. Then he stopped, and his face clouded.

Apparently he also was in some kind of trouble. He had fallen afoul of the local parson and been denounced from the St. Abdomen pulpit on suspicion of practicing black magic; the thing was he was trying to grow salads in his garden by the Rudolf Steiner biodynamic method. I am not clear about it, but I gathered that in order to get the things to grow, one had to catch them at full moon and walk round them reciting mystic runes and playing on a little pipe. Enough to cause the darkest suspicions, I'll allow. In fact, things had become so hot that he was thinking of shutting up the house and returning to Paris.

While he was explaining all this, the telephone rang. He answered it and jumped a foot in the air. "They are on their way to arrest me. Someone has told the police that he saw people dragging bodies out of the graveyard next door and bringing them in here. There is no time to be lost."

I clutched my umbrella until my knuckles turned white. What new horrors lay in store for us? Outside, a sullen church bell began to beat. One could hear the muttering of a crowd; some stones pelted against the front gate. We sat staring at one another, unnerved.

Then, far off across the countryside, one heard the yapping of a police car racing toward us. "Quick!" cried Raoul. "We must escape."

Once again I was seized with vertigo. I cannot remember clearly what happened—how we found ourselves in Raoul's little car, all of us. I sat in the back with Miriam on my knee. As we roared out of the gate, a demoniac scream went up from a thousand throats. Their worst suspicions had been confirmed. A scream of pure horror. Surely a bit exaggerated, but then the untutored peasantry are like that. After all, I was still quite tidily dressed and wearing my bowler. There was no need to imagine that . . .

Across country we went like the wind, followed by a couple of black cars full of moustaches. They were gaining on us. "Faster!" cried O'Toole, and Raoul pressed down until the thing was level with the floorboards.

We were taking corners much too fast, to judge by the scraping noise. Nor could this speed be maintained. We came round a corner and were confronted by a grade crossing with the gate down. It was too late to brake. Raoul made a majestic attempt to leap the obstacle; we careened off to one side through a field, and then went smack into the heart of a haystack.

I think I must have lost consciousness; all was smoke, darkness, and tickle. But when at last I was disinterred, I felt a great sense of relief, for Miriam was no more. She had been dashed into a thousand fragments. So, indeed, had we all. The gallant constabulary placed us on litters and took us back to the ambulance.

The next thing was I woke up in the next bed to O'Toole in the local hospital at Moisson. I ached all over, but nothing was broken. My nose was blue—this part here. It was a relatively lucky escape.

By the time I made my way back to the Embassy in Paris, Glamis Tadpole was receiving visitors. All my troubles were at an end. I accepted a glass of Scotch and relaxed in the armchair while he made pleasant conversation. "I must say," he said, "you look very relaxed. You must have had a jolly weekend." □

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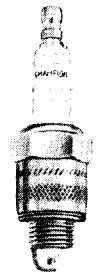

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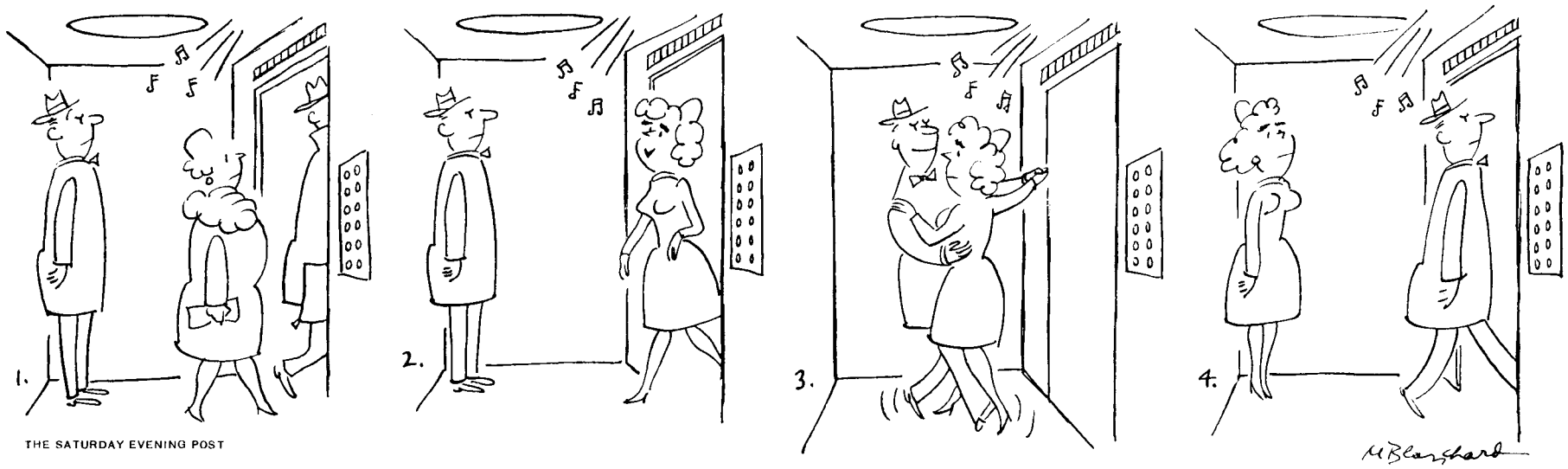

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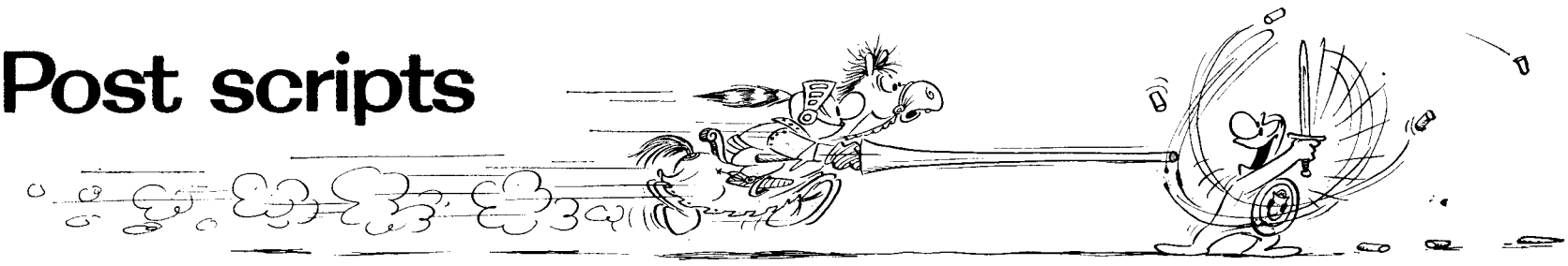
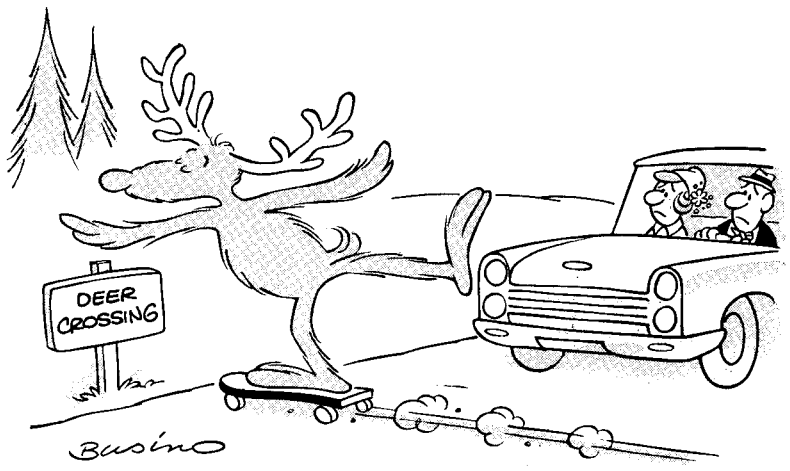
Post scripts



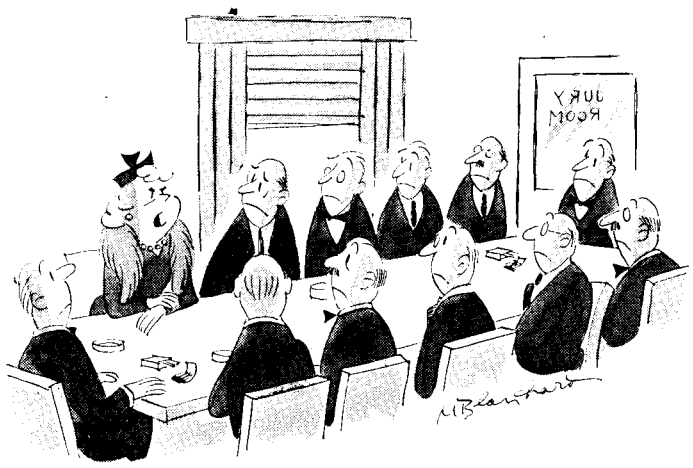
"McPherson, you are a disgrace to the forest rangers!"



AN UMP'S HEART

There once was an umpire whose vision
Was cause for abuse and derision.
He remarked in surprise,
Why pick on my eyes?
It's my heart that dictates my decision.

OGDEN NASH



"And I say she has a perfect right to be guilty!"

"I wonder what the subject of tonight's talk will be"

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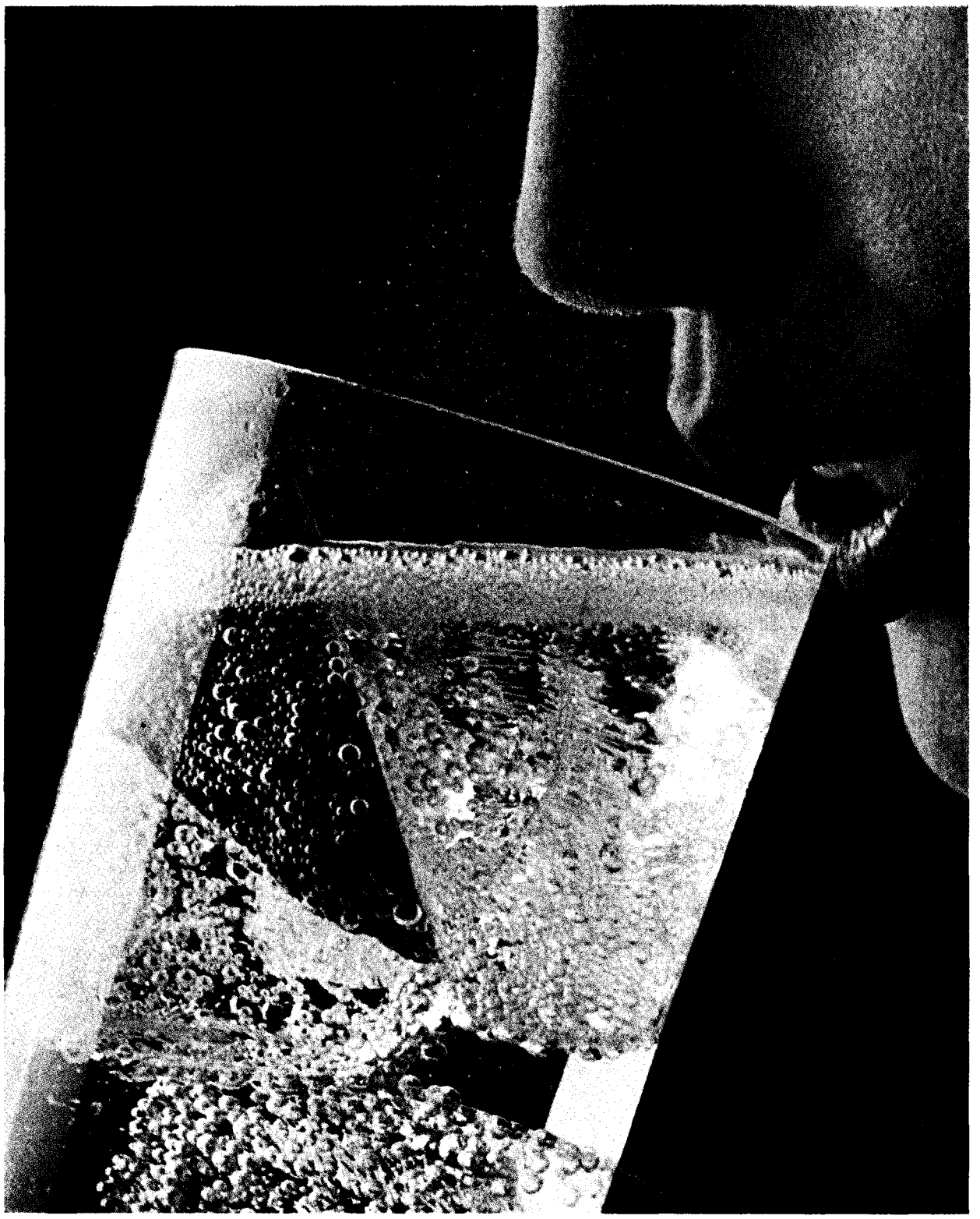

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THE LAST, TRIUMPHANT RIDE OF JOHNNY LONGDEN

At the age of 59, crippled with injuries, the tough little man completes the longest career in horse racing with a day of glory.

By Al Stump

Daybreak is quiet in the rambling, thickly carpeted house on Lemon Avenue outside of Pasadena, Calif. The only sound is the low, *grrrkkk*-like chirping of Monkey, a 16-year-old parrot that was born in the forests of Queensland, Australia. He may be the only bird in the world that can cuss in racetrack lingo with an Aussie accent.

Monkey sleeps in a gilded cage just outside the bedroom of Hazel and Johnny Longden. It is 5 A.M., and Longden, too, is awake. He remains very still in bed. "Post time," croaks the bird suddenly. "Post time."

"S-s-sh," says Longden.

He eases himself out of bed without waking his wife and tiptoes across the rug. He is a tiny, wizened man with a face that is deeply lined and seamed. Moving stiffly, Longden quiets Monkey by feeding him breakfast, and then shaves and dresses quickly. Next to the bedroom, in a combination office and trophy-filled lounge, two phones are ringing, the bells muted to protect the sleep of Hazel and the Longdens' teen-age daughter, Andrea. Johnny answers both phones at once, a receiver clamped to each ear.

"Sure I'll tape a show for you," he tells a Los Angeles radio station. "What time, where? But let's not get too sentimental about it, OK?"

The other caller is Ivan Stauffer, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer official and an old elk-hunting partner of Longden's. Stauffer says just one line before hanging up: "God bless and protect you today, John."

This is a special day. In about 11 hours John Eric Longden, 59 years old and four times a grandfather, will retire with the most victories and the greatest endurance record of any jockey in history. Longden has already won 6,030 races, far surpassing the previous record-holder, Sir Gordon Richards of England, who had 4,870 victories when he retired in 1954 at the age of 50.

This final day Longden is scheduled to ride four mounts at Santa Anita. The fourth and last race will be the 32,402nd of his career, which began 40 years ago. When Willie Shoemaker, now a veteran jockey of 34, was born, Longden had already broken more than 2,000 mounts from the gate. The great Eddie Arcaro quit at the age of 46 after 31 years of racing and 4,779 victories.

"Why quit so young?" Longden said when Arcaro retired. "Once you get off horses, you're just a bowlegged little man walking around."

Longden is only 4 feet 10 inches, small even for a jockey, and he has to perch on the edge of a chair and lean way over as he tries to pull on a pair of turtle-skin boots that cost $150. He groans with the strain.

For nearly a dozen years he has suffered from rheumatoid arthritis in both hands and knees. Horses have thrown him, kicked him, trampled him. His backbone has been fractured. His right leg has been broken five times. One foot has been partially crushed. His collarbone has been fractured twice. He has splintered or broken six ribs and both arms. Once he lay in a coma, scarcely breathing, for four days. Because of his increasing asthenia—loss of muscular vitality with age—physicians warned him when he was 49 that he could fall any time and be killed. Since then Longden has gone to the post for more than 8,200 races.

His 22-year-old son, Eric, a husky, 5-foot-10-inch horse trainer, comes into the lounge. Eric kneels and works the boots onto his father's feet.

"Let me tell you something," says Eric. "Don't do anything cute out there today. On the last day why take chances?"

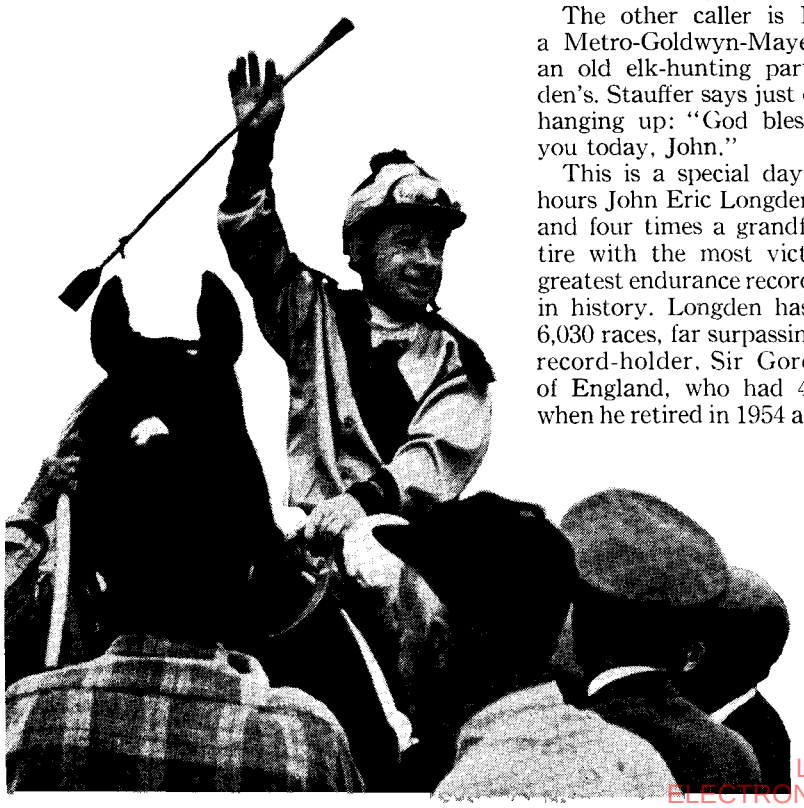
"I've got four mounts," Longden says, in his high, squeaky voice. He is staring at Eric. "Two, maybe three, could win some money. You want me to give 'em Central Park rides when I could do some good?"

"No, no—just go easy. Don't let them shove you up against the rail, stay away from the goddam trouble."

Lowering his horn-rimmed glasses, Longden is plainly annoyed. "Oh boy," he says. "Now I know the secret. Stay out of trouble."

Eric doesn't answer. He knows that his father has been in trouble of one kind or another for most of his life. It began in the coal-mining towns of Alberta, Canada, where Johnny Longden's father—who stood only 4 feet 9 inches—settled after leaving England before World War I. The only work he could get was "grease-pigging" in the mines—greasing the heavy coal cars that ran along the tracks in the tunnels. The job paid $2.50 a day.

"The best Christmas we kids ever had we got a bag of taffy candy and some fruit," Longden has said of his childhood. "But I don't think we did any complaining. We didn't expect anything more because if your folks can't help you, who will? The old man



In his time, Longden has been pummeled by fans and threatened with guns and knives, but for his final race they yell, 'Get this one, Grandpa! Boot him home!'

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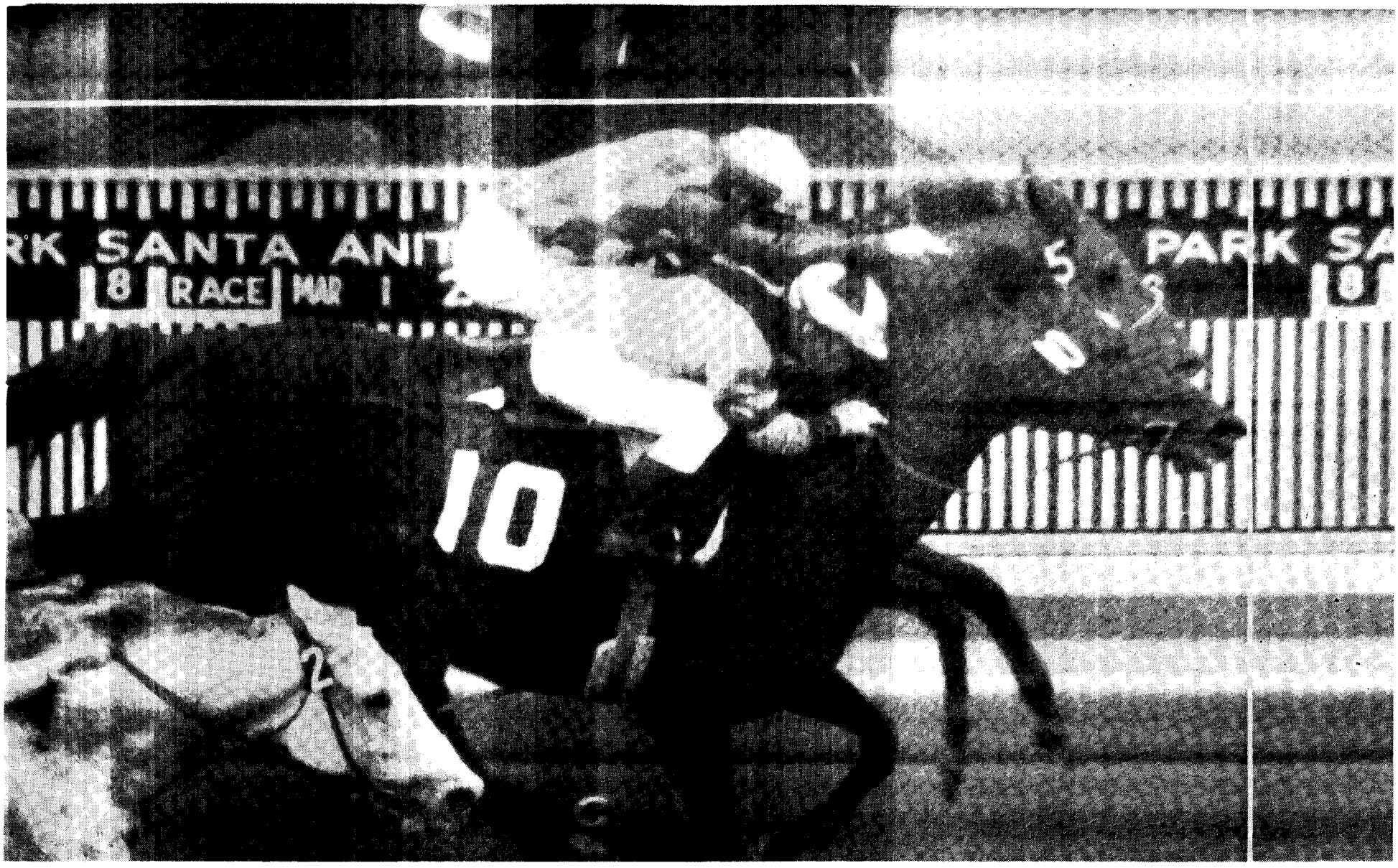

Down the stretch comes **The Pumper,** *pushing George* **Royal** *forward with every stride, and then getting his Thoroughbred's head up for the finish.*

taught us you can only help yourself. He took me down in the mines when I was about fourteen and I 'pigged' it with him.

"Now people say what a helluva tough break that was. No, sir. No tough break at all. It just made me want to get out and do some good. I took off on my own. One way and another I got to be a race rider. And that was a joke. My legs were too short to get a grip on anything bigger than a mule. So I rode in mule races. I rode Roman style, standing on top of two horses. I was a wild-cow milker. Anything, to eat.

"Once in Calgary a guy who owned my contract traded me for a horse. Yeah, and a damned no-good horse at that. He just told me there's this Reddy Fox a man wants to trade, so I gave him you in exchange. Riders in those days had no rights at all.

"So now I'm with a new owner, and he's busted out, and I'm sleeping on the straw in a stable. Then I got hurt in Vancouver. The docs said they couldn't put my leg together. I rode a freight to Montana. It was ten below zero. Some Indians took me in. They had a kind of teepee-hut and the smell was awful—those Nez Percés never washed. But they fed me dried meat and tied some copper charms onto me, and over the winter the leg got well."

In the fall of 1927 Longden caught a freight into Salt Lake City, persuaded an owner to give him a chance, and won his first official race on a gelding named Hugo K. Asher. No one knows how many unrecorded races he had won before that on the various fairgrounds of Canada.

Longden was still flat broke in the early '30's, and even when he caught on and began to win, earning the nickname "The Pumper" for his ability to pump a horse down the stretch with his powerful arms and thighs, helping the rhythm of the animal's stride, Longden still got into plenty of trouble. He mastered every trick of the trade—bumping rival horses off-stride, jabbing his whip into their sides, locking legs with another jockey to hold him back—and he used them all. Longden had more than his share of fistfights in the jocks' room after the race.

Even in 1958, when he was rich and famous and 51 years old, he still had trouble. He lost 15 straight races at Golden Gate Fields in California, and the crowds wouldn't stop booing. Longden had been booed before, but this time he thumbed his nose at the stands. The stewards fined him $100 and then told him he was too old to handle skittish Thoroughbreds. They cited his arthritis, which had swollen his hands to almost double their normal size. Either quit, he was warned, or lose your license. "Your trouble is you got no faith," said Longden.

He found a specialist who shot him full of drugs, and began a comeback, galloping away with 16 stakes worth $25,000, ten worth between $30,000 and $75,000, and five worth $100,000 or more, including the Hollywood Gold Cup, the Washington International at Laurel Md., and the American Derby.

Now, getting ready for his final day, Longden is wiggling his toes in his tight new boots and talking scornfully about other times he was supposed to have been finished as a jock. "A lotta wise guys thought there'd be a funeral any time—mine," says Longden bitterly. "One time the stewards really figured they had me retired. There was this maiden filly, Royal Zaca. She threw me backward in the gate at Del Mar and broke my ankle in three places. I got off the crutches, and then at Golden Gate my horse went over the rail in the homestretch. He flipped up and fell right on top of me, and I was smothering. Ray York jumped off his mount and ran up and some way lifted about five hundred pounds of that horse far enough so I could breathe. By now I was so beat-up and weak I couldn't kick a chicken out of my path.

"But I got well, like always. Then I took the Californian Stakes with Fleet Nasrullah and the Santa Anita Derby with Four-and-Twenty, and a few hundred other races, and now everyone was saying 'Oh, Johnny, you're a wonder, we were all wrong about you!'"

Longden's heavy lower lip sticks out. "The writers, the fans, the track bosses have had me washed up dozens of times. Well, they got their faith back. I took care of that."

This brief account of a few of the Longden "miracle" recuperations is directed at a sportswriter and camera crew who had arrived earlier on the scene, but it is meant to admonish Eric, who had been foolish enough to suggest that the old man keep out of trouble. Longden excuses himself and leaves the room. He is limping.

"You know about Dad's left leg?" asks Eric in a low voice. "Douceville kicked him in the back in January at Santa Anita. Since then the leg has shrunk two inches in length and also in circumference. The doctors can't do a thing for him. Pinched nerves. Just rest it, they say. If he doesn't stop completely, the doctors say he'll wind up paralyzed for life. That's the main reason he decided to retire. But he's a cripple now—and he had to become a cripple before he'd quit. Right now he can't walk 50 feet without having to sit down, the pain's so bad. So what is he doing with *four* mounts today, when even one is too much?"

Reappearing, Johnny gives some finishing pats to a brown wig flecked with gray, which unfortunately does nothing to make him look younger. He has an ancient, weary face. The skin is sagging in thin folds beneath his chin. There are patterns of deep creases around his eyes, and his neck is cross-hatched with lines.

Standing before a mirror, squinting at his wig, he says, "I should've bought one of these things before now. But I didn't want to take a kidding about it. What the hell? If I win me a race today, I'm gonna lift my helmet and all those baldheads in the stands will think, 'If only I had the $500 price, I'd wear one of those too.'"

Longden is wearing a fancy-stitched orange suède jacket, a $10,000 diamond ring, the $150 turtle-skin boots and the toupee. He has not breakfasted, nor will he have lunch. Even on his final competitive day he will not break his strict schedule of 40 years—no food at all until midafternoon, when he will eat some cold cereal and milk, followed by a small steak dinner at night.

Longden has had to struggle most of his life to stay down to about 104 pounds. He has the arms and torso of a much bigger man; his collar size is

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Even the losers are happy as Longden weighs out after winning his 6,032nd victory in 40 years.

'They had me washed up dozens of times. Well, they got their faith back.'

15½. Through a regimen of steady starvation, he has seldom gone above 112 pounds. When he began riding, there were no steam cabinets. To sweat off pounds, he used to burrow into a manure heap and crouch there for hours in the heat generated by the pile.

It is 6 A.M. Longden walks out the front door and pauses for a moment on the sidewalk, looking at his fine house and the good neighborhood. "They never heard of sidewalks in those mine towns where I lived," he says. "It was all slag and coal dust."

Longden is now one of the world's richest athletes, perhaps the richest. He is said to be a multimillionaire, and he doesn't deny it. Not only has he earned about three million dollars as a jockey but he has invested wisely and extensively in natural gas, oil, timber and real estate in the U.S. and Canada. Max Bell and Frank McMahon, wealthy Canadian industrialists, long ago adopted him into their business family. In the 1940's Longden also became close to John D. Hertz, the Chicago taxicab magnate and the owner of Count Fleet. Longden rode Count Fleet to 16 victories in 1942 and 1943, including the "Triple Crown" in 1943—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont. Hertz, in return, started a stock portfolio for Longden that has multiplied over the years.

Longden has two Cadillacs, a $12,000 mobile-home camping rig that sleeps six, and a private airplane. Now he climbs into one of the Cadillacs and is driven to Santa Anita. He sits in the horsemen's restaurant, sipping tea, and is treated as if it were any other day, because he wants it that way. The farewell ceremony, the honors, will come later.

But Hank Moreno, who won the 1953 Kentucky Derby with Dark Star, walks up to Johnny and says with feeling, "So long, dad. You showed me how to get a horse out of the gate when I was breaking in. You didn't have to do that."

"OK, thanks, Henry," says Longden uneasily.

Moreno persists. He explains to those listening, "Dad showed me how to keep a horse's weight back enough so he can use his big hind muscles to come out fast. He showed me how to rock back and forth to get in rhythm with the horse at the start. How to keep him striding straight, even if the ground breaks away under his feet on the first jump, and he starts to stumble. Hellfire, he's taught more apprentices how to steal money from him than anyone who ever lived."

Longden is impatient, disinterested. He has some scrawled notes before him—the final workout reports on the four mounts he's accepted this day: Chiclero, Destination, Gamin and—in the $125,000 San Juan Capistrano Handicap—the Canadian-bred George Royal. "I got to go," he informs the crowd growing around him. "My vacation doesn't start until tomorrow."

On the way to check on Chiclero, he breaks into an eager jog. It hurts too much; he resumes walking.

Longden has planned this morning to breeze a colt trained by Eric, but the choking smog settling over Santa Anita dissuades him. He tapes a couple of TV and radio shows and is hugged and kissed by his friend Gregory Peck, who has come out early with a party to see the whole day of the retirement.

Someone in the group says, "We're betting you in the Handicap because we love you, Johnny." George Royal, Longden's horse in the Handicap, is the fifth choice in the field. When the Peck group moves off, Longden shakes his head. "They might win their bets, but if they do it'll be for the wrong reason. Sentiment doesn't figure. George Royal could upset this field if everything goes right. He's a one-run horse—you got to rate him back and give him the word at the right time, and then *don't let him get stopped once he's going.* If I get him blocked, he'll chuck it. He loses interest easy."

Then Longden heads for the jockeys' room to sit in a whirlpool bath and ease the pain in his back and legs. His head is down, and he is thinking about the races to come, but there are constant interruptions. One by one, every rider in the room files by the whirlpool to shake his hand. Willie Shoemaker comes past. "Now that you're quitting, I love you," says Shoemaker, who once slugged it out with Longden after a rough ride.

George Cantrall, an old-time owner-trainer, watches Longden being careful not to get his wig wet in the whirl tub and drawls, "We'll never see his kind again. One time in Winnipeg he was bucked or thrown off horses three times in one day. He got up to win the four other races on the card. Another time he had a broken leg when he rode Peach Stone in the Alberta Derby. He took first money and then fainted."

Someone recalled the collision at Hollywood Park in 1955 that knocked Longden from the saddle of a horse named Amblingorix. He was falling when jockeys George Taniguchi and Rogelio Trejos raced alongside, one desperately pushing him, the other hauling him, back to his seat. The struggle to save Longden left the three about 20 lengths behind the field. Trejos and Taniguchi finished last and next-to-last. Longden won by two lengths. "The ultimate impossibility," the *Racing Form* called it.

In 1950, just before the Santa Anita Handicap, a quiet fellow showed up around the barns and became friendly with Longden. When Johnny learned the man worked for a Las Vegas betting parlor, he took an old whip he had in the tack room and ran the gambler out the gate.

Then, mounted on an erratic Irish-bred horse named Noor, Longden rode out to oppose Calumet Stable's overpowering entry of Citation, Ponder and Two Lea. More than $700,000 was bet on the three Calumets, $71,224 on Noor. Incredibly, Longden nosed out all three to win the Handicap, one of the great upsets in racing history.

Oblivious to the babble of praise, Longden lies on a rubbing table, his mind centering entirely on horses named Hill Rise, Tom Cat, Cedar Key and Plaque, all favored over his George Royal in the rich Capistrano Handicap.

In a while, dressing in the silks of the Bingman & Gheen Stable, he goes out to ride Chiclero in the fourth race.

"What do you want me to do with him?" Johnny deferentially asks Chiclero's trainer, Bob Roberts.

Grinning, Roberts says, "I should tell Artur Rubinstein how to play?"

Breaking on top, a Longden specialty, he holds Chiclero a length ahead of Valiant Man for six furlongs and in a photo finish pumps the bay colt's head forward and up for the picture. Valiant Man's jockey, Willie Hartack, can't get the head up. By perhaps a foot, Longden takes his 6,031st race. The crowd explodes. Lifting his safety helmet, Johnny sweeps a hand slowly, lovingly back along his wig, and the 61,000 people at Santa Anita rock with the laughter he wants to hear.

It had been different one afternoon at Del Mar not long before, when Longden had come back a loser and the railbirds began throwing things at him. A woman yelled, "Johnny Longden, you're a dirty, crooked pig." Rushing up to the fence, Longden had answered in kind, and two husky men began punching him while the woman grabbed his ears, banging his head against the steel fence. Vance Longden, Johnny's eldest son, ran up and leaped on the men's backs, tearing them loose from his father. Then Johnny's wife arrived, grabbed the woman by the hair and flung her into the aisle. "We cleaned up on them," Johnny said later. "Hazel keeps quiet when they're cussing me, but if anyone touches me—look out."

In the sixth race Longden runs fifth on a long shot, and he is third on Gamin in the seventh. Then suddenly it is time for his last race, the Handicap.

Longden leaves the steaming jocks' room, walking with mincing pigeon-

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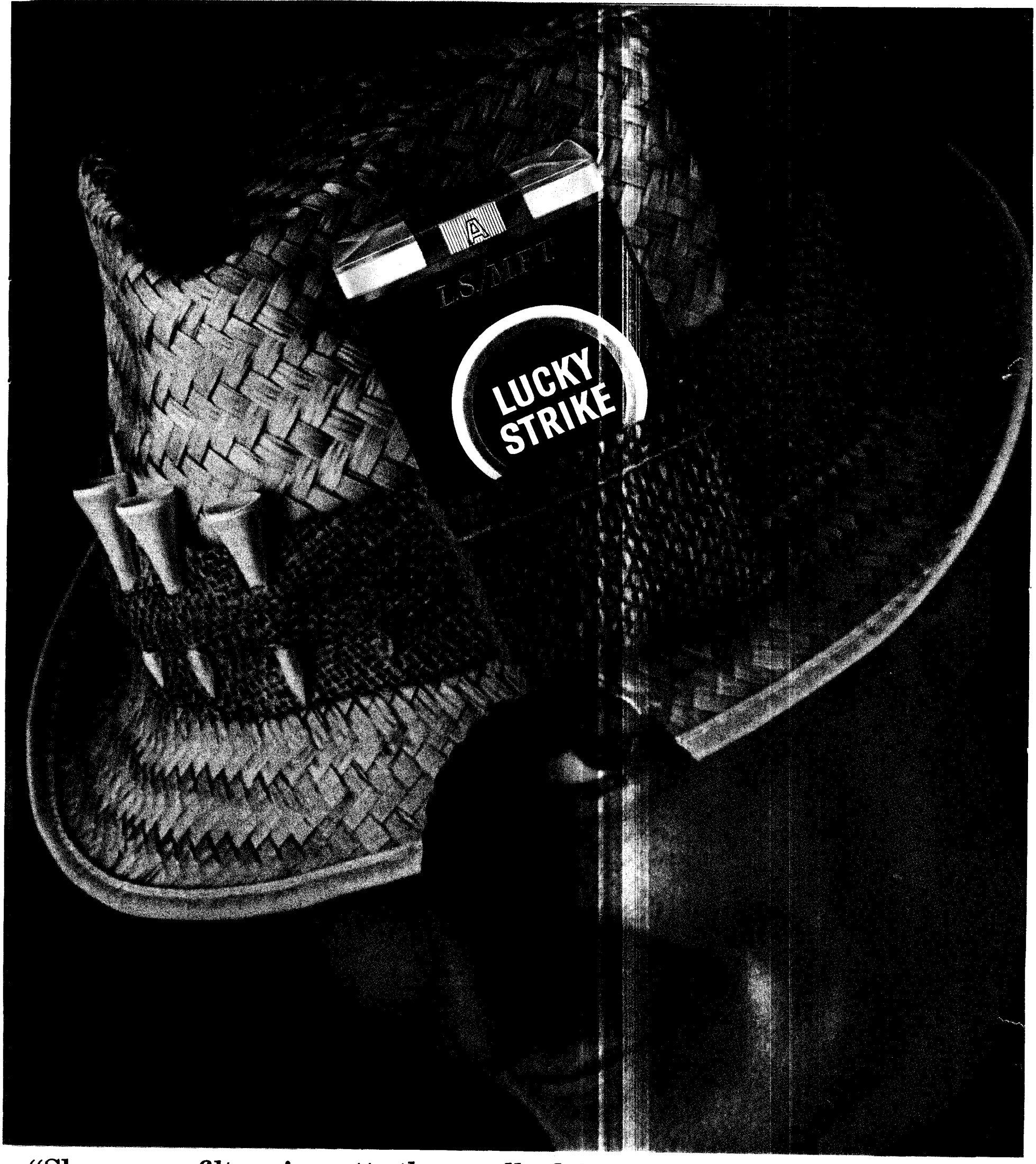

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Longden receives his final trophy while his wife Hazel (center of picture) smiles down at him.

'Fantastic,' he said when it was over. 'Wasn't it fantastic?'

toed steps, and is hit by a blast of sound. Normally race fans hate jockeys, the men they feel lose their money, and Longden, who has been pummeled, caned, threatened with guns and knives and hit in the face a few times with gobs of manure, has often been one of their leading villains. But now fans by the thousands are jammed around the saddling enclosure, and all of them are cheering Longden. "Get this one," Johnny!" someone yells. "Boot him in, Grandpa!" Hands are fluttering over the railing, trying to touch him.

The average age of the eight other riders is 29, less than half the years of Johnny Longden, yet he is the first to reach his horse. Waiting there by George Royal are Ernest Hammond and Robert Hall, the Canadians who own the Thoroughbred and who have been disappointed in the big bay's last four performances under Longden—he has finished eighth, fifth, fifth and ninth.

"I want him to have plenty left when we get to that last turn," Johnny says. "The main thing is not to get him shut off when he wants to come on."

"We're not expecting miracles," says Bob Hall, his eyes worried. The race is 1¾ miles, a long distance, long enough for Longden to tire and fall. Owners and trainers at the track have been afraid for weeks that Longden would take a spill on his last day.

"Tell you one thing, Mr. Hall," says Longden briskly. "I just won't be sitting up there taking the air."

They move out to the enclosed walking ring where Hazel Longden is waiting. When Hazel and Johnny decided to get married 25 years ago, friends doubted it would work out. She was a young girl and Longden was 34, with one divorce already behind him. The two eloped to Albuquerque, N. Mex. After searching for someone who would marry them on short notice, they ended up in a squalid, fly-specked back room of an Indian pueblo before a padre who could speak no English. Despite its beginnings, the marriage has been solid and happy.

Now Hazel puts her arm around the shoulders of her husband. "Well, this is it, Father," she says. Hazel, a slim blonde who is five-feet-five and is wearing high heels, has to lean over to kiss him, but she does it with poise and grace. Kissing her, Longden somehow looks taller. "It'll be OK," he tells her.

As Johnny is boosted into his saddle, Hazel turns to a friend. "I always begin to feel old and tired by the eighth race," she says. "You can worry just so much. Father should have quit long ago, but there wasn't a way I could talk him into it. You know how he feels right now? He's sad. And he's mad. He was looking over Monday's entries this morning, and he said, 'I can't get used to the idea that my name's not in the damn program.'"

The Thoroughbreds move daintily onto the track, and 61,000 people stand to give Longden an earsplitting ovation. An outrider, helping shepherd the horses to the gate, turns to Longden. "A bunch of goddam phonies," he says, "but they're telling God's truth today."

Longden only shrugs.

The $125,000 Capistrano Handicap starts from a slope above the backstretch, out of sight of the crowd, and George Royal is excitable in the gate. Calming him, Longden gets him away under tight control. For the first 500 yards downhill he is in last place. He remains ninth as the field covers half a mile and pounds past the stands for the first time (they will come around again). Many jockeys bring Thoroughbreds back to the barn with finger-thick welts on their rumps and flanks from whipping. The Pumper conserves his horses. He is a jockey who minimizes whipping, a hand-rider, and, over the distance, an implacably patient maneuverer, and that is the way he is riding George Royal today.

At the clubhouse turn he makes his first move and finds he cannot get enough room to the inside. He is forced to swing out and around Tom Cat and Tudor Fame, a maneuver he wanted to avoid, for even one extra stride could cost everything. Near the mile post he advances to seventh, still far behind Bobby Ussery on Plaque and Willie Hartack on Polar Sea. He seems to be riding much too conservatively.

The one horse Longden knows he has to eliminate is Hill Rise, the favorite. As they near the turn for home, Longden pulls off a piece of chilly professionalism. He is keeping a close eye on jockey Manuel Ycaza on Hill Rise, knowing that Ycaza will try to break to the outside to get running room. Just as Johnny expected, Ycaza suddenly brings his whip down on Hill Rise and starts to move. Only Longden has anticipated the move exactly and eased George Royal ahead to block the path that Ycaza was planning to take.

Johnny hasn't invoked a foul, quite, but he has come close enough to force Ycaza to rein up and break stride. Tail stuck straight out, George Royal is eager to run. Coming out of the stretch turn, he is second. Now Longden has the momentum he had hoped for earlier. Helping his horse run, he is pushing forward with his hands and thighs with every stride, increasing the rhythm and urgency of the movement, literally pumping him ahead.

Down the stretch George Royal is nose and nose with Plaque. At one point George starts to swerve left, but Longden raps him with the whip, and the Thoroughbred puts back his ears and keeps going straight. Fifty yards from the finish jockey Bob Ussery seems to have Plaque just inches ahead, and the old man at his side is flattened as low in the saddle as he can get, pumping with all his might.

But at the wire Plaque appears to have won, and the great roar of sound that had been building in the grandstand as the two horses fought down the stretch stops as though someone has flicked a switch. Then a moment later the judges study the photo, and there is George Royal's nose up for the finish—inches ahead of Plaque. The Pumper had won it in the last few strides. Now Longden's No. 10 goes up on the toteboard, and the roar begins again, only louder this time. All through the stands men and women—even the losers—are crying with joy. Far down the track, down toward the first turn where the horses have slowed to a halt with their jockeys standing up in the irons to ease the strain, Willie Shoemaker finally catches up with Longden. "My God, did you do it?" he yells. Longden says he thought he did, and Shoemaker begins to cry.

Longden does not cry. He is grinning as he rides George Royal slowly to the winner's circle, and he has a grin on his tough, hard face when he is mobbed in the paddock 10 minutes later. Weeping happily, TV actress Elizabeth Montgomery rushes up to him. "Sign this, Johnny," she says, pushing a $15 combination mutuel ticket on George Royal at him.

"Hey, that's a good ticket!" exclaims Longden. "It's worth"—he calculates the sum quickly—"about seventy dollars."

"I know," she shrieks. "But I'll never cash it! I'm having it framed!"

Then they take Longden to the press box for interviews, and there, finally, completely exhausted, he allows himself to cry.

"Fantastic," he tells the newsmen. "Wasn't it fantastic?"

Longden talks some about the future. He will become the chief trainer for a string of horses owned by Frank McMahon, the Canadian industrialist who has befriended him. He does not plan to retire from racing altogether.

Now Longden changes into a black-silk suit and makes sure his brown wig is straight for the eulogizing that completes the day. And when the ceremonies end at last, he doesn't run to Hazel and his children, who are waiting in a car on the parking lot. He walks toward them at his own pace, favoring his limp. He goes to them the way a man walks when he need not run anymore. □

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WHY WE CAN WIN IN VIETNAM

continued from page 28

These promises were approximately kept until the year 1964. Devious, even cruel, tricks were often resorted to, of course. A potential recruit's government identity card would be stolen, for example, and he would then be frightened into volunteering by warnings that the government police would shoot him as a Communist if they ever picked him up. Or an obstinate noncontributor to the Viet Cong war chest would be "struggled with" by V.C. cadres before all the people of his village, and if this public brainwashing did not get results, he might then be shot in the back of the neck as a "spy for the reactionaries and imperialists." But in the main, the V.C. military outfits really were manned by volunteers, which made the average outfit both tough and highly motivated. And in the main, besides road tolls, market tolls and the like, the V.C. tax collectors only asked the people of the villages for "voluntary contributions," which meant that the burden on the peasantry was light and easily bearable.

The trouble was that this semivoluntary system reached its limit with the creation of the first five or six main-force regiments, as did the system of largely concealed aid and direction from the North. If the masks were retained, enough men and resources to complete the war plan simply could not be secured, and both masks were therefore boldly and simultaneously dropped. Beginning in 1964, all the main forces and many of the provincial battalions were completely reequipped with the new 7.64 mm. family of Chinese-made weapons, which required a supply movement from North Vietnam too big to be hidden any longer. At the same time, preparations also began for the eventual invasion of the South by complete units of the North Vietnamese regular army. Thus the pretense was abandoned that this was "just a civil war." At the same time, and incomparably more important, the pretense of governing by consent was also quite ruthlessly abandoned.

The repeated Viet Cong promises that there would be no V.C. taxation and no V.C. conscription became dead letters. Taxes were sternly imposed on the people of the villages. Quarter by quarter the Viet Cong increased these levies until they became cruelly burdensome. Universal military service was proclaimed for all males from 18 to 36. As the manhunt progressed, the Viet Cong press gangs began rounding up boys of 14 or 15. All this was a gigantic gamble, for the V.C. had now broken the first and most sacred rule of Mao Tse-tung: Popular support of the guerrilla movement must never be endangered until the final victory. But the Hanoi leaders and the V.C. high command clearly believed that the gamble could never go sour, simply because they were so certain of an early victory—after which, of course, any grumbling in the villages could be dealt with by secret police.

To insure the expected victory, they brought off a feat probably without parallel. Although they were still no more than the second government of South Vietnam, the Viet Cong between January, 1964, and the early spring of 1965 wrung from the unhappy villages enough men and resources to increase the V.C. main forces to 24 regiments, complete with porter battalions, or the equivalent of eight army divisions. Even so, this was not enough to meet the war plan's requirements. Hence the second government undertook the considerable further responsibility of maintaining and providing porter battalions for two complete divisions of the North Vietnamese regular army, the 325th and the 304th, which covertly invaded South Vietnam in late 1964 and early 1965. By the spring of 1965, therefore, besides 160,000 troops in the V.C. local forces and guerrilla bands, the second government could boast a main-force army of the strength of 10 light-infantry divisions. And this new army, with its porter battalions and longer range supply detachments, numbered close to 80,000 men. The achievement was astonishing, but the price was heavy. One can imagine the Viet Cong finance minister—they have one, even if his name is not publicly known—groaning when he learned the true scope of the main-force program. And one can all but hear his colleagues airily telling him not to worry, because victory was just around the corner.

It is almost unknown in America, but the truth is that a Viet Cong victory really was just around the corner in the late spring of last year, months after

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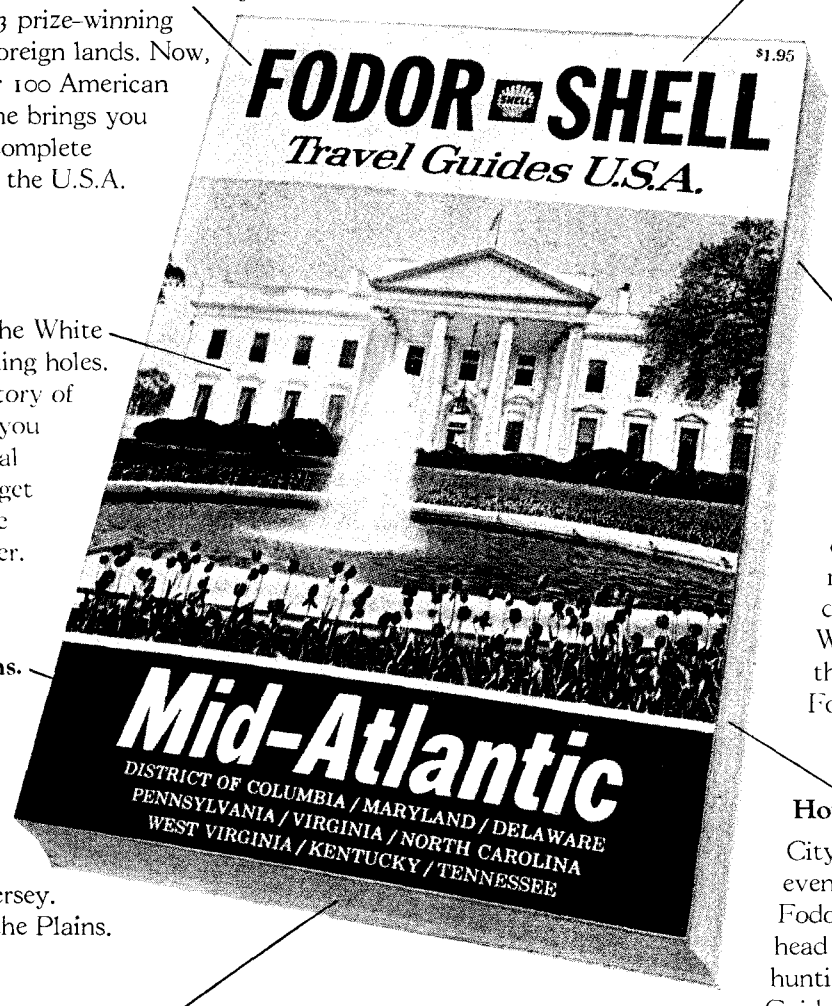

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the situation had been supposedly saved by President Johnson's decision to bomb North Vietnam. Throughout the spring of 1965 almost the whole South Vietnamese army was firmly pinned down in the provinces by the urgent requirements of local defense. In those spring months almost the whole of the army's slender mobile reserve, 13 South Vietnamese ranger and Marine battalions, was also being chewed up by new main-force regiments. By mid-June, after the bloody fight at Dong Xoai, about 60 miles from Saigon, only three of the government's reserve battalions remained in good combat trim. Meanwhile, the Viet Cong had an uncommitted central reserve equivalent to at least five divisions in their main-base areas. No reserves on one side, strong reserves on the other, meant, of course, that the V.C. could win province after province by concentrating in heavily superior force wherever they chose to do so. In this manner they could count on rolling up South Vietnam like a carpet before the summer ended. Then President Johnson upset their calculations by ordering the commitment of U.S. troops on a big scale.

This order had all the elements of a brilliantly successful, if wholly unintentional, ambush, and like every good ambush, in the first place, it was a complete surprise. There had been an earlier surprise in February, when the President gave the order to bomb the North after the Viet Cong attack on the Pleiku barracks. But this second surprise was quite as complete as the first, and it was far more terrible.

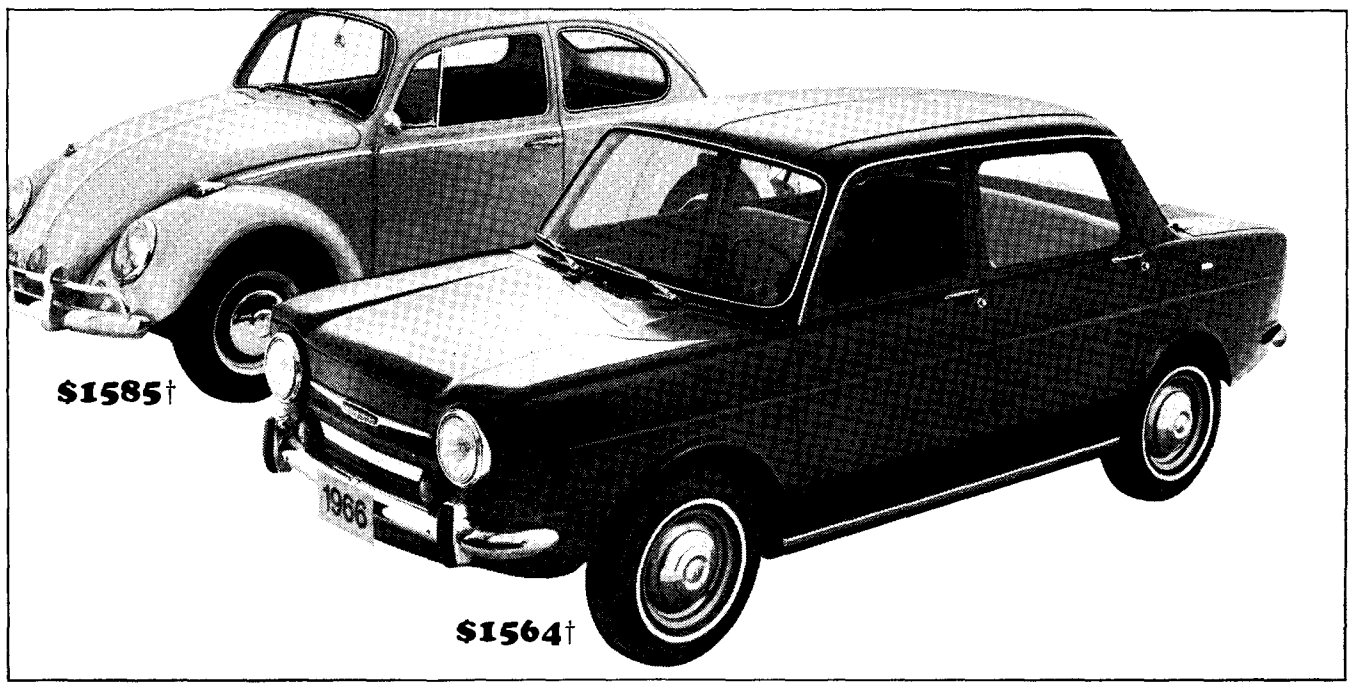
Nor was this all. Effective ambushers must never attack the head of a column, nor hold their fire until the column has passed—either way, some of the enemy column may escape. But to open fire on the middle of the column insures that the ambushees can neither advance nor retreat, but must stand and fight and be annihilated. It was this effect that President Johnson's order unwittingly achieved.

In order to see why this was so, it is only necessary to consider what would have happened if the President had committed American combat troops in Vietnam rather more than a year earlier, when the Pentagon first urged him to do so. In that spring of 1964, the harshest and most burdensome period of the second government's main-force program still lay in the future, and the Viet Cong had barely begun to drop their masks. It would still not have been too late for a convincing reassumption of the Viet Cong mask of agrarian reformers, with no need for heavy taxes or press-ganged conscripts. The V.C. could therefore have pulled back and dug in for many more years of less intensive war, on the classical, slowly erosive, elusive guerrilla pattern that they understand so well. There can be no doubt that this is precisely what the Viet Cong would have done if the President had in fact committed U. S. troops a year earlier. The rule books are very strict about this: Mao Tse-tung strongly emphasizes the need for any guerrilla movement to be ready to retreat at once if the conditions of the struggle unexpectedly develop in an unfavorable manner.

But the Viet Cong could not follow this pull-back rule when Johnson at last committed U. S. troops, because the V.C. had already breached Mao Tse-tung's cardinal rule against alienating popular support before the final victory. It is not easy, after all, for any government, legal or clandestine, to pull back and to ask its people to fight onward indefinitely, if the most sacred promises have been broken, and if this has been justified by assertions that the war will end in triumph in a few weeks or months. It is very dangerous, too, for any guerrilla movement to dilute its fighting units with unwilling conscripts, as the Viet Cong had done.

In the early summer of 1965, this danger was demonstrated by a first trickle of Viet Cong desertions, previously all but unheard of—a trickle that has now become a near hemorrhage in some units and some areas of Vietnam. Above all, there was the danger in the countryside, where heavy taxes and press-gang conscription had caused the people's former propagandized consent to be widely replaced by sullen acquiescence. This danger was also being demonstrated by the tens of thousands who were refusing to acquiesce. And these people, fleeing from "liberated areas" to government areas, have now become a pitiful refugee army of nearly a million men, women and children. Their flight has even begun to leave the V.C. areas seriously short of hands to till the crops. For these reasons, it was much too risky to pull back, and the second government made its defiant choice to continue the war in the main-force phase.

The same basic considerations that



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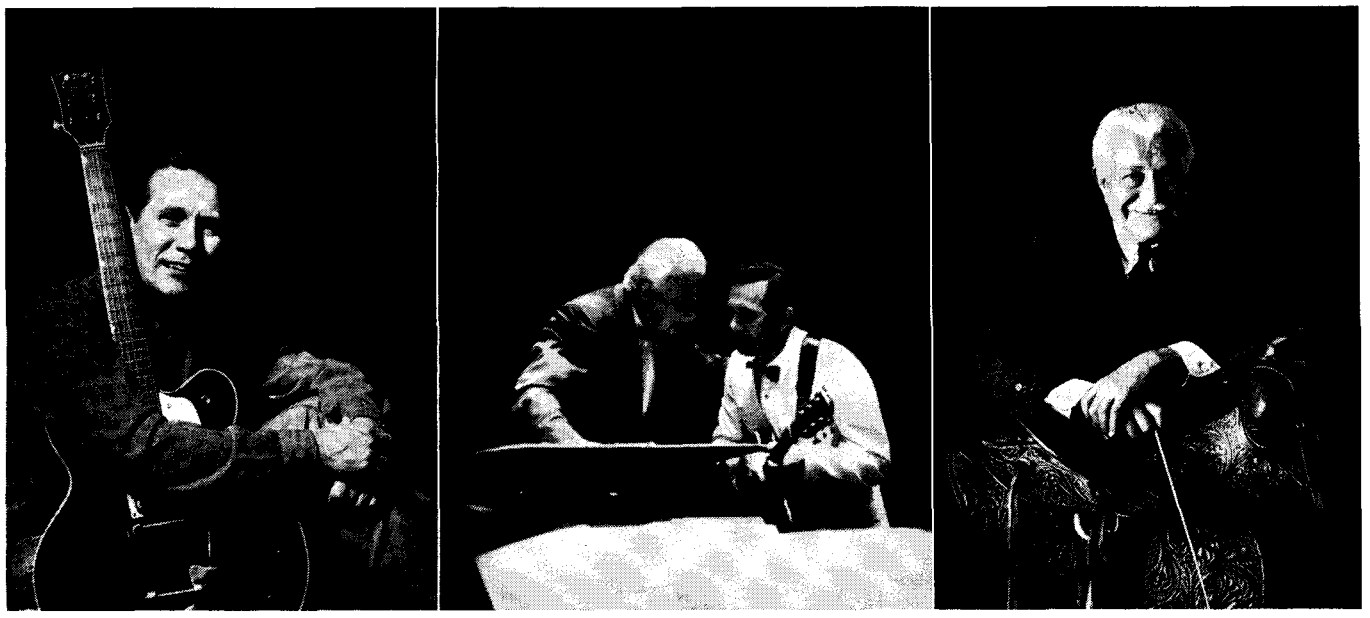
led the Hanoi and V.C. leaders to make this choice also led Gen. Westmoreland to adopt his strategy of "seeking out and destroying" the Viet Cong main forces. When the President's troop commitment abruptly gave Westmoreland the responsibility for turning the tide and winning the war, this careful yet inspired soldier had been studying the Viet Cong for many anxious months. Obviously the V.C. and North Vietnamese main-force regiments, being heavier outfits that could be located and engaged with greater ease, were the most suitable military targets for the incoming American troops. Gen. Westmoreland's chief reasons, nevertheless, for concentrating on the main forces were—and are—paramilitary. Westmoreland reasoned that the Viet Cong had made themselves politically vulnerable by breaking the first rule of Mao Tse-tung, and that this vulnerability would increase as war pressures forced the V.C. to take more rice and more conscripts from the long-suffering villagers. He believed, therefore, that the already severe strains on the V.C. second government could be increased until its entire structure would crumble. And he planned to precipitate this general breakup of the second government's structure by breaking the main-force backbone of the V.C. Time alone can tell whether Westmoreland is right, but he most certainly still believes he will be proved right—if the accidents of Saigon politics do not tragically forestall the proof.

We have now examined two of the three main parts of the war's military pattern—the gamble taken by the V.C. second government to create its main forces and the ambush effect of President Johnson's troop commitment. If the Viet Cong had not gambled by breaking Mao's first rule on popular support and if they now had a less burdensome and more flexible military organization, I should be making a very different military prognosis.

But these conditions do not now exist in Vietnam, because the rules have in fact been broken. And more rule breaking is the essence of the third part of the war's military pattern, which is the acuteness of the combat problems now besetting the V.C. For the Viet Cong leaders, beyond doubt, this is the pattern's most painful part, since their entire experience has taught them to put an almost religious reliance on the simple fighting rules laid down by Giap and Mao. These tactical rules worked brilliantly well for Mao in China, and for Giap against the French and for the Viet Cong themselves until last year. They built the record, in fact, that still leads people to repeat solemnly that "regular troops cannot defeat guerrillas." Yet these closely studied, carefully defined tactical rules for guerrilla war have all but begun to work in reverse in Vietnam nowadays. This is the most far-reaching single result of the U.S. troop commitment.

Consider, for example, "old never-fail." In the years before 1965, "old never-fail" was the sardonic name used by American officers advising the South Vietnamese army for the guerrillas' surprise-attack-plus-ambush combination. This combination was the principal offensive tactic of the Viet Cong, accounting for over 80 percent of their more showy and damaging victories during all the years when the war was going well for them. First would come the predawn news that mortar shells were falling on an isolated government post, which was surrounded by a strong V.C. force that had crept up under cover of darkness. The government's province chief (the military governor) would hastily organize a relieving force, and the column of troops would move out, as dawn began to break, along the wretched, narrow road leading to the post under attack. Then would come the report that the relief column had been ambushed by another strong V.C. force which had slipped into positions commanding the road's most dangerous sector. Next the radio would fall ominously silent, meaning, of course, that the post under attack had also fallen. And so the government's forces would be further eroded and demoralized, government control would be reduced, and V.C. power and authority would once again grow proportionally.

But "old never-fail" began to work very differently with the end of the rather primitive situation envisioned by Mao and Giap—a situation in which the government had few heavy guns, only the barest minimum of air power, and no air-mobile infantry. This situation ceased to exist in South Vietnam last year. First, a network of heavy-artillery positions was thrown over most of the country, and these were linked by good communications to every government post in the popu-



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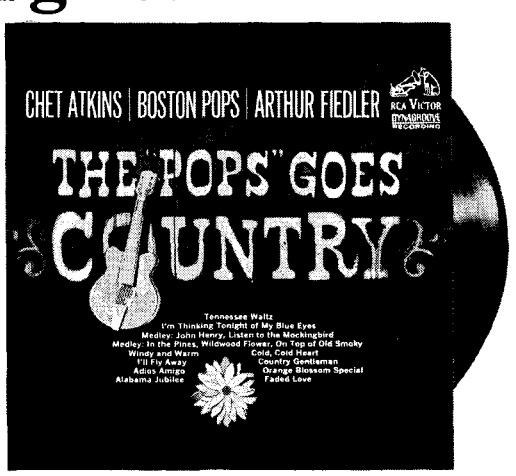

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lated areas, and to most of the more remote posts as well. Second, after Pleiku the President not only ordered bombing of the North, he also authorized direct use of American air power in the South, thereby multiplying the air strength the Viet Cong had to face. And finally, the American troop commitment vastly multiplied the helicopters available for troop lifts.

Today when the Viet Cong attempt "old never-fail," as they still frequently do, the ambushers generally discover that they are really ambushees. The post chosen for surprise attack at once calls in the heavy artillery, and the big guns inevitably slow down the assault. When dawn breaks, U.S. fighters and fighter-bombers make their appearance, guided by spotter planes, and unless the Viet Cong break off the attack, they become exposed targets for decimation from the air. If the situation warrants, there may also be a heli-lift of infantry, either to cut off the V.C. surrounding the post, or to take the V.C. ambushing force in the rear.

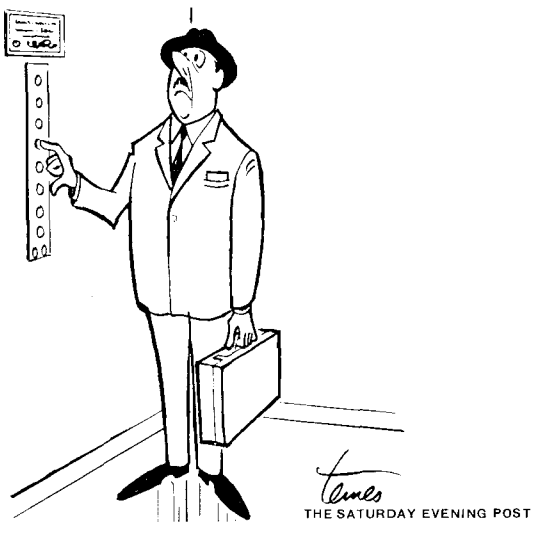
"Old never-fail" has certainly not become "old always-fail." Nor have their novel tactical handicaps taken all the fight out of the Viet Cong, any more than their widespread loss of popular support has deprived them of the active help of the 10 to 15 percent of genuine Communist converts in their "liberated areas." Only recently they were able to bring up two artillery batteries for an attack on the very outskirts of Saigon—which did not succeed, but did cause much disquiet in the city. And terroristic acts continue in most provinces at a very high rate.

Yet it is deeply meaningful that in the months from last September—when the U. S. troop commitment began to have a serious impact—until late April, when these words were written, the record shows only two victorious V.C. operations much above the petty-terror level. These were the annihilation of a South Vietnamese regiment in a Michelin rubber plantation early last winter and the more recent capture of the isolated Special Forces post at Ashau on the Laotian border. By contrast, the Viet Cong failures have been too numerous to be recalled. These failures have vastly greater meaning, moreover, than might be surmised from newspaper stories of body counts of 50 enemy dead here, 100 in another place, and in another place above 200, after a Viet Cong or North Vietnamese assault has been beaten back. These stories mean that the V.C. are now regularly breaking the next-most-important guerrilla rule after the rule about always retaining popular support.

As Mao and Giap both emphasize, any guerrilla movement lives and grows and has its being by success. Great failures may perhaps be precariously survived, as happened in China at the time of the famous Long March. The rule books nonetheless enjoin guerrilla commanders always to prefer the mere assassination of a village elder to the dramatic capture of a district town, if it is thought that the attempt on the town may risk defeat. Yet the Viet Cong have been floundering forward with great obstinacy and courage, from failure to bloody failure for many months, with few military successes.

These changes in the tactical situation have quite directly affected every type of Viet Cong unit, whether main-force, local-force or guerrilla—for the guerrilla bands are almost always ordered to support the larger operations in their neighborhoods. The main forces—Gen. Westmoreland's prime targets—are the units chiefly affected by another change of great significance. Life in a main-force regiment once offered a good deal to tempt an ambitious young Vietnamese. He belonged to a crack unit, which was a matter of pride. He had been taught to believe in an early victory, and as a main-force soldier he could expect personal advancement when victory was won. Above all, he did not have to endure prolonged hardship. Two or three night marches out from the base, one or two days of fighting at the scene of his regiment's operation, and two or three night marches back to his regimental main-base area—that was about the maximum effort that was normally required each month. The balance of every month was spent resting, training, absorbing replacements and doing meticulous sand-table exercises to prepare the next sally against a government post. And all these weeks between operations were passed in the absolute security of a main base, with its simple but comfortable barracks, its reassuring fortifications, and its food caches.

Today, however, this quite bearable existence has suffered a savage transformation. It began when Gen. Westmoreland called in the B-52's of the Strategic Air Command, with their im-



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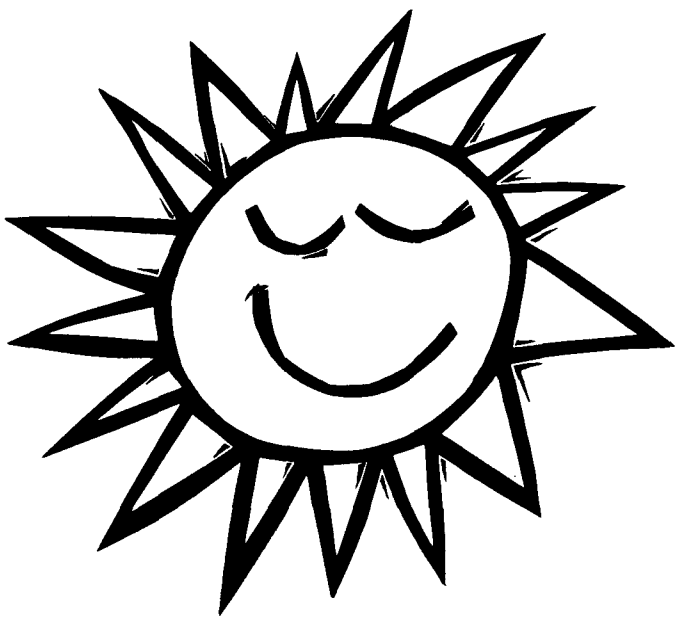

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mense loads of heavy bombs that can penetrate even fortification tunnels 30 feet below ground. Daily since late last summer, the B-52's have been hammering the main-base areas, with such effect, as captured documents have revealed, that the main-force regiments are now under strict orders to spend no more than one night, or at most two nights, in the same place. Long gone, therefore, are each month's restorative stretches of orderly barracks life.

Night after night, the main-force soldiers must bivouac in the jungle or on the mountain slopes. Every day or every two days there is a toilsome march to the next bivouac. These movements cause supply problems, and the men sometimes go hungry. There is little time for rest or training, or any of the other things that keep an outfit happy and in combat trim. In addition, as the American forces in Vietnam have grown stronger, there have been more infantry sweeps through the main-base areas—many of which had not been visited by hostile troops since the beginning of the French war. Supply caches that took months, even years, to accumulate are found and destroyed by our men. Fortifications representing hundreds of thousands, even millions, of man-hours of hard work are discovered and greatly damaged, if not always totally destroyed. V.C. outfits that have sought the base areas' security must either flee or stand and fight against hard odds. In these ways still another cardinal Mao-Giap rule has been broken—the rule that a successful guerrilla movement needs completely secure bases. Without this minimal security, Mao says, any such movement must automatically "deteriorate" into a mere "peasant revolt" which "it would be fanciful to suppose" could "avoid defeat."

From the foregoing follows the final profound change in the V.C. situation. In Vietnam the intelligence gathered has always been substantial, but the South Vietnamese formerly had no way to process intelligence as it came in, much less to respond to it promptly. Nowadays, in contrast, the intelligence gathered has multiplied many times over, partly by freer reporting by the people of the countryside, partly by mechanical means such as airborne infrared devices that spot main-force campfires and the like, and partly by the enormously increased numbers of deserters and prisoners of war. Furthermore Gen. Westmoreland's headquarters has now set up something like a Vietnamese-American intelligence-processing factory, capable of handling several tons of captured documents and several hundreds of interrogations in a single week. Thus it is no longer a case of blind men fighting men who see all too well, as it was for so many years.

The new eyes of the intelligence can even penetrate main-base areas well enough so that each B-52 strike has proved to have an even chance of finding its pinpoint target of barracks and fortifications within the huge surrounding tract of swamp or jungle or mountain forest. Movements of Viet Cong units are also being swiftly tracked if luck is good and the movements are fairly big. Sometimes we have no luck, as with the recent attack near Saigon. Yet good intelligence enabled Gen. Westmoreland to mount no fewer than eight uniformly successful spoiling operations against long-planned V.C. attacks in a recent period of only a few weeks. Thus another crucial rule is being broken pretty frequently, for both Mao and Giap lay great emphasis on all guerrillas' need to move absolutely unseen, while watching the smallest enemy movement. Inasmuch as such texts as Mao Tse-tung's *On the Protracted War* and Vo Nguyen Giap's *People's War, People's Army* have always had the standing of scripture for both the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese, the Mao-Giap prescriptions' rather monotonous failure to work nowadays must be a very shaking thing in itself. The Viet Cong soldiers must be greatly shaken too by the failure of their leaders to find substitute prescriptions that work a bit better. Nowadays a Viet Cong battalion commander getting his orders for another surprise-attack-plus-ambush must have the same sinking feeling that the government's province chiefs always used to have when word came in of another predawn assault on an isolated post. For the long pull, an unending diet of many big and little defeats, with only the rarest success to raise the spirits, can in itself prove fatal to the Viet Cong. The strain of declining morale is already grave, as prisoner interrogations reveal, and this strain is bound to increase if Gen. Westmoreland is allowed to pursue his strategy.

These are the principal factors that control the present pattern of the fighting in Vietnam. I would be less confident of their great significance if I had not closely watched the trend of the fighting. When I visited Vietnam in the spring of 1965, one could easily discern American air power's effects on the Viet Cong. But it was equally easy to see that air power alone was not enough, and that the V.C. would win during the summer if the President did not commit U. S. ground troops.

When I visited Vietnam again last September, the full impact of the initial U.S. troop commitment was really beginning to be felt. The fine Marine victory at Chulai had taught the Viet Cong that Americans were not "paper tigers" after all—at any rate, not on the field of battle. The first B-52 raids on the main bases were beginning to show impressive results. It was already clear that the tide had turned, but it was by no means clear as yet how the Viet Cong and their masters in Hanoi would deal with this alarming change.

On this key point there was some divergence between Gen. Westmoreland and the majority of his staff. Westmoreland already suspected that the President had achieved an unintended ambush, and he therefore doubted whether the Viet Cong were free to follow Mao's rules of "advance and retreat." His staff members were almost unanimous in expecting the Viet Cong to follow the rules. This was a disturbing prospect, for a return to classical guerrilla fighting was bound to mean American troops endlessly marching through jungle and over mountains in frequently vain pursuit of mere companies of the enemy. Westmoreland's staff asked "whether the people at home would stand for an endless penny-packet war." If there was any way at all to exhaust American patience and fortitude, endless penny-packet war was surely the most likely way.

These worries were shown to be ill-founded in October, in the obstinate battle for the Pleime Special Forces post, and in the subsequent fighting in the Ia Drang valley, which continued into early November. For days on end, with superb courage and endurance, a small band of men of the Special Forces, both American and Vietnamese, took on and hurled back a greatly superior number of troops of the V.C. main forces. When the Pleime outpost had been relieved at last, the scene shifted to the Ia Drang valley. Here the men of the 1st Air Cavalry engaged an entire North Vietnamese division, composed of the 32nd regiment, the 33rd regiment, and the 66th regiment, with two V.C. main-force regiments in occasional support. Even by mid-October the number of American combat troops on the ground was not large, and Maj. Gen. Harry Kinnard, commander of the 1st Air Cavalry, could not afford to overcommit his vital division. Hence he never put into the line more than two battalions-plus,

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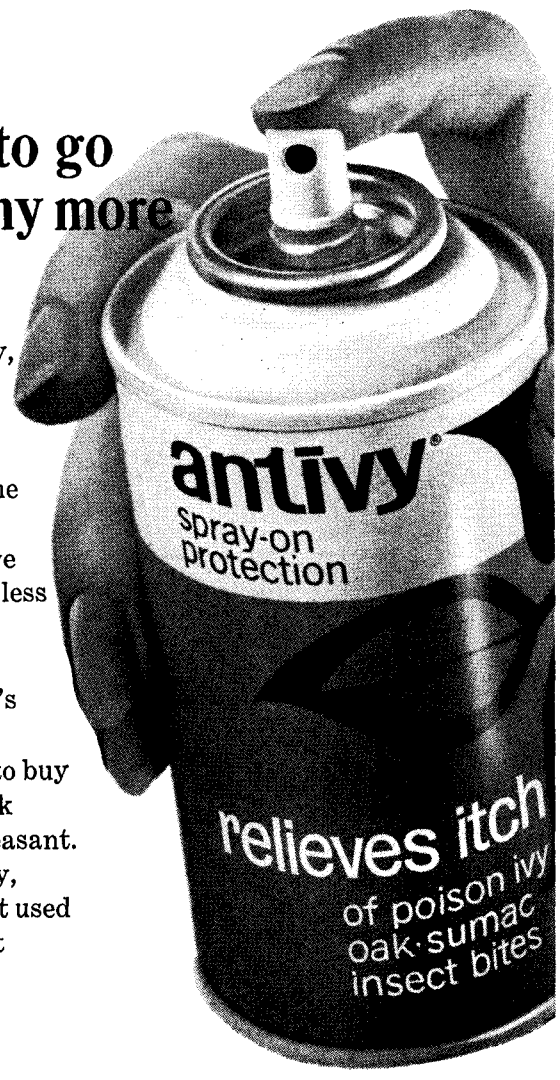

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the battalions in combat being rotated by helicopter as the fighting went on. On our side, therefore, we did not have as much as a full regiment engaged at any one time, whereas the enemy had three regiments always engaged, with two more to aid them.

As must happen, alas, in battle, 275 men of the Air Cavalry were killed in the weeks the action lasted. But we have since captured the enemy's complete battle plans, and we also have a post-battle critique by the North Vietnamese commander on the scene, who has the pseudonym of Gen. Bai Quan. This evidence reveals that in this single battle the enemy lost the staggering total of 5,000 killed and severely wounded, as well as almost all his heavy weapons. By any test this victory against such odds was a shining feat of U. S. arms, all the more noteworthy because these were near-green American troops.

After the Ia Drang valley no one could any longer believe in an intended Viet Cong pull-back to low-level guerrilla activity. If the V.C. could not or would not pull back, it was clear that they would have to try to go forward. Furthermore, there was increasing evidence of a massive, continuing invasion of South Vietnam by North Vietnamese regulars coming down the Ho Chi Minh trail. Reconnaissance also revealed that the North Vietnamese were urgently improving the trail to make it a truckable highway.

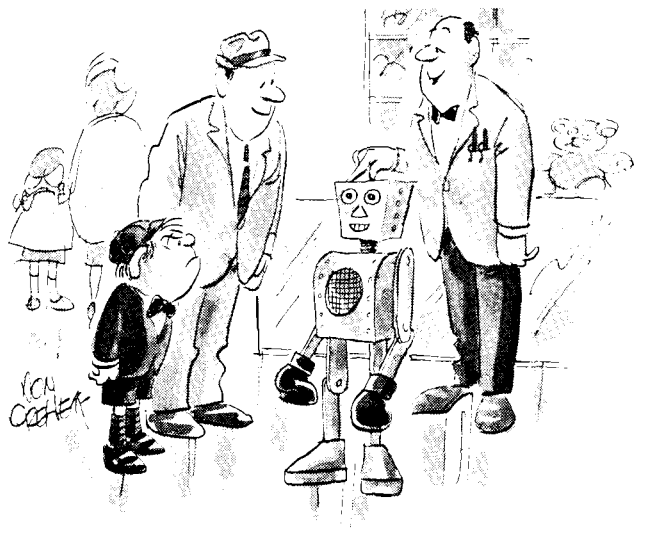
In November, therefore, Hanoi's apparent intention to reinforce the Viet Cong to the utmost led Gen. Westmoreland's staff to make carefully revised estimates of the enemy's maximum capabilities—the maximum military buildup the North Vietnamese government and the V.C. second government could achieve and support. These estimates projected a continuous growth of the enemy main forces in South Vietnam at the rate of two regiments per month until the end of 1966. In other words, the main forces, which had a strength equivalent to 10 divisions when the President committed U. S. troops, were projected to grow to a strength equivalent to about 18 divisions before next New Year's Day.

This projection by Gen. Westmoreland's staff was presented to Secretary of Defense McNamara when he visited Saigon at the end of November. It of course implied a need for a good many more American troops to match the enemy's expected increase of strength. For this reason the new estimates caused a panic in Washington when Secretary McNamara brought them home. Out of the panic grew the President's peace offensive, the pause in the bombing of the North, and other manifestations that presumably helped to renew the Hanoi leaders' slumping faith in their basic theory of American weakness of will. The question remains whether the panic was justified. I think it was wholly unjustified.

My chief reason is based on the situation I discovered when I returned to Vietnam for my most recent visit in February. On the one hand, all was far from perfection on our side. The stability of the South Vietnamese government could certainly not be taken for granted. And the President's hesitant and intricate methods of war-making, combined with the manifestoes of the war's senatorial and other critics, had deprived our men of the absolute confidence in their support at home that American troops in combat always ought ideally to have. On the other hand, however, these imperfections, though serious enough, were powerfully counterbalanced by the situation of the Viet Cong.

The refugee flow from the V.C. areas was increasing; by the end of February the total was nearing 800,000 men, women and children, or close to one sixth of the population that the V.C. had controlled at their high point. Viet Cong propaganda was already publicly denouncing the refugee movement as an imperialist plot to diminish the rice supplies available to the second government's tax collectors. There were symptoms that the V.C. second government's available pool of conscripts had already begun to dry up in more than one province. In Gen. Westmoreland's highly successful Masher-White Wing operation, the two prime-target regiments, the 18th of the North Vietnamese 325th division and the 2nd V.C. main-force regiment, had come south into Bindinh province with the primary intention of taking the offensive—instead they were so badly knocked about that they were put out of action for several months. But P.O.W. interrogations revealed that these regiments' southward move from Quangngai province had the secondary purpose of securing badly needed replacements, since the press gangs had been coming back almost empty-handed.

When I went down to the delta town of My Tho, I discovered the sad



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's an educational toy. If he hits it, it hits him back."

CLINICAL PROGRESS REPORT:

New advance in home treatment for HEMORRHOIDS

Doctors report results "good to excellent" for 5 of every 6 patients with new formula that provides more complete, longer-lasting relief!

Hemorrhoid sufferers by the thousands are turning to new M.P.O.—the advanced discovery that brings faster relief from pain, itch and swelling. Here's why:

Relief starts in seconds—M.P.O. contains more medically accepted pain-relieving ingredients than the preparation you may now be using. And M.P.O. is homogenized for faster absorption of its relief-bringing medication. The instant you apply M.P.O., its anesthetic (Benzocaine) and vasoconstrictor (Ephedrine Sulfate) start to work to relieve pain, stop embarrassing itching and promote shrinking.

Relief lasts longer—Because M.P.O's formula has an exclusive stabilized base, the medication is concentrated on the inflamed tissue to keep on working. And it includes Hexachlorophene, the famous germ killer, to relieve bacteria-caused itching and fight possible infection.

M.P.O. is available at all drug counters in stainless ointment or suppository form. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money back. Get M.P.O. today!

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plight of the most famous V.C. provincial battalion in Vietnam, called by Hanoi radio the "Ever Victorious Ap Bac Battalion" in memory of a smashing success in the past. The "Ever Victorious" had just suffered two drubbings within two months by the local South Vietnamese troops. Furthermore—and much more revealing—the battalion was now afflicted, according to a large number of defectors, with a desertion rate well above 60 percent per year. Each province in Vietnam is markedly different from the next province, and symptoms in Quangngai and in Dinhtuong, the stamping ground of the "Ever Victorious," must never be exaggerated into nationwide symptoms, yet all this evidence was pretty impressive nonetheless.

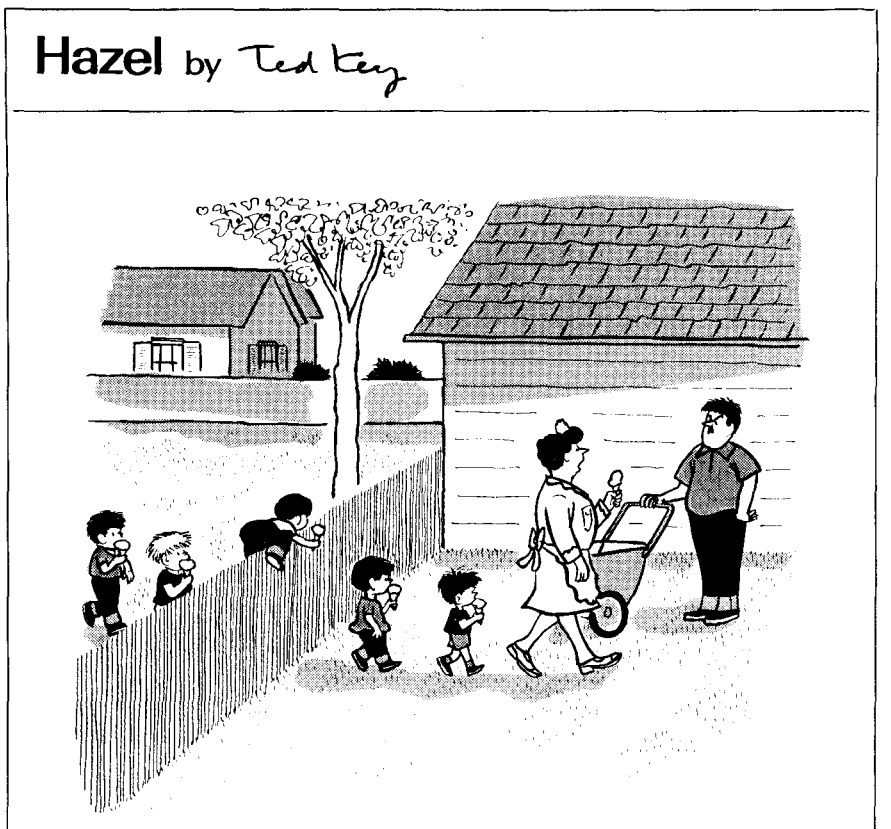
The provincial evidence and the immense refugee movement were impressive, above all, because they had no precedents. Even more impressive, and equally unprecedented, was the evidence of the many battlefields. Until hardly more than a year ago, just one Viet Cong prisoner of war or battlefield deserter was so rare a phenomenon that Saigon would be agog about him for days on end, and it was also a real cause for celebration if as many as four or five enemy dead were found on the field of battle. Even today the V.C. and North Vietnamese have not altered the battlefield discipline that requires all killed and wounded to be carried away by their comrades, any more than they have changed their rules against desertion. After the Chulai fight, a couple of hundred Viet Cong corpses were found hidden in a trench where they had been dragged with butchers' meat hooks. More recently, V.C. P.O.W.'s have turned up with loops attached to their clothing to make dragging easier in case of need—a pre-battle precaution which must surely raise fighting spirit in a wonderful manner. Thus while others might be unimpressed, I, remembering the quite recent past, was left all but incredulous by the almost daily body counts of enemy dead abandoned on the battlefield, and by the constant news of prisoners of war and battlefield deserters.

It is also worth noting that in the two months of January and February, the body counts reached a grisly cumulative total of 7,352 enemy dead. This means that the true total of enemy killed in action was certainly above 10,000, for although counts made in combat must be discounted for accidental duplication, a big addition must also be made for enemy dead dragged away in continuing compliance with the old discipline. It is also conservative to assume that the total of the enemy's disablingly wounded was double the total of those killed. Hence the overall figure for enemy dead and disabled in January and February alone was probably above 30,000. To this must be added 1,100 P.O.W.'s and battlefield deserters—the latter being troops who seize the opportunity of battle to squat down in a ditch until they are overrun by our men. To be sure, not more than half these heavy V.C. losses were soldiers of the main forces, for many were porters, guerrillas, local-force troops and even civilians impressed as temporary porters. But even so, it was abundantly clear that the main forces were being very badly knocked about. This was all the more striking because the Ia Drang experience had taught the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese commanders not to court any more set-piece battles. Engaging main forces had therefore become more difficult, since they in most cases had first to be sought out. Altogether the "seek out and destroy" strategy struck me as succeeding beyond all expectations. What is more important, this opinion was—and is—shared by Gen. Westmoreland.

If you look at this war's military aspect without regard to such political factors as instability in Saigon, or hesitancy in Washington to give full backing to Gen. Westmoreland, you have to conclude that the situation is full of promise. To be sure, the enemy is still reinforcing at about the rate projected in the November estimates. To be sure, the very fact that the enemy is still reinforcing means that clearly he intends to use his reinforcements in battle. So there is hard fighting still ahead. But if you make a practical analysis of the V.C. second government's problems, you are driven to conclude that the present enemy reinforcement is like one of those last high raises that losing players sometimes make to frighten their opponents out of a poker game.

The limit on the number of troops the North Vietnamese Communists can send southward is not yet in sight, but the limit is quite clearly in sight on the number of troop units the V.C. second government can sustain in the South. This is why it is wrong to talk about an "unlimited war," and this is also the main reason for believing that we are confronted with something like a desperate last high raise in poker. If you examine the projection of enemy-troop buildup made by Gen. Westmoreland's staff, you find, first of all, that most of the buildup is accounted for by a very large additional invasion of the South by North Vietnamese. This is projected, the second government is eventually going to have to provide the main forces with nearly twice as much rice each month, with at least double the number of men to fill gaps in the regimental ranks, and with close to double the number of men or women (for women are now being drafted for this purpose) to serve in the porter battalions and the longer range transport detachments. If the strain was already severe in the spring of 1965, what then will be the strain on the V.C. second government by December, 1966?

The answer, I think, is that the present enemy reinforcement has behind it a truly desperate decision—a decision, in fact, to throw in all remaining reserves, and to consume all the remaining stocks of food and other supplies still cached in the main bases, to make one final try for victory. If this be true, we are indeed confronted with a last high raise. And the maker of a last high raise always loses the game if another player has the resources



"Shortcut."

and the courage to call and raise again.

I believe that we in America have the needed courage, as I know we have the needed resources. To this hopeful observation, however, I must add two brief footnotes. First, a warning is needed concerning that phrase "losing the game." When and if Gen. Westmoreland succeeds in breaking the enemy's main forces, the big war in Vietnam will be over, and the game will really be won. Breaking the main forces will break most of the V.C. power in the countryside. It will not break *all* the V.C. power, however. A little war of mopping-up operations, costing few casualties and needing fewer troops, but troublesome and ugly all the same, may therefore continue for a considerable period. By method and determination, that little war can be won in the end in South Vietnam. But the war planners in Hanoi will still be the masters of the V.C. remnants of the South. They will still have the power to end all fighting by calling home their men. And the prime reason for maintaining a stern, persistent, though not irrational, bombing pressure on North Vietnam is to teach the lesson that the call-home order had better be given as soon as the big war in the South is decisively lost.

Second, despite the hopefulness of the military situation, the war can perhaps be lost somewhere in the dark labyrinths of Saigon politics. Despite all the positive factors, this warning must be reiterated, and the need for American patience with the vagaries of Vietnamese politics must be emphasized. For close on a century before 1954, the Vietnamese had no experience of self-government. Under Ngo Dinh Diem, they then made considerable progress. As authoritarian governments go, the Diem regime was worthy of considerable respect—far more respect, certainly, than the dogmatic, harsh and gloomy Communist regime in the North—but under Diem, the Vietnamese got their bellyful of authoritarian government in Saigon. A long period of sometimes wild cut-and-try is therefore unavoidable, before the Vietnamese find the mode of government that suits their traditions, habits and outlook. There is nothing to worry about in that—so long as they do not stab themselves in the back during one of the wilder cut-and-tries. For the long pull, moreover, South Vietnam is one of the very richest countries in Asia, with an industrious and talented people who have been forcefully dragged into the 20th century by all the technological lessons of their bitter war experience. So I have no patience with those who ask, "What shall we have in South Vietnam, even if we win?" Every sort of basic factor promises a good future, if the suffering people of South Vietnam can only be granted peace at last. If that time comes, moreover, the United States can not only take the satisfaction of a stronger nation that has rendered loyal service to a weaker ally, we in our country can also sleep more easily in our own beds. For if the northern Communist aggression against South Vietnam is not successfully defeated, there will be another such aggression, and another, and another, until men begin to say, "The line must be drawn somewhere." And thus the Third World War may begin, and that is what we are now fighting to avert. □

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Our 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty* gives the '66 Plymouth Fury a new kind of beauty.

Lasting beauty.

*Here's how Plymouth's 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty protects you: Chrysler Corporation confidently warrants all of the following vital parts of its 1966 cars for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material and workmanship will be replaced or repaired at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excepting manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential and rear wheel bearings. Required maintenance: The following maintenance services are required under the warranty— change engine oil every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; replace oil filter every second oil change; clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; and every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. Simple enough for such important protection.

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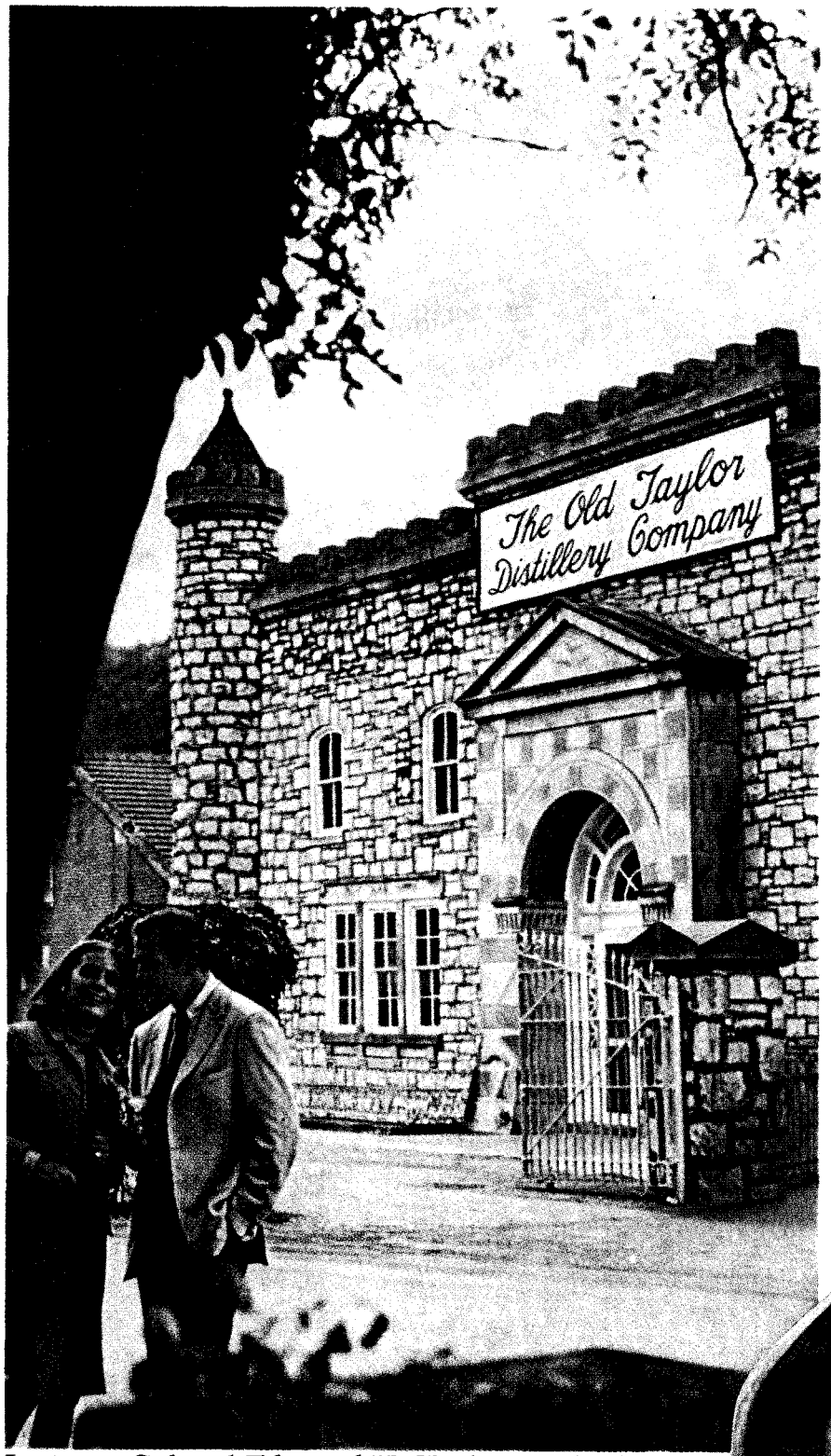
Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery

The timeless flavor of Old Taylor stems from a 19th-century secret. Taste it—enjoy the secret with us.



In 1887, Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., built this castle of native Kentucky limestone to house his distillery. Here he created a Bourbon so smooth, so rich, so rewarding that today's moderns—who go all out for the best in taste—make it their own. Shouldn't you?

People in the know, know Old Taylor—and prefer it. People in the know always have.

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor except the people who drink it

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

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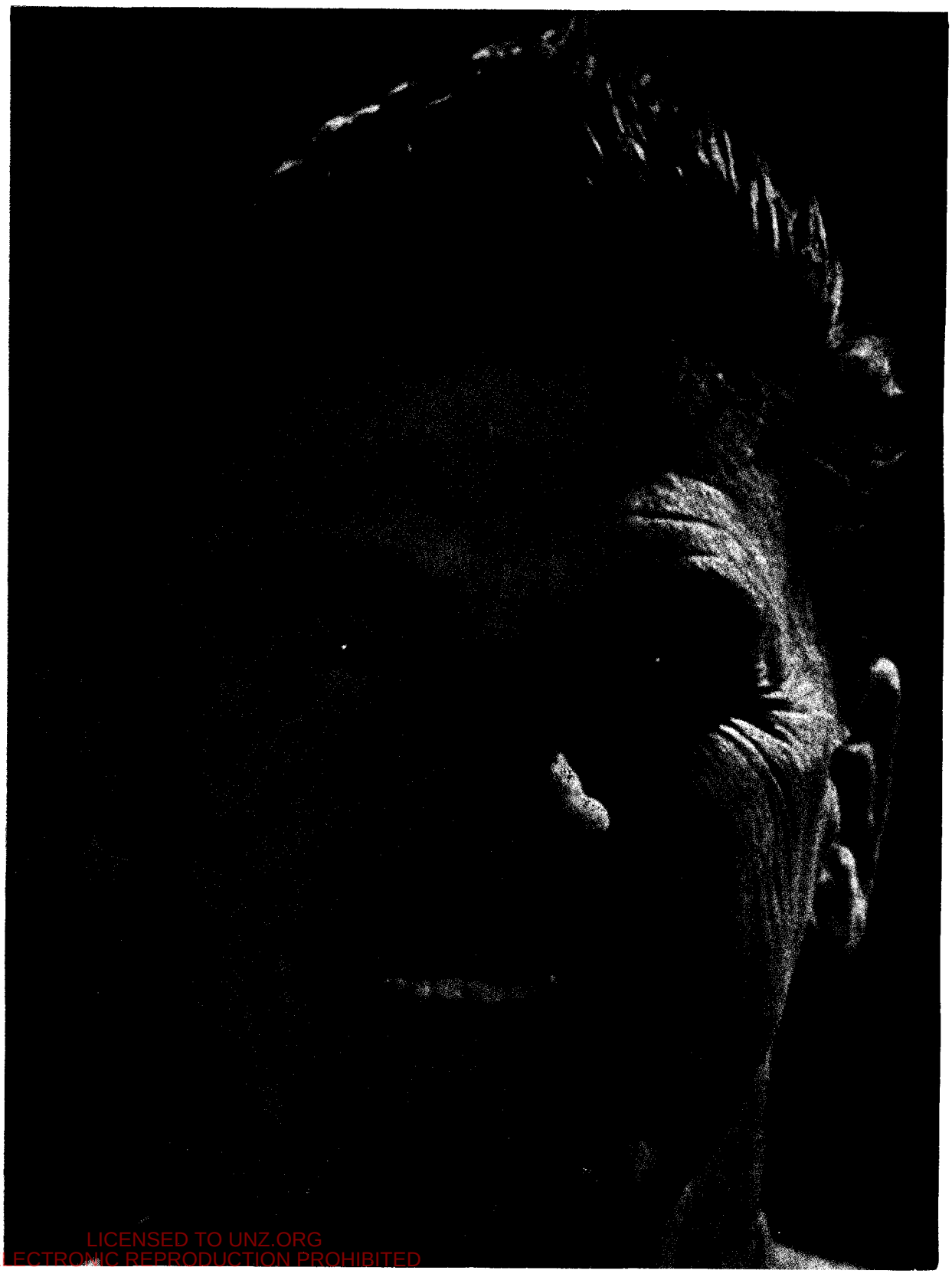
CAN REAGAN WIN CALIFORNIA?

BY JAMES PHELAN

Will his fiery support of Goldwater in 1964 hurt Ronald Reagan in his campaign to become the G.O.P. candidate for governor? Suspense is building to the climactic primary vote on June 7.



Sure he's drawing the crowds," snorts one rival candidate for political office. "So would Jayne Mansfield."

If the gibe bothers Ronald Reagan, he certainly doesn't show it. Making the first political run of his life, he faces an audience with the easy confidence of a seasoned professional. Wearing a faultlessly tailored suit, his small-figure tie carefully knotted, he stands relaxed and smiling and waits for the applause to die. As it wanes, he slides the microphone closer and tilts it with a practiced hand. He holds for that dramatic first moment past the last spatter of hands, and then launches into his favorite theme: Government is too big.

For 12 years Reagan preached this doctrine throughout the U.S. for industry and for Republican candidates. Now he is expounding it up and down California on his own behalf—as Republican candidate for governor of the nation's biggest state.

Before him, when he speaks, is a stack of 3-by-5 cards, each with large lettering in his own neat hand, so he can scan it quickly without his reading glasses. There is one card for each topic he will touch on. Using these cards like building blocks, he can construct a 10-minute talk or an hour-long speech. As he speeds from one gathering to the next, he works in the back seat of his car, rearranging cards, lettering up new ones, fussing over the sequence until his car pulls up to another auditorium.

In a one-hour speech he deals with a dozen issues without seeming to glance once at the cards. The statistics roll out, interspersed with jokes and short, neat anecdotes to make the figures come alive. He touches upon the state budget ("Governor Brown calls it lean and hard, and believe me, that's what he's doing—leanin' hard"), Watts ("Government has moved in so many administrators you would think they are going to trample the problem to death"), The Great Society ("It grows greater every day—greater in cost, greater in inefficiency, and greater in waste"), farm production, taxes and crime. He moves on to discuss the Berkeley demonstrations, the business climate, welfare. With each issue the villain is government—inept, out of touch with the people, arrogant and, above all, costly. The solution he proposes is "The Creative Society" of Ronald Reagan.

The Creative Society will "tap the talents of our people" to bring "the fresh air of commonsense thinking to bear on their problems." His voice moves upbeat as he paints a picture of his brave new world. It is one "that can achieve every goal of the

Photographs by Jack Fields

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At shopping center in Fremont, near San Francisco, Reagan drew a noonday crowd of typical suburbanites.

An ardent New Dealer in the 1930's, Reagan did not register as a Republican until 1962.

Great Society," and somehow do so without all those taxes and bureaucrats.

When the last card has been turned, he moves smoothly to the question-and-answer period with a disarming preface: "I'm now going to demonstrate that I have more courage than good sense by asking for questions." He meets the thornier ones with a boyish smile and a wry, "That's a tough one, but I'll do my best." And after doing so, he charms the questioner with a tactic that few politicians employ. Instead of moving swiftly to someone else, he asks politely, "Have I answered you satisfactorily?"

From the beginning, impressive numbers of people have turned out to hear him—more, in the same towns, than Barry Goldwater pulled during the white-hot 1964 primary. The audiences are attentive and good-natured rather than aroused, and the bitterness and resentment that ran through the Goldwater crowds is gone. His aides are even beginning to make comparisons between Reagan's charm and John F. Kennedy's. They are restrained by an X factor: How many people show up just to see a live movie star, and how many really want to send him up to Sacramento to run their problem-plagued state?

Every poll indicates that he is out in front of his chief Republican opponent, George Christopher, former mayor of San Francisco. Christopher is a moderate who backed Rockefeller in the 1964 primary, while Reagan was campaigning ardently for Barry Goldwater. The Reagan-Christopher contest is therefore a sort of double feature: actor-amateur vs. political pro, and conservative vs. moderate. As a result, the G.O.P. vote on June 7 will probably be the most closely watched primary election in the country.

For all its underlying drama the Republican race in California has been marked by an almost eerie calm. In part this is the accomplishment of a pair of professional political managers, William Roberts and Stuart Spencer, who have helped Reagan avoid the kind of bloody showdown that marked the battle between Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller. But mainly the peace in Republican ranks is the work of the G.O.P. state chairman, Gaylord Parkinson.

In every recent election year, Parkinson noted, the Republicans had walloped each other insensible in the spring, while in the fall the Democrats walked off with most of the major state offices, massive majorities in both houses of the legislature, and a heavily Democratic Congressional majority. Parkinson decided that Republicans would fare better if they fought Democrats rather than each other, and forthwith laid down what has become known as The Eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not speak ill of any Republican."

While Parkinson's decree has, for the most part, succeeded in gentling the Republicans, angry contention has erupted among the Democrats—as Stewart Alsop notes on page 14. Normally, an incumbent governor who has twice defeated top-flight opponents could have his party's nomination for the asking, and genial Gov. Edmund (Pat) Brown spent a relaxed winter, filling his campaign coffers and now and then cocking an ear for the first sounds of battle between Christopher and Reagan. Instead, he discovered that he was engaged in combat himself. In March, Los Angeles maverick mayor, Sam Yorty, announced as Democratic candidate for governor.

Yorty, who bolted to Nixon against John Kennedy in 1960, has attacked Brown so bitterly that the feisty mayor may well jump the party fence again if beaten in the primary. He accuses Brown of running a "tired administration" and dwells on the governor's sorest point, a towering $4.6 billion budget that has forced Brown into some fancy bookkeeping to avoid tax increases during an election year. "The way Brown is running the budget," says Yorty, "I don't think he plans or *wants* to be elected governor next year."

Brown retorted that Yorty has failed miserably in running Los Angeles and expressed confidence that the voters "will not escalate this incompetence to higher office." Even the Vietnam war has been injected into the local fight. When Yorty visited Vietnam briefly last December, Brown's aides castigated him for ducking off to Saigon instead of staying on the job and coping with his city's festering racial problems. And when on his return Yorty began giving lectures about the war, they started calling him "an instant Clausewitz" who heads "the only American city with a foreign policy of its own."

This Democratic bloodletting has lifted Republican hopes and made the G.O.P. nomination more than a token prize. Battered twice by Pat Brown—who always seems to be running badly until the votes are counted—Republican optimism is tempered with caution. But Brown's aides privately concede that he is in trouble, especially in vote-heavy Southern California, Reagan's territory.

Twenty years ago Hollywood would have howled down any suggestion that Ronald Reagan play the real-life role of Republican candidate for governor, and no one would have howled louder than Reagan. He was then an outspoken Democrat, a flaming liberal who jeered at George Murphy, one of the few Republicans around, as "an arch reactionary." Senator Murphy is noticeably absent from the ranks of Hollywood veterans—John Wayne, James Cagney, Irene Dunne, Mary Pickford, Caesar Romero, Harold Lloyd, Fred MacMurray, Walter Pidgeon, Andy Devine, Ken Murray—now backing Reagan. Murphy is publicly neutral in the G.O.P. primary.

Reagan came to Hollywood in 1937, at the age of 26. He was born February 6, 1911, in the little town of Tampico, Ill. His father was a shoe salesman, an Irish Catholic (who once stomped out of the only hotel in town because it didn't accept Jews), a Democrat and an alcoholic. (Reagan, who vividly remembers the first time he saw his father drunk, drinks only sparingly today.) He took an A.B. from tiny Eureka College, near Peoria, where he helped pay his expenses by acting as the school lifeguard and swimming coach and by washing dishes in a fraternity house. From college he went into radio and spent five years as a sportscaster for station WHO in Des Moines.

He broke into the movies almost casually, although even at college he realized he "had the heart of a ham-loaf." Sent to Catalina Island to cover the spring training of the Chicago Cubs, Reagan took time off to go prospecting in Hollywood. An agent took one glance at his six feet of wholesome, square-shouldered, all-American good looks and phoned Warner Brothers that "I've got another Robert Taylor!" Warner's, who had Taylor under contract, replied frostily that "There is only *one* Robert Taylor." But the studio signed Reagan on at $200 a week.

He made 50 pictures, some of which he would just as soon forget. His top roles were that of football star George Gipp in *Knute Rockne—All American* ("Go out there and win one for the Gipper!") and the playboy in *King's Row*, whose legs were amputated by a sadistic doctor ("Where's the *rest* of me?").

In 1940 he married actress Jane Wyman, and they had a daughter and adopted a son. He spent the war years as a commissioned officer at "Camp Wacky," the old Hal Roach studio, making training movies for the Air Force, and then returned to Warner Brothers, with a $3,500-a-week contract. In 1948 his wife divorced him, and in 1952 he married another actress,

Nancy Davis, the quiet, wide-eyed daughter of a Chicago surgeon. They have two children—Patricia, 13, and Ronald, 8—and live on a hill overlooking the Pacific.

Reagan also owns a 305-acre ranch in the Malibu hills, where he breeds Thoroughbred horses. He complains that rising taxes will soon drive his ranch operation into the waiting arms of subdividers, and he cites his taxes—"They've gone up twelve hundred percent in fifteen years"—as an example of ever-burgeoning governmental cost. However, the value of the ranch has also skyrocketed. Today it is conservatively valued at a million dollars. His county property tax is now $9,412, having doubled in four years under a new, aggressive—and Republican—tax assessor, who intends to double it again this year. "Mr. Reagan is like most California taxpayers," said a spokesman for the assessor. "He talks

Fielding questions from a crowd of students at state college in Hayward, Reagan selects next inquisitor by pointing to one raised hand.

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about rising taxes but says nothing about the enormous increase in the value of his property."

The political journey that turned Reagan from ardent New Dealer into ardent Republican began about 16 years ago. He had voted four times for Franklin Roosevelt, and in 1948 for Harry Truman. In the yeasty postwar years he even served briefly on the board of the Hollywood Independent Citizens Committee of Arts, Sciences and Professions, an organization concocted, according to the testimony of a Communist Party functionary, in the offices of the *Daily Worker*. (When Reagan discovered the truth about HICCASP, he quit.)

In 1952 and 1956 he was a Democrat for Eisenhower, and in 1960 a Democrat for Nixon. Reagan maintains that he has remained constant throughout, while the political spectrum shifted, and that the Democratic Party left him rather than vice versa. He does not pinpoint the time when it wandered off. "It was a gradual process," he says. "I became more and more disturbed over some of the positions I found my party taking." In 1962 he finally decided the Democrats were not coming back to him, and became a registered Republican.

From 1954 to 1962 he worked for General Electric. His contract called for him to act as host and program supervisor of television's *G.E. Theatre*, and to tour G.E. plants throughout the country, talking to the workers, as part of the company's personnel-relations program. His speeches generally concerned the evils of burgeoning government, along with inside stuff about Hollywood, and he presently began enlarging his circuit to include civic clubs and state political conventions. Reagan says that the speeches—and their subject—were his own. "G.E. never suggested what I should talk about," he insists, "and never indicated I was singing the wrong song and should switch tunes."

In 1959, however, there was a dustup of sorts after he cited the Tennessee Valley Authority as a horrible example of governmental excesses. T.V.A. was a $50 million customer for G.E. equipment. Reagan says he dropped the T.V.A. reference from his speech of his own volition, after G.E. Chairman Ralph Cordiner conceded—when Reagan asked him—that the excision "would make my job easier." Three years later, when *G.E. Theatre* left the air, Reagan shifted to *Death Valley Days*, which he emceed, occasionally playing a part, until he became a candidate. He is now on what he calls sabbatical leave from the show.

His political star rose literally overnight. In the closing weeks of the 1964 campaign he made a passionate televised speech in behalf of Barry Goldwater. The speech, "A Time for Choosing," brought a flood of congratulations, and some expressions of wry regret that Reagan was not running instead of Goldwater. After the November debacle he was importuned by a number of conservatives to enter politics himself. They reasoned that the voters had not actually rejected the conservative doctrine, but that the liberals had distorted Goldwater's image—a theory that Reagan himself has espoused. They turned to Reagan as the man who could preach their doctrine and make it sing.

"The whole notion of entering politics was alien to my thinking," says Reagan. "I had thought we would win in 1964, and I'd go back to my business. It was a difficult decision to make."

Early last year a group of Californians organized "The Friends of Ronald Reagan," spearheaded by Henry Salvatori, a Los Angeles banker; Holmes Tuttle, an auto distributor, and A. C. Rubel of Union Oil Co. The "Friends" helped underwrite a political cram course for Reagan by the public-relations firm of Spencer-Roberts, and sampled Republican reaction to Reagan's candidacy throughout California. An independent fund-raising drive for Reagan was undertaken by movie star John Wayne, who wrote to a select list of wealthy Californians, asking for contributions.

When Spencer-Roberts handled Rockefeller's multimillion-dollar California campaign in 1964, the firm jangled alarms up and down the state against the "right-wing extremists" clustering around Reagan's idol, Goldwater. But things have changed. "The right-wing issue is now old hat," Roberts announced, after signing on to promote Reagan. "If the Democrats raise it against Reagan, we'll hit them with the *left-wing* issue—Berkeley, the anti-Vietnam demonstrations."

In an interview last year, Roberts was quoted as considering Reagan "a hot product . . . because he's kind of supplanted Goldwater in people's minds. But we're going to try to shift that image. In fact, we've got to if we're going to win. . . ."

Reagan, however, is not simply the creation of cynical image-makers. Before he linked up with Spencer-Roberts, he himself studied what had happened to Goldwater and advocated some image-shifting for the conservatives. In an analysis of the Goldwater defeat, he declared, "There are no plans for retreating from our present positions, but we can't advance without reinforcements. . . . In short, time now for the soft sell."

Reagan has been solidly for the Eleventh Commandment and G.O.P. unity. Where Goldwater straight-armed the liberal wing of his party on the night of his nomination, Reagan vows he'll link arms with any and all Republicans, win or lose the primary. "I want to make it plain," he says repeatedly, "that if the party chooses another, I'll jump the net and congratulate him before the

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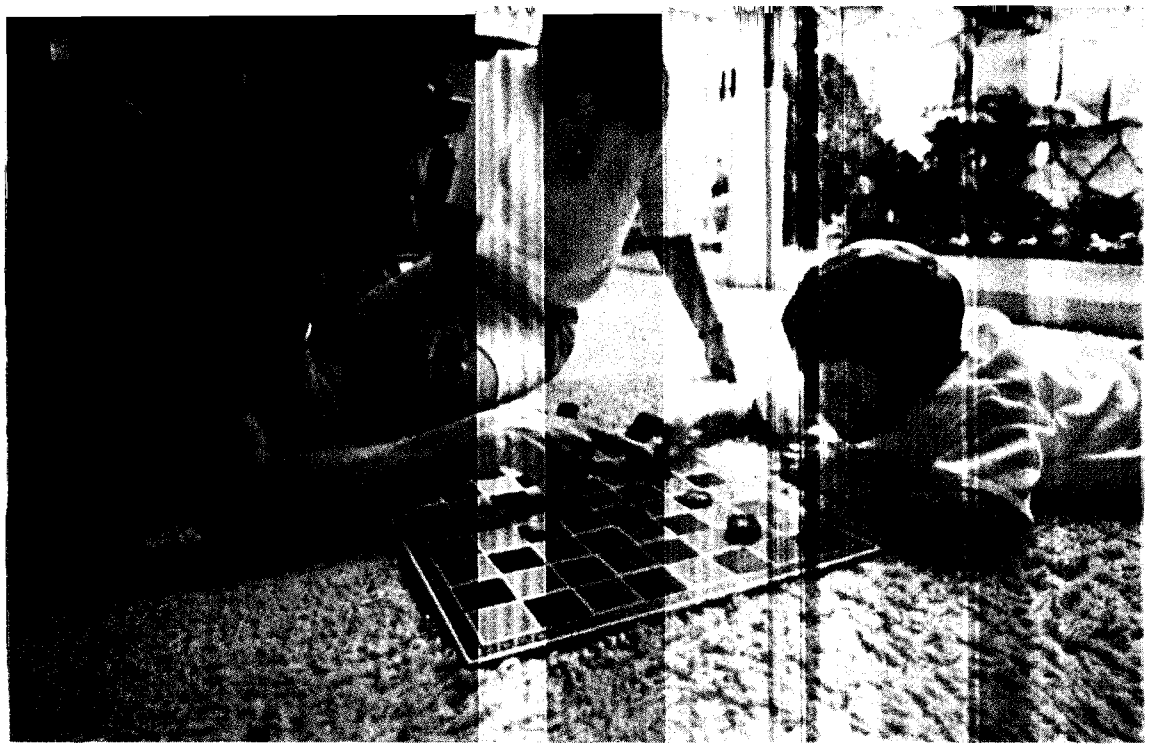
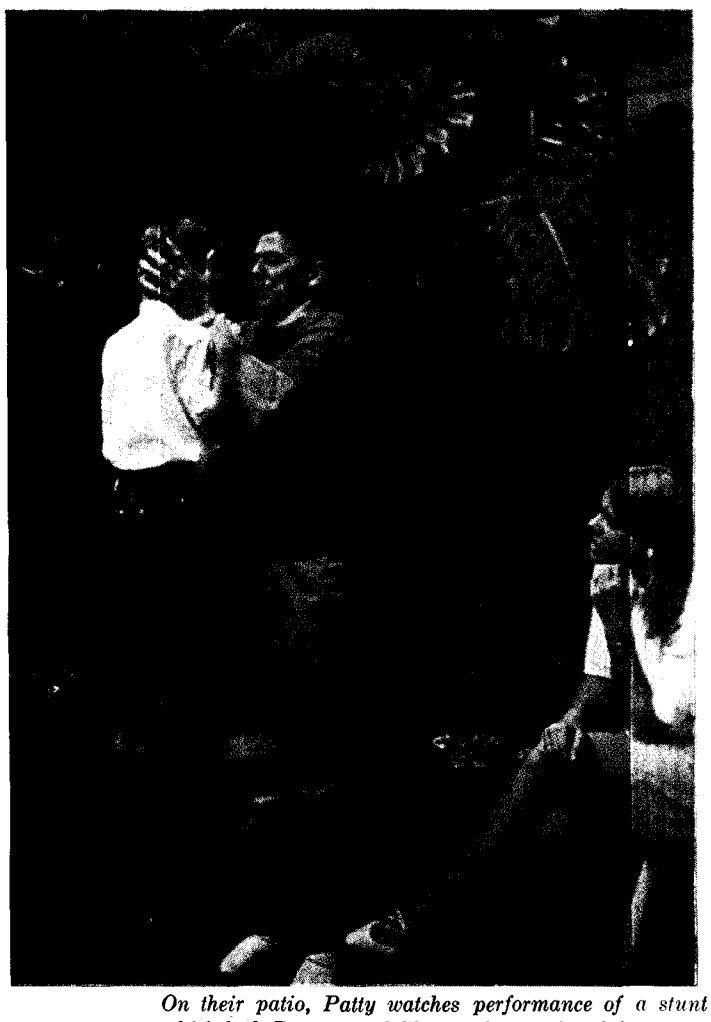


Home on vacation from her school in Arizona, Patty Reagan looks on as her father and younger brother, Ronald (Skipper), stretch out for a game of checkers.



On their patio, Patty watches performance of a stunt which both Reagan and Skipper have enjoyed for years.

ball stops bouncing." For members of the John Birch Society Reagan's arm-linking offer has some cautious provisos. He has refused either to solicit their support or to reject it. The Birchers have to link *their* arms with his, Reagan makes clear. "That way, if they back me, they're buying my philosophy; I'm not buying theirs." There is little doubt whose philosophy the Birchers will buy. In 1962 Reagan served as featured speaker at a fund-raising affair for John Rousselot, then running for Congress as an avowed J.B.S. member. Reagan says he gave a hand to Rousselot, now national publicist for the Birch Society, "automatically, because he was a Republican."

Nevertheless, Reagan's past association with the G.O.P.'s right wing has sometimes come close to drawing Republicans back into their old self-destructive ways. In April an organization called the California Republican Assembly convened in San Jose to determine which gubernatorial candidate was worthy of its formal blessing. The C.R.A., a band of 12,000 volunteer workers, includes some of California's craggiest conservatives. In the past it has denounced the graduated income tax, Medicare and urban renewal, and called for investigation of the United Nations for possible un-Americanism. It examines candidates with a pitiless ideological microscope. Its favorite test is: Has he ever met a payroll?

Reagan's rival, Christopher, has been meeting payrolls for years as a prosperous San Francisco milk distributor. A stocky, self-made businessman, he is seasoned in government and has an asset rare among Republican candidates—the sweet smell of political success. While he trails Reagan when the state's Republicans are polled, he runs better than Reagan—and far ahead of Brown—in cross-section samplings of the full electorate.

But Christopher has some unforgivable stains on his record, as viewed through the C.R.A.'s microscope. In the 1964 Armageddon, Christopher sided with Rockefeller against Goldwater. Moreover, he came to San Jose bearing the endorsement of liberal Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel, whom far-right-thinking Republicans dislike even more than they do Pat Brown. The C.R.A. enthusiastically booed Christopher. Then it gave a standing ovation—and its endorsement—to Ronald Reagan, who has never met a payroll, but who was on the right side with Goldwater at Armageddon.

Reagan's charm and affability are also great assets. "I disagree with almost everything he says," one Brown appointee remarks. "But dammit, I can't help but feel that he is basically a nice guy." His political ambitions offend some people, however, and not all of them are Democrats. "He has done nothing but demean the processes of government, without a day of experience," says a Los Angeles lawyer and former Republican officeholder. "I think he ought to serve an apprenticeship before he sets himself up as an expert." George Christopher adds: "I would have no objection to supporting him—if he was running for city council somewhere."

Early in the campaign, Spencer-Roberts planned to counter the novice-in-government issue with a comparison between Reagan and Eisenhower, who went straight to the White House without a day in elective office. As a parallel to Eisenhower's vast administrative experience in SHAEF and NATO, they would offer Reagan's six terms as head of the Screen Actors Guild. But then they decided that this would only serve to emphasize Reagan's acting career, which has already raised a nagging question in the minds of some voters: Behind the smooth performance, what is the real Reagan? The ploy was quietly dropped. ("There are some who want to maneuver me into turning my back on my profession," says Reagan. "They've got a long wait coming.")

Reagan has blown up only once—and to his staff's horror he did it before a Negro audience. Getting Negroes even to listen to him has been a major unsolved problem. His audiences everywhere are virtually all white, even in cities with a heavy Negro population.

In March he appeared with Christopher and a third candidate, William Patrick, before a group of Negro leaders in Santa Monica, to explore ways of attracting Negroes back into the Republican Party. One of the Negroes asked bluntly what "we can tell our people" about Reagan's statement that he agreed with Goldwater's vote against the 1964 civil-rights bill. Reagan replied that he approved what the bill was trying to do, but supported Goldwater's view that "it was a bad piece of legislation." Christopher said that Goldwater's vote "did more than any other thing to hurt the Republican Party," and Patrick added, "It's very difficult to defend an indefensible position. Let the dead be buried." Shortly after this, Reagan rose and in a strained voice said, "I resent the implication that there is any bigotry in my nature. Don't anyone ever imply that I lack integrity. I will not stand silent and let anyone imply that—in this or any other group." And he stalked out.

Later he explained that he had no quarrel with the audience, but he had "got mad" at the other candidates for "demagogic inferences that I was a racist or bigot." A tape recording of the session shows that neither candidate addressed himself to Reagan or mentioned "racist or bigot." Christopher promptly invoked the Eleventh Commandment against Reagan for implying that *he* had made such implications, and chided Reagan for "running off to his dressing room."

Reagan's Santa Monica walkout has convinced some Democrats that he may be an effective puncher, but he can't take a counterpunch. Late in April, Governor Brown, who had been ignoring Reagan's jabs, decided to try hitting back. Reagan had told a star-studded $100-a-plate dinner that he could cut Brown's budget by $245 million—and had reeled off a series of departmental totals without listing any specifics.

Brown promptly bundled up the 1,175-page budget and mailed it to Reagan, enclosing a blue pencil. "Assuming your statement is serious," Brown wrote, "you owe it to the taxpayers to detail your suggested cuts. The process is simple... run a blue pencil through the items which you think can be eliminated." Brown added that Reagan's Republican colleagues in the Assembly had studied the budget for three months and could cut it only $25 million. Brown then mailed the package, addressing it to "Ronald Reagan, actor, Hollywood, California."

Reagan declined the proffered blue pencil. "A cute trick," he sniffed.

The polls show a strange situation in both parties. It reflects the peculiar makeup of the California electorate, which has always baffled observers and made predictions hazardous. Party discipline in California is almost nonexistent. Although the Democrats have a 3-to-2 edge in the registration, both U.S. senators—Murphy and Kuchel—are Republican. The voters suddenly decide they like some fellow and vote for him

With wife Nancy and Skipper, Reagan drives through 305-acre ranch where he raises Thoroughbred horses.

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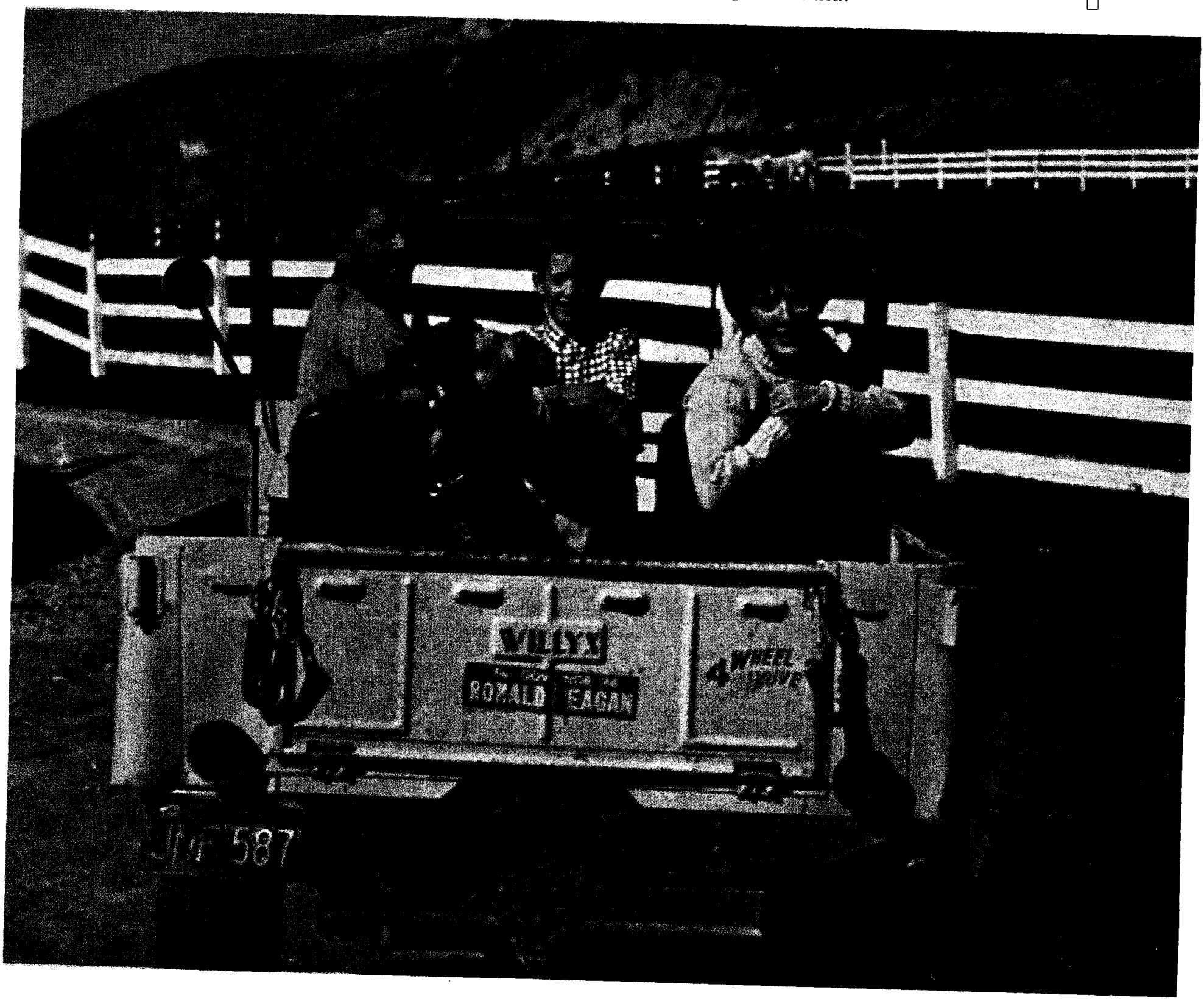
'I resent the implication that there is any bigotry in my nature. Don't ever imply that I lack integrity.'

without regard for his label. There are huge segments of both parties that wander around in a no-man's-land, registered but uncommitted, unhappy and unpredictable. The homeless Republicans drift leftward toward the Democrats, and the rootless Democrats wander rightward toward the Republicans. In general, the more doctrinaire each party gets, the more of its registered voters it loses to the other side.

While Reagan leads Christopher in the G.O.P. polls, a sampling of the full electorate shows that Christopher would run better than Reagan against either Brown or Yorty. And while Brown is far in front of Yorty in the Democratic polls, Yorty runs better than Brown against either Reagan or Christopher. The reason for this paradox is that Yorty, to the right of Brown, and Christopher, to the left of Reagan, are both out in that vast, vote-rich no-man's-land.

In an open letter to Reagan, dated April 15, three Republican legislators made an unprecedented suggestion based on this paradox. They asked that the front-running actor quit the primary on the grounds that his victory in the spring meant defeat in the fall. They put it to him "humbly" and asked him "to search your conscience, rise above any personal ambitions" and get behind George Christopher. Reagan, to no one's surprise, declined.

Whether anyone has had the temerity to make a similar suggestion to Pat Brown is not known. But if the June 8 headlines confirm the polls, they will read: "IT'S REAGAN VS. BROWN." California's wild and wonderful politics will have done it again. Each party will be going for broke—with a predicted loser. □



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Editorials

Victory in Vietnam?

Joseph Alsop provides an interesting analysis, in his article on page 27, of the war in Vietnam. In contrast to the fragmented stories that appear in the daily newspapers, unrelated accounts of indecisive skirmishes here and there in the jungle, Alsop puts together an impressive amount of evidence showing that Gen. William Westmoreland's forces are systematically pursuing, catching and defeating the enemy.

But are these U.S. military victories sufficient reason to believe that an overall victory is in sight? Possibly, but the struggle in Vietnam has never been a purely military struggle. "War is not merely a political act," wrote von Clausewitz, "but a continuation of political relations, a carrying out of the same by other means." There are two basic kinds of political goals in a war. The first is to subdue a nation entirely, and to occupy it, as we subdued and occupied Germany in 1945. The second is to fight on behalf of some functioning government, as we fought to defend the regime of Syngman Rhee in Korea. But, if we do not plan to occupy and rule South Vietnam ourselves, does the military junta in Saigon constitute a government we can successfully defend? Is it in any real sense a government at all? Premier Ky has promised to stage national elections in August. If they are held, and held with some modicum of honesty, it will provide the first clue as to what the Vietnamese themselves really want. Until we know that, our military victories may represent no more than the victory of flies conquering flypaper.

A sampler of good deeds

Most of the news is concerned with problems and mishaps, and all too many of the people who appear in the headlines appear there as wrongdoers. Only once in a while, in much smaller print, do we hear of obscure people performing some commendable deed and then vanishing from sight again.

Consider, for example, the stubborn independence of Vernon and Barbara Elfbrandt, two Arizona teachers who refused to sign a loyalty oath. What is interesting is not the question of compulsory loyalty oaths—which we happen to consider a harmless nuisance—but the fact that the Elfbrandts went on teaching classes without pay for *five years* while their case worked its way up to the Supreme Court, which ruled in their favor.

Or, for another kind of independence, consider the case of Terence Davey, who hauled up a chest of old silver coins while fishing off the coast of England. An honest man, he first reported the find to the police, then went through a coroner's hearing, which ruled that the $2,800 treasure was his. At that point, the Customs and Excise Department moved in and declared it would hold the coins for a year, then sell them and keep two thirds of the profit. Terence Davey responded by taking his box of coins out to sea and flinging it overboard. "If the Customs and Excise still want the coins," said he, "they can get out their frogmen suits."

We do not mean to salute only those who defy the established order of things. Sometimes a good deed can be a much smaller and simpler gesture. Consider, finally, the case of Eamon Kelly, an Irish actor who came to New York to perform in a play; when it was a hit he sent for his wife and three children. After they arrived, Kelly took his seven-year-old son, Eoin, out to the airport to recover some luggage. But as they were changing trains on the subway, the seven-year-old delayed too long in getting off, and there was Eamon Kelly, standing horrified on the platform as he watched his son being carried away through the strange city. He saw a Negro man making signals to him from the disappearing car, but he had no idea what to do. Should he take the next train? Call the police?

A lady appeared, as such ladies sometimes do, and firmly told Kelly, "Stay where you are." She herself set off after the boy on another train. At the next station, she found that the Negro man had put the boy in the charge of another man who was getting off there. She took her prize in tow, boarded the next train back, turned the boy over to Kelly and walked off into the crowds.

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